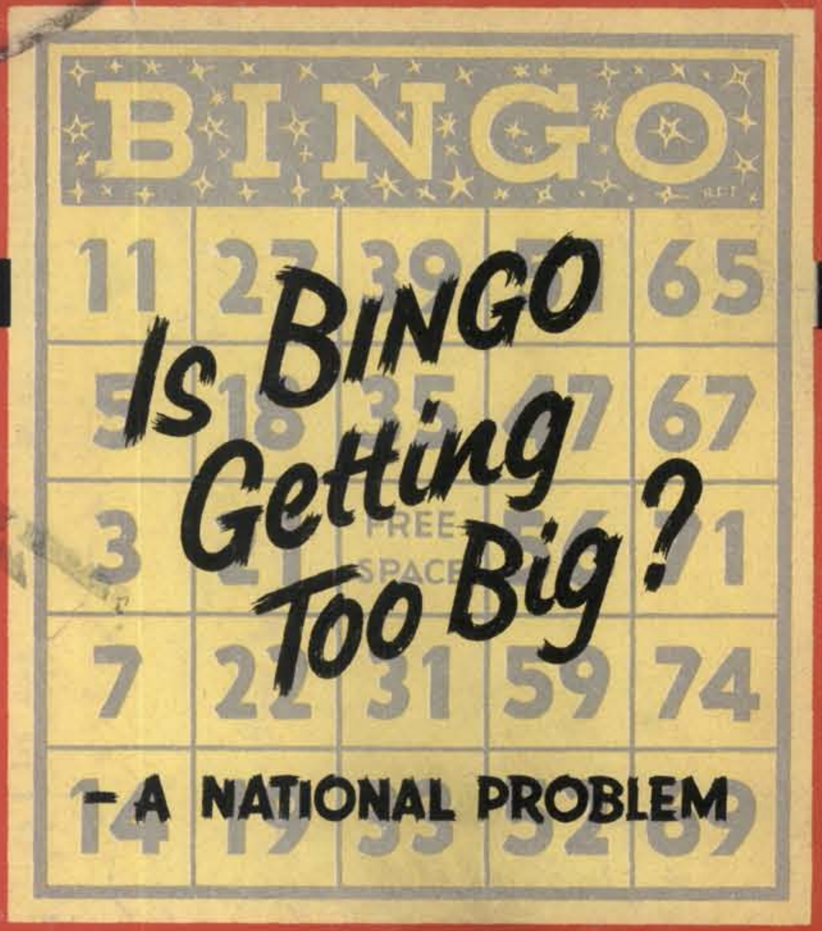
Collier's

DECEMBER 10, 1954 • FIFTEEN CENTS


BINGO
11
65
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FREE SPACE
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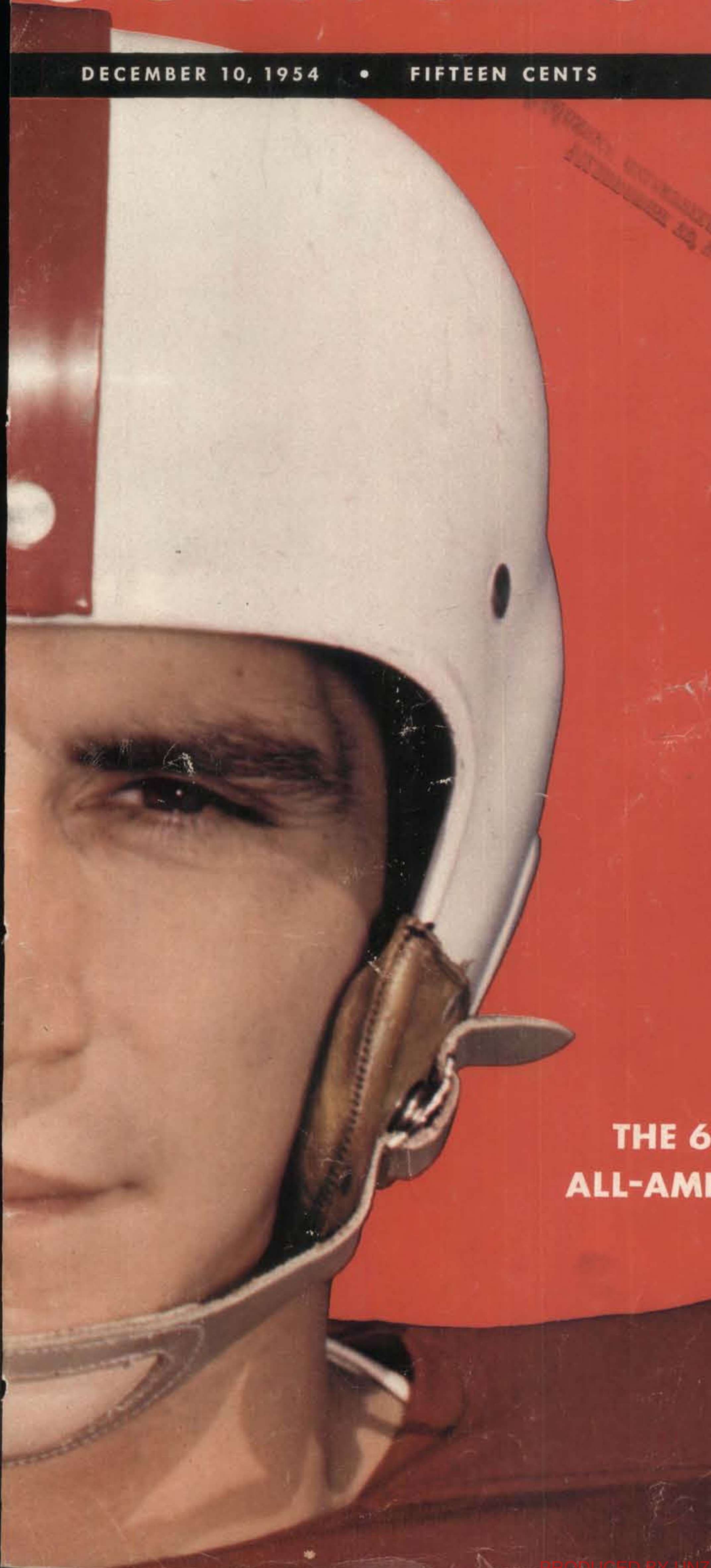
59
74

Is BINGO Getting Too Big?

– A NATIONAL PROBLEM

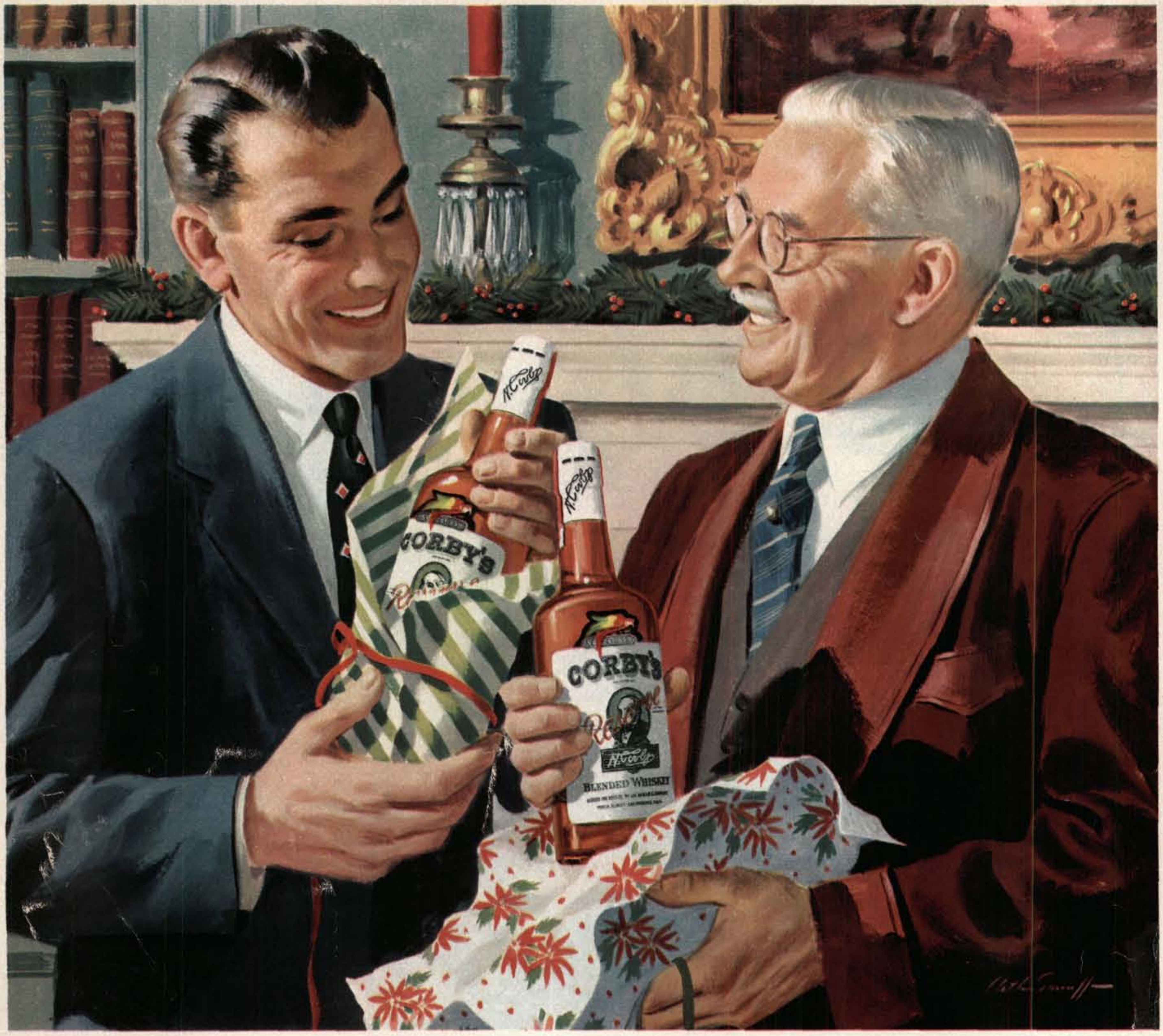


SPECIAL

A NEW LIFE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE 65TH ALL-AMERICA

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA 0335
11152 10763 3Y



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WHETHER YOU give Corby's or receive Corby's, this fine whiskey is welcome either way . . . a wonderful season's greeting. Corby's, the *sociable* whiskey, is a natural choice for holiday giving . . . a natural choice for holiday entertaining at home—or in your favorite bar or tavern. It's a grand time to say Corby's.

Time to say CORBY'S

Look for the parrot on every bottle of Corby's, one of America's favorite whiskeys.

RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED, PEORIA, ILL.

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Like a man from Missouri he had to be shown. Now he knows the powerful difference high-octane "Ethyl" gasoline can make in a car's performance. That's because only a *high-octane* gasoline can meet the demands of today's modern engines. It burns smoothly—evenly—powerfully—under the high-compression pressures of these engines.

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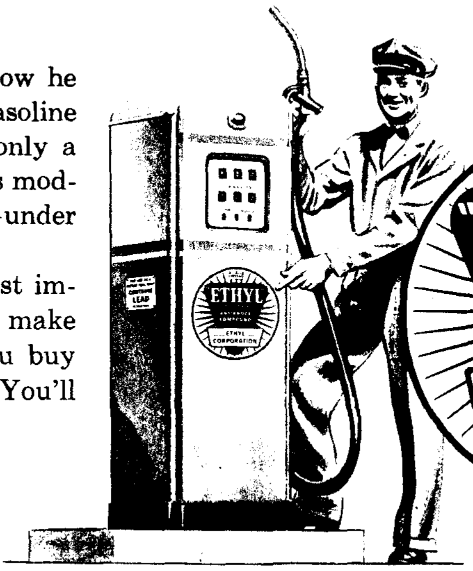

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Enjoy full power—
use high-octane
"ETHYL" gasoline!

Picture
OF THE MONTH
IN
CINEMASCOPE

"Jupiter's Darling", the New Year's musical pride and joy from M-G-M, just can't help being everybody's darling!

It's a bang-up job of movie-making, a giant and jubilant musical with Esther Williams, Howard Keel, Marge and Gower Champion, George Sanders, producer George Wells, director George Sidney and screenplay writer Dorothy Kingsley all having a hand in making it spectacular fun.

The racy result—decked out in Color and spread out in CinemaScope with a fabulous parade of pastel-painted elephants thrown in for good measure—is a young-in-heart, tongue-in-cheek take-off on the grandeur that was Rome, smartly done up with the musical "know-how" that is M-G-M.

The eye-filling Esther Williams, of course, is "Jupiter's Darling". The wonderfully giddy notion of the story (which bounces out of Robert E. Sherwood's playful play, "Road to Rome") is that Esther's not only the reason why the Roman boys never left Rome—but the gorgeous reason that the conqueror Hannibal never got there.

Howard Keel, who was so riotously red-headed in "Seven Brides", is in great voice and high spirits again. He's Hannibal but only human. He can get an army on elephant-back over the Alps. But, he can't get over Esther in her Hooray-array of filmy tunics and early bikinis.

Marge and Gower Champion happily play a second pair of scrappy lovers and bob up with truly tip-top *tap*sichore. George Sanders, as Esther's stuffed-toga fiance, the Emperor, may not be historically accurate; but he's hysterically funny!

Maybe Rome *was* never like this. Maybe the gleaming chariots *weren't* built for woo. Maybe Rome couldn't gasp, as we can, at Esther in her three underwater wonder-sequences. Maybe the Appian Way *wasn't* this way—teeming with sandals tapping to Harold Adamson-Burton Lane song hits like "Never Trust A Woman", "I Had A Dream", "Don't Let This Night Get Away". Maybe Nubian slave marts, vestal virgin pools, elephant ballet groups and marble statues *didn't* burst into youthful, spoof-full life. Maybe Esther didn't even turn the Road to Rome into a lovers' lane...

So much the worse for Rome, say we! No wonder it declined and fell! By Jupiter! We prefer Rome's hey-heyday as it leaps at us with "Jupiter's Darling". And so will you!

* * *

M-G-M presents in CINEMASCOPE and COLOR "JUPITER'S DARLING" starring ESTHER WILLIAMS, HOWARD KEEL, MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, GEORGE SANDERS with RICHARD HAYDN, WILLIAM DEMAREST. Screen Play by Dorothy Kingsley. Based on the Play "Road to Rome" by Robert E. Sherwood. Songs: Burton Lane and Harold Adamson. Choreography by Hermes Pan. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by George Sidney. Produced by George Wells. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

DECEMBER 10, 1954

ARTICLES

THE 65TH ALL-AMERICA . . . . Bill Fay 33
(Selected by The American Football Coaches Association)
IS BINGO GETTING TOO BIG? . . . . Bill Davidson 34
"A NEW AND BRIGHTER FUTURE" . . . . Bill Stapleton 38
ARE YOU BITTER-SWEET OR BITTER-BITTER? . . . . J. D. Ratcliff 44
MONSTERS MADE TO ORDER . . . . Joseph Laitin 52
SCHIZOPHRENIA . . . . Toni Taylor 64
YOU DON'T HUNT BEARS—THEY HUNT YOU . . . . . . Alfred M. Lansing 76
THE SEVEN WONDERS OF NEW YORK . . . . Morton Dan Morris 126

SPECIAL

A NEW LIFE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL . . . . Alan Moorehead 42

SHORT STORIES

THE $300,000 PEARL (The Short Short Story) . . . . Dan T. Moore 10
NEVER LEAVE ME. .Lottie Belle Davis 54
DUKIE'S DANGEROUS DEED . . . . Robert C. Ruark 100

SERIAL

THE BODY SNATCHERS (Second of Three Parts) . . . . Jack Finney 114

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . John O'Hara 6
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 14
COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 16
LETTERS 20
HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE . . . . Herbram 73
COLLIER'S COMMENT 130

THE COVER . . Rocco Padulo

Alan Ameche, who led Wisconsin's attack for four seasons, now tops off a tremendous college grid career with a pair of honors from The American Football Coaches Association. By vote of the coaches, Ameche has won the fullback berth on the 65th All-America team. The coaches also named him as the first winner of the Collier's Walter Camp Memorial Trophy, to be awarded annually to the outstanding player of the year. The complete story of the 1954 All-America begins on page 33

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Uncle Bill - Valiant Set - 24.25
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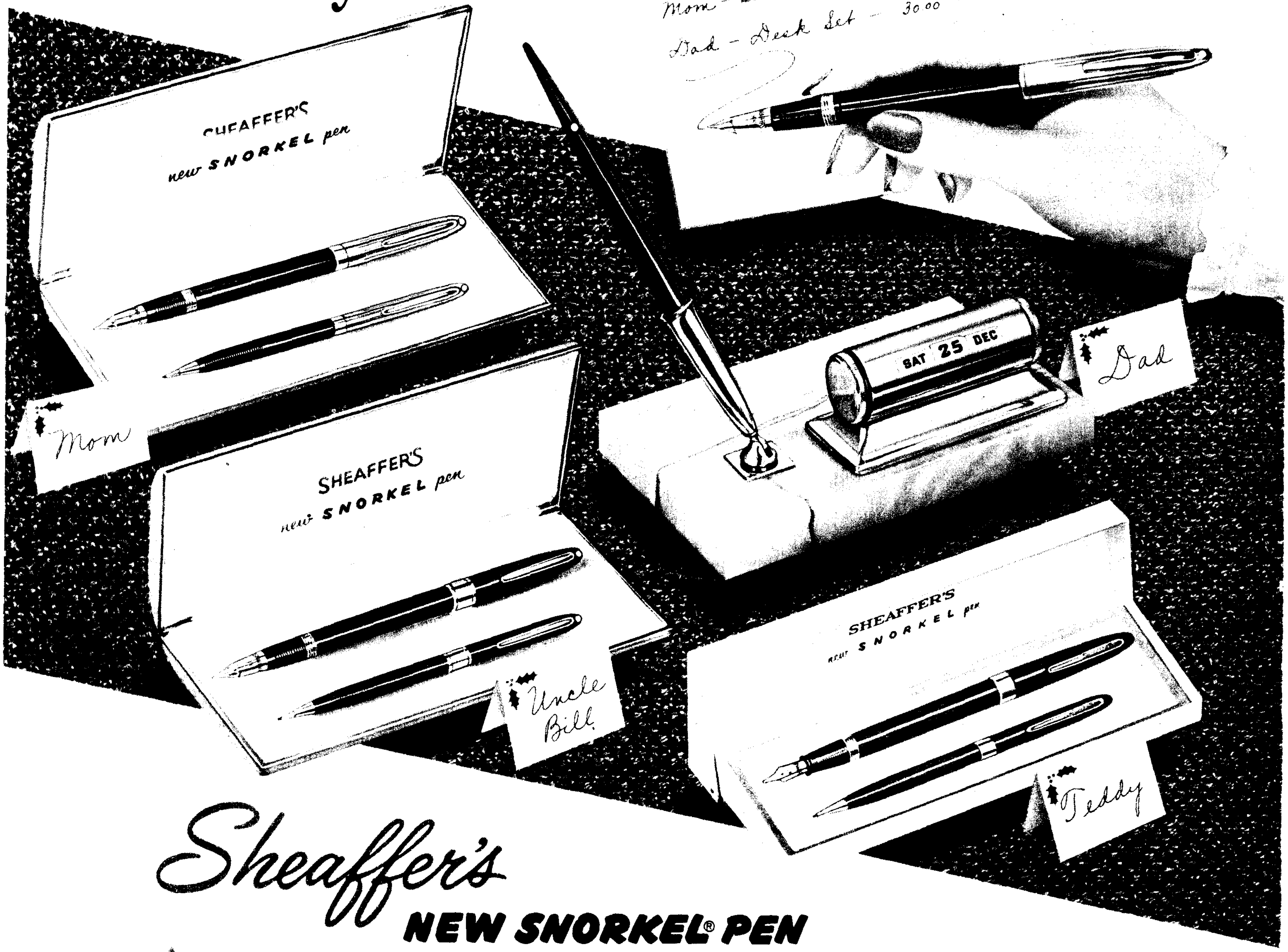
Dad - Desk Set - 30.00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Mom
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Uncle Bill
SAT 25 DEC
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Teddy

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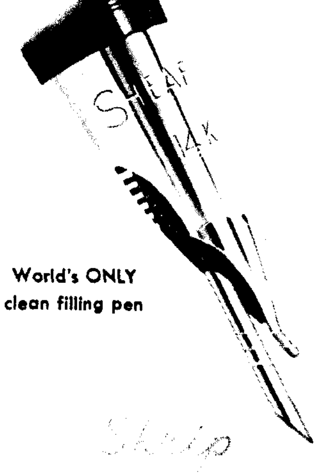

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clean filling pen

This year, "outfit" your family in fine writing style with a Snorkel pen and matching pencil made for each member. You'll all share the pleasure of proud ownership, the warm bond of knowing you want each other to enjoy the very best.

That, after all, is Christmas.

Think of that just one moment more. Then, settle all your gift problems right here and now.

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A SINGLE SHAMPOO with new milder Fitch removes flaky dandruff . . . then your hair is up to 35% brighter too! And so much easier to manage!

Brighten hair up to 35% with first FITCH shampoo!

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Only new milder FITCH guarantees 35% brighter, dandruff-free hair... or your money back!

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

WHEN a man of the standing of Walter Lippmann gets worried and says "movies and television and comic books are purveying violence and lust to a vicious and intolerable degree," the situation ceases to be a family matter. A matter, that is, that is confined to the entertainment family.

Lippmann, as you know, usually writes about high policy in international affairs, or domestic matters from the political point of view. He deserves better than the foolish reply he got recently from the Motion Picture Association of America, which said that such movies are a "reflection of the concern of the public with these things and a desire to see them dramatized in the mass media."

But Mr. Lippmann now has learned that you will almost always get a foolish answer from the Motion Picture Association, which is a front organization for the producers. It was created because the public got fed up with scandals in Hollywood long ago, just as the office of the baseball commissioner owes its existence to the baseball scandals of more than thirty years ago. And the reason, the *only* reason, the so-called Johnston office and the Ford Frick office are in business is—business. Let's not kid ourselves that the movie producers and the ball-club owners set up their own controls out of any high-minded concern for morals. They went in for self-discipline because they had a pain in the box office. The public all but lost faith in the honesty of baseball players and managers, and the movie-going public got fed up with Fatty Arbuckle, and the "church people" began moving in.

It is impossible to be overcynical about movie producers. The men who run that industry are interested in making a buck, and when they cease to make that buck, they cease to run the industry. They cease to have jobs, if they are the actual producers, because their bosses, the men who sit on the leather-cushioned boards, are interested only in the buck. (I had a buckboard when I was a kid.)

Well, if you bear that in mind you will understand why we have sadistic, lustful movies. The public will go to them until the public gets fed up and then once again there will be a real danger of censorship.

Meanwhile the Johnston office will be fronting for the producers, keeping them in line only to the extent that any one producer may not do what all the other producers are forbidden to do. The Johnston office, justifying its existence, will make a big business of fighting censorship, and this time they may lose. And if they lose, it's going to be the end of the movies, because national governmental censorship is going to be so tough, and at the same time so timid in dealing with pressure groups, that there will be nothing to see except those aquaplaners at Cypress Gardens in Florida, and they better not be too explicit with the girls' figures.

* * *

WE OF THE magazine world operate at one disadvantage: if we prepare a piece about the happy married life of Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio, there is just a chance that the blissful couple may cross us by parting company between the time of our writing and the time the piece appears.

Such pieces come under the head of calculated risk, just as marriage itself does.

I am sorry the DiMaggios broke up, genuinely sorry, and perhaps I can be more genuinely sorry than some people because I did not write one of the happy-marriage pieces and therefore am not stuck with honeysuckle vine from an empty cottage.

I am ready with my statement on the Deborah Reynolds–Eddie Fisher situation. The dope is as follows: (1) they are going to get married; (2) they are not going to get married. And under Heading 2 you may insert 2-A, which is the possibility that they are already married. This should clear it all up for you.

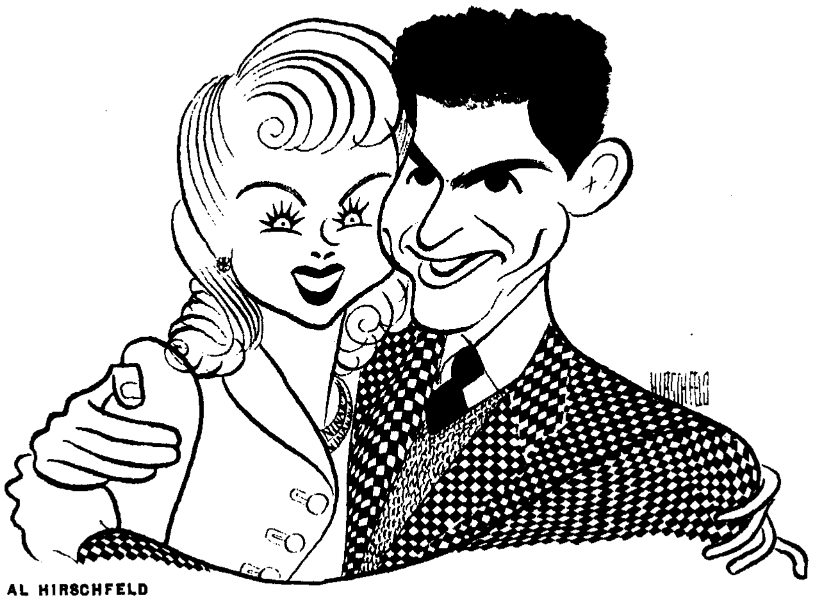
I met Mr. Fisher once at a party of Joan Crawford's. I didn't have the faintest idea who he was (and you can bet your wad he didn't know who I was) and I frankly figured him for a nephew of Leonard Lyons, the columnist, who did the introducing, and probably an up-and-coming young press agent whom Leonard was trying to help out. A few minutes later, when I realized whom I had been introduced to, I took the position that I had met Eddie Fisher and could say so to my employers. And I spent the rest of the afternoon talking to Betty Furness, who is a good friend of mine, whom I have known from the very first day, literally, that she signed a movie contract. More about Betty at another time.

As to Miss Reynolds, I find that along with a lot of other people my acquaintance with her is limited to her single appearance on What's My Line?

I've never met her, never seen her in a movie, but in ten minutes she won me (and those other people) with her youth, prettiness and ability to speak double talk.

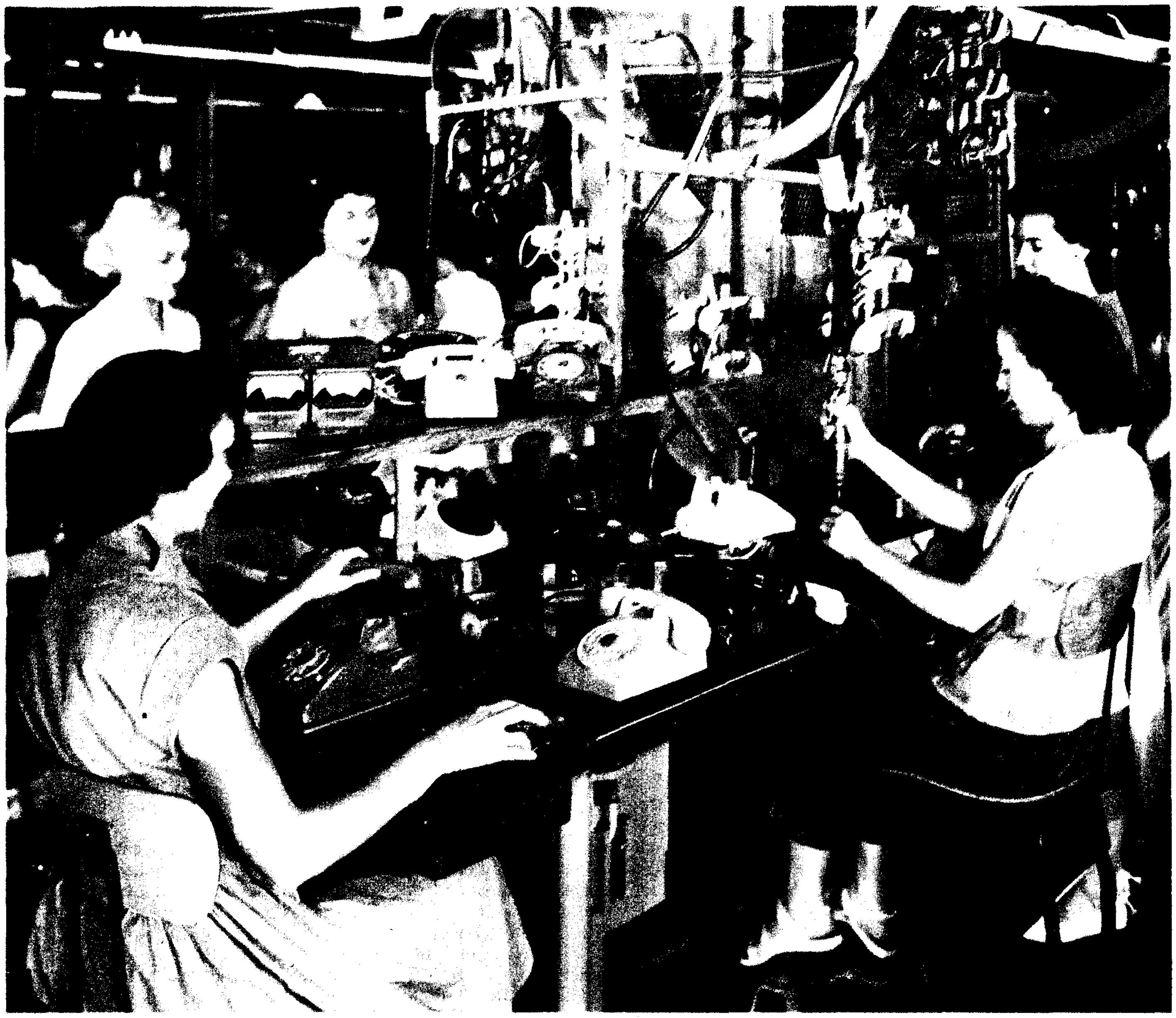
If Miss Reynolds wants to marry Eddie Fisher, why, that's all right. But if she *wanted* to marry King Farouk, that would have to be all right too. In either case it would be her business and not really yours or mine.

If Eddie Fisher wants to marry Deborah Reynolds, that's understandable, and if he wants to marry



AL HIRSCHFELD

My counsel to Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher is, go ahead if you want to. And don't let anyone stop you; don't let anyone push you



Here they come: full color telephones reach test station on one of the production lines in Western Electric's Indianapolis factory.

NEW Western Electric equipment now adding to satisfaction of Bell telephone users

Besides full-color Bell telephones — in eight smart tones to blend with home or office decor — Western Electric is making a wide range of special purpose telephone equipment to add to your convenience in using Bell System service. A few of these conveniences are described below.

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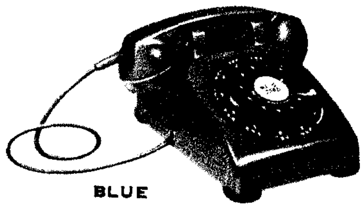
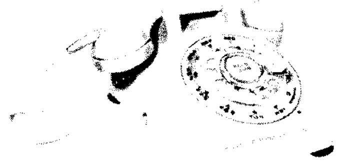
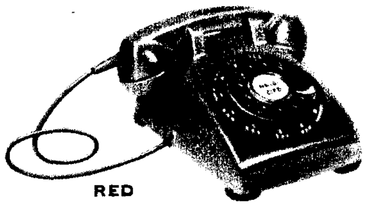


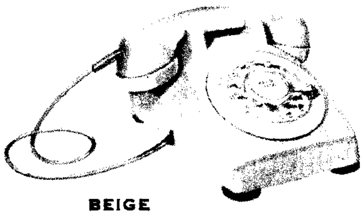
BLUE



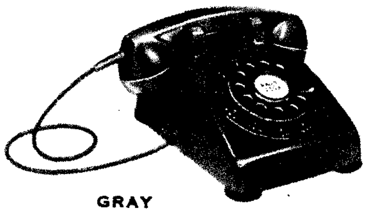
IVORY



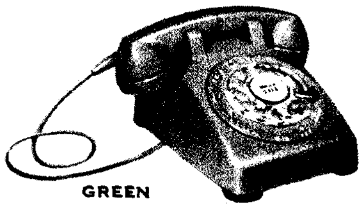
RED



BEIGE



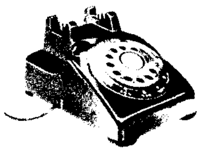
GRAY



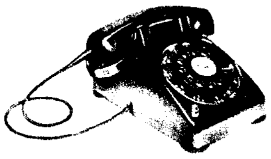
GREEN

You'll also want to see the colorful TWO-TONE telephones—jet black handset contrasts smartly with ivory, green, gray or red base.

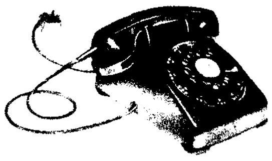
WALL TELEPHONE: in rich ivory or black. Because it takes up no working space, it's the ideal additional telephone for kitchen, workshop, rumpus room, or elsewhere.



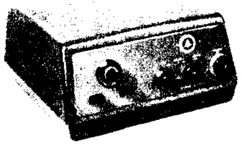
LIGHT-UP DIAL TELEPHONE: the dial is illuminated as soon as the handset is picked up. Easy to dial in dark or dimly lit rooms — bedrooms, nurseries, sickrooms.



VOLUME CONTROL TELEPHONE: button control enables user to increase sound volume as required for best individual results. A boon for people with impaired hearing.



PLUG-IN TELEPHONE: portable extension plugs into telephone outlets as additional telephone for occasional use. Also permanent extensions wherever you wish.



TELEPHONE ANSWERING SET: automatically answers calls when you're out, gives callers a recorded message and lets them leave a half-minute recorded message for you.

Speed Champ and Taxi Driver Agree on Choice of Motor Oil!

YELLOW
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New Sinclair Motor Oil Keeps Engines In Top Operating Condition For Over 100,000 Miles Without Engine Repairs!

Racing Champ Jack Rutherfurd used new Sinclair Extra Duty Motor Oil when he recently drove his 12 cylinder Ferrari to a sports car speed record at Daytona Beach. Rutherfurd insists on Sinclair Extra Duty to insure top engine performance.

1250
CA.5-6000
Yellow

Chicago Cab Driver Jim O'Connell, was one of over 1,000 Yellow and Checker cab drivers who gave Sinclair Extra Duty the "world's toughest oil test." During the test cab after cab went over 100,000 miles without engine repairs – oil consumption in cabs using Extra Duty was half as much as in test cabs using other oil. Ask your Sinclair Dealer for Sinclair Extra Duty Motor Oil.

NEW SINCLAIR
EXTRA DUTY
MOTOR OIL

SINCLAIR
EXTRA
DUTY
MOTOR
OIL

Barbara Hutton, that's understandable, too; for different reasons.

At the moment Miss Reynolds and Mr. Fisher represent youth and romance, and it would be convenient if their public would be entertained with a marriage of the young folk. But I have seen what looked like misalliances turn out well, and the so-called made-in-heaven marriages—that was the trouble with them. They were made in some imaginary heaven which turned out not to be heaven at all but only an outsider's idea of what should constitute ideal conditions for a marriage.

I have learned these truths about marriage: no outsider ever knows what went on inside a marriage. I have learned that no outsider ever knows what breaks up a marriage. And I think I know this much: that no outsider's opinion as to what will make a successful marriage is worth a damn. With these truths as my guide, my counsel to Miss Reynolds and Mr. Eddie Fisher is, go ahead if you want to, and don't let anyone stop you. And don't let anyone push you.

To Mr. and Mrs. DiMaggio, my sincere regrets over the fracture, and better luck next time. In fact, better luck next time if you should decide to try it again together. Indeed, I am so full of unexpended good wishes that I can offer some to Barbara Hutton and Farouk. May they find happiness, with or without each other.

And if it should eventuate that they do find it with each other, I will take no bows as a guesser, and will waive my *schadchen's* fee.

* * *

AS A WORD merchant I take great pleasure in releasing my findings following a painstaking television survey I've just concluded. If you share the television producers' belief that dialogue is unimportant and dialogue writers are overpaid, just you turn on the picture and leave out the sound. Oh, boy, do those actors look silly!

* * *

AT THE New York openings of the 1954 version of A Star Is Born (there were simultaneous openings at two Broadway theaters), Miss Judy Garland made brief personal appearances. She then slipped away to a private dinner party at the Waldorf, thus solving the problem of which theater to honor with her continuing presence and, incidentally, avoiding the necessity of sitting through the picture again. It is more than three hours long, and she must have seen it many times before, so her disappearance is not necessarily to be taken as an implied criticism of her own, or James Mason's, or George Cukor's or Moss Hart's work.

I went to see the picture after the openings, and without going into a long critical essay I will report simply that I liked the Janet Gaynor–Fredric March version better. It is theatrical heresy, I know, but Judy Garland in my book is a young woman who can put over a song—and not every song—and then should sit down with the band and wait for her next vocal turn.

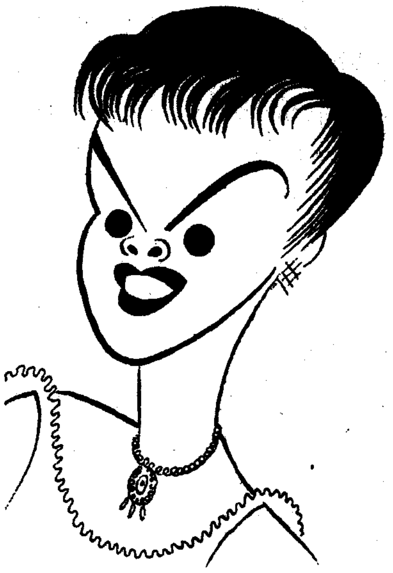
In that department she is up there with Helen O'Connell, Lee Wiley, Betty Grable (Betty Grable of the Jimmy Greer days) and Dolores Reade (Mrs. Bob Hope). That's fast company, as fast as there ever was, and from here it is a high compliment to assign anyone to that group. But in a screen musical you are called upon to act between songs, and I don't think Miss Garland can act, so there I am with heresy on my chin. Well, it's not the first time.

In spite of my reservations about the acting, I am more than pleased with Miss Garland's success. I may, just may, have made a tiny, but early, contribution toward it.

In 1936 the fashionable Hollywood night club was the Trocadero, run by a man named Billy Wilkerson, who doubled in lead. He was also, that is, a publisher. For a while Wilkerson ran floor shows on Sunday nights, and since I went to the Troc almost every night anyway, I saw all of his Sunday nights. One night he presented a girl singer, a kid about fifteen years old, give or take a year, who was accompanied on the piano by, I supposed, her mother.

The first night she appeared to a somewhat less than packed room, but the noise I created by beating my hands together made up for the absentees, and on the way out I told Wilkerson that this kid was great, and I meant great. She sang, if I remember correctly, a Gershwin medley with an extremely complicated arrangement, and did exactly to me what she—Judy Garland, of course—does to James Mason in A Star Is Born. The next time I saw Wilkerson, a night or two later, he made a point of telling me he had booked the kid for another Sunday night. So maybe I helped a little. At least Billy Wilkerson allowed me to think I did, and naturally I like to think I did.

George Jessel claims he gave Judy her name; I claim I got her a booking. And even if I didn't, at least I waited eighteen years to put the gentle knock on her.



I waited eighteen years to put the gentle knock on Judy Garland

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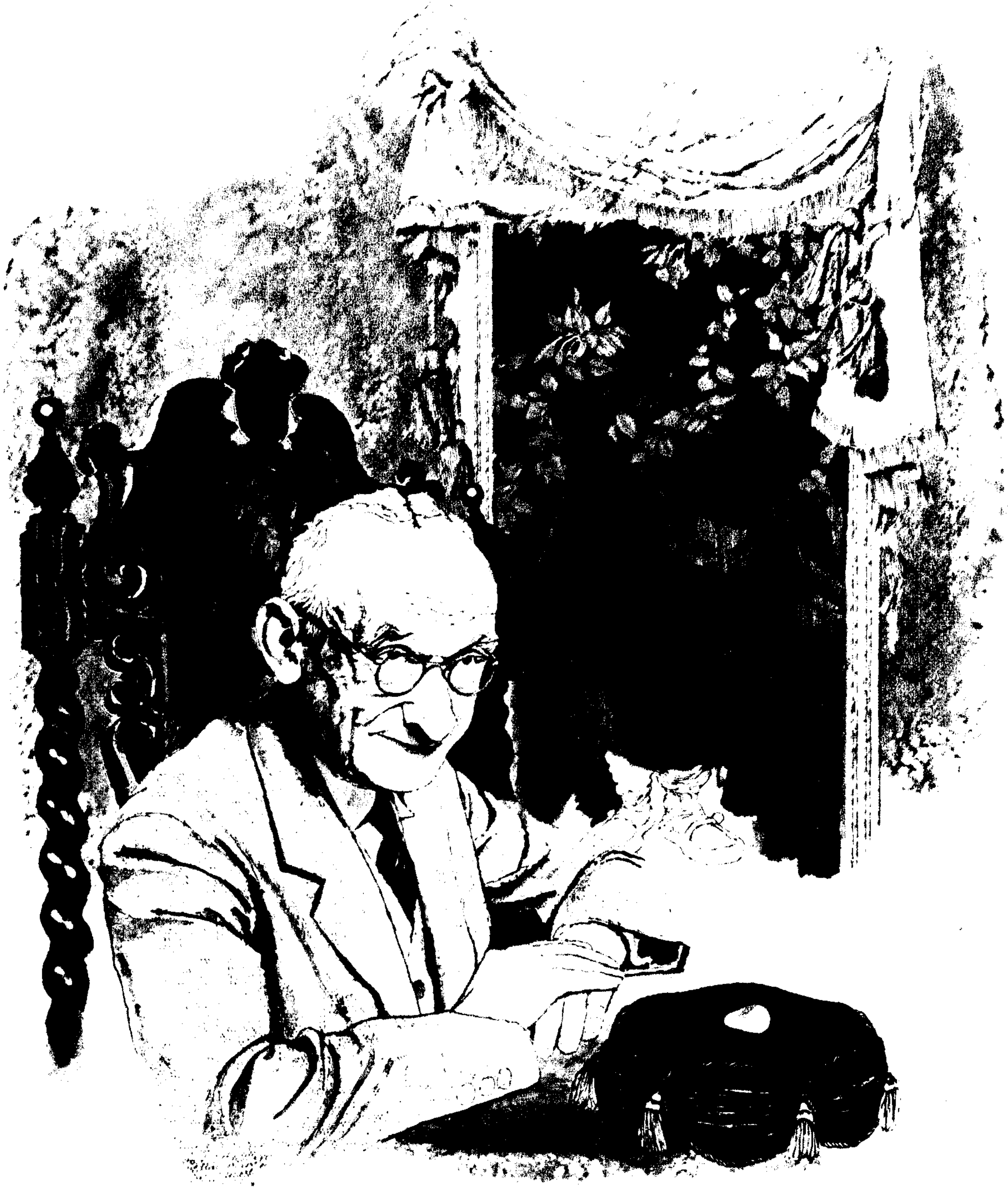

The $300,000 PEARL

By **DAN T. MOORE**

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTHONY SARIS

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

"MR. VARDAN KAMBOROGLU?" the short, heavy man asked as soon as he entered the showroom. Before I could do more than nod, he went on: "My name is Roger Boatwright. That pearl in your window is most unusual. I have never seen anything like it here in New York City. Will you show it to me, please?"

I bowed and led the way to my office. My son, Boghos, was sitting idly at his desk, which was next to mine. His dark, handsome face was set in its usual discontented expression, an expression that grieved me.

I had been careful as I opened the door not to step in front of the intricate wooden inlay that hung on the wall. The inlay depicted an almost life-size picture of a stooped-over old hunchback, hobbling along with a staff in his hand.

Mr. Boatwright's cold gaze passed over it, but he said nothing. According to tradition, not once in all the years of the ancient firm of Kamboroglu had any new visitor ever looked at the picture without commenting on it.

But Boatwright wasted no time on pleasantries, and this created an awkward moment. All my life, whenever a new visitor expressed admiration of the inlay, I made a little speech: "The firm of Kamboroglu is over three hundred years old. The father of the founder of this firm was a hunchback who lived in Erzurum, in Turkey. Kamboroglu is an Armenian word. It means 'the son of the hunchback.' This ancient firm is proud of its humble beginning, and I am the ninth direct descendant of the hunchback. For nine generations we have dealt in only one item: pearls."

I glanced at Boghos, and then asked Mr. Boatwright to join me in a cup of black Turkish coffee—another of our firm's traditions.

"No, Mr. Kamboroglu," he said. "I am too busy. I would like to see that pearl in the window, and I would like to know your lowest asking price for it."

His brusqueness hurt me. It put not only me but the firm in a menial position in my son's eyes—although that probably made no difference now. I sent Boghos out for the pearl. The boy was polite, but it was plain—too plain—that he was bored: bored with the firm of Kamboroglu, bored with me, and ready to be bored by Mr. Boatwright. The pearl business did not compare in excitement with advertising and banking and such, the businesses of the fathers of his friends at Yale. I swallowed painfully. I knew now that there would be no tenth Kamboroglu.

Boghos brought the pearl in on a black velvet cushion. The blackness of the velvet brought out the translucent whiteness and the subdued iridescence of the pearl. It was of enormous size—150 grains, in fact—and had a symmetrical pear shape. Its skin and orient were peerless. It was, in short, perfection. Even Boghos was moved. It showed in his eyes.

Mr. Boatwright, however, picked up the pearl quite casually and looked at it from different angles. Because it was one of the most magnificent pearls I had ever seen, I expected some appropriate exclamation. But he simply asked, "Is there another one in the world like this?"

"Perhaps, if one looked hard enough for it," I said.

Again he examined the pearl. "How much?"

My face was impassive, but actually I was feeling a sudden sense of elation. What caused me to feel this way came from a sixth sense developed through nine generations of Kamboroglus. I knew that Mr. Boatwright desperately wanted this pearl—and for a very special reason. Had my sixth sense not convinced me of this, the price for the pearl would have been $100,000.

I gave him my most sincere and open smile, hoping at the same time that the excitement and subtlety of the situation were not lost on Boghos. If he felt the undercurrents in the office, this might be all that was needed to turn him into the tenth Kamboroglu.

"Our price is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars," I said.

Boghos looked at me in astonishment.

"I will take it," said Mr. Boatwright.

My manner was still calm, but my sixth sense

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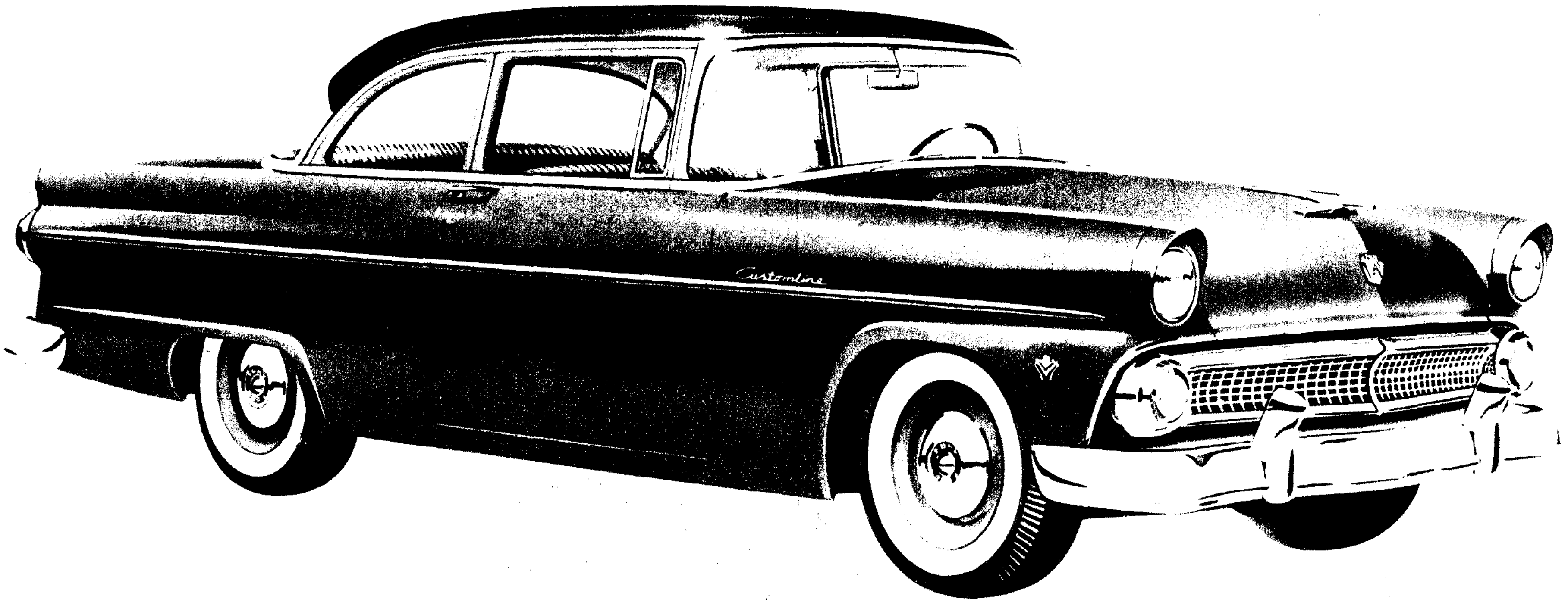

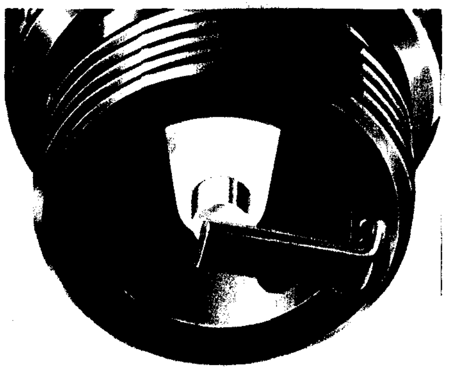

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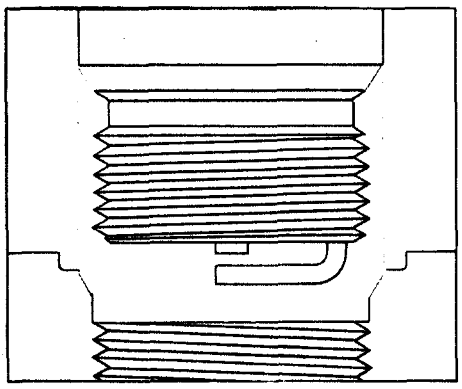

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told me I could have asked $175,000. I hoped that Boghos had missed my mistake.

Mr. Boatwright wrote out a check for $150,000 on a local bank, and handed it to me. "Please clear this check this afternoon and send the pearl to me at my hotel before dinner tonight," he said. He wrote his room number and hotel on a card and tossed it onto my desk.

My hand trembled as I held the check. It's not often that I sell a pearl for $50,000 more than it's worth.

Mr. Boatwright was looking at me intently. "Can you get me another pearl identical to this one?"

I pretended to be shocked. "Identical? This is an extraordinarily rare pearl, Mr. Boatwright. May I ask why you want another?"

"You may. I want to make them into earrings for my wife."

THIS time I was really shocked. "Two one-hundred-and-fifty-grain pearls as earrings? Isn't that rather fantastic?" His wife's ears would droop down like a cocker spaniel's, I thought.

"I did not ask your opinion, Mr. Kamboroglu," he said icily.

His words were like a slap, but he had already paid me well for it—and there was more to come. I shrugged. "To match this pearl may cost three times what you have just paid," I said.

"Money is no object. I will give you whatever you have to pay, plus thirty per cent."

I did not change my expression, even though I knew something that Mr. Boatwright did not know.

I glanced at Boghos and saw he was intensely interested. Wall Street, advertising, banking, I thought scornfully. What can compare in excitement with the pearl business?

In my mind I checked the list of pearl-producing areas of the world where I had representatives: Ceylon, the Malaya Peninsula, Australia, Bombay and the Persian Gulf. A letter to each was all it would take to put in motion a search to find a duplicate of this pearl. Letters cost next to nothing.

I shook my head. "Even instituting such a search on a world-wide basis would be an exceedingly expensive operation."

Boghos opened his mouth to protest, but Mr. Boatwright spoke impatiently: "I've already told you that money is no object. I can afford to indulge myself. How much do you want for the search?"

"About twenty-five thousand dollars," I said.

He didn't say a word. He got out his checkbook again, scribbled a minute, and handed me a check for $25,000.

"Start on it this afternoon by cable." He stood up. "I do not deal with people who waste my time. Money is money, but time is priceless. If you can get a duplicate of this pearl within six months, I'll take it at your cost, plus thirty per cent. If you haven't got it within six months, the deal is off. Don't waste my time by contacting me to report progress. Just leave word at my hotel when the pearl has arrived." He turned and stalked out of the room.

A few minutes later Boghos took the two checks to the bank to deposit the $175,000 to our account. He wanted to be sure he wasn't dreaming.

"Baba," he said when he returned, "please let me handle this transaction."

I could not conceal my delight. "You handle it, Boghos. Send out the descriptive cables immediately. But remember, don't be disappointed if this transaction fools you. This," I said proudly, "is not Wall Street or the banking business or, in fact, any business. It is the *art* of dealing in pearls."

For almost two months, letters from our representatives came in. Boghos studied them eagerly, but none of the pearls they described was right. Then one day Boghos brought in a coded cable from Ceylon. When he handed it to me, his beautiful dark eyes were sparkling with excitement. The decoded cable said: LOCATED PEARL IDENTICAL YOUR DESCRIPTION. COMPETING BUYER OFFERING TWO HUNDRED EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. MIGHT GET FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND IF YOU OFFER.

"Baba, isn't it wonderful about the competing buyer?" Boghos said. "His bid only increased our profit!" He handed me a sheet of yellow paper. "I've already drafted your reply."

His answer said: AUTHORIZED BUY PEARL VIRTUALLY IDENTICAL DESCRIPTION FOR THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. AUTHORIZATION EXPIRES ONE WEEK. IRREVOCABLE CONFIRMED LETTER CREDIT THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS SENT AIR MAIL.

I smiled fondly at my son. It was hard to keep from giving his hand an affectionate squeeze, but I knew he would have resented it. I shook my head and deliberately tore his message into little pieces. He looked a little crestfallen as I took out my pen and wrote a substitute cable and handed it to him.

He read it. A look of disbelief came over his face. He read the cable again and looked down at me, first uncertainly, then sheepishly. Suddenly he smiled.

A WEEK later the pearl arrived. It was magnificent. I put it back into our show window where it belonged.

Going into my office I stared into the wise, humorous eyes of the hunchback. Boghos was looking at him too. We knew, the three of us, that there was no use calling Mr. Boatwright at his hotel. He would not be there. The pearl was the same one we had sold to Mr. Boatwright for $150,000, plus $25,000 expenses.

I picked up a copy of the cable I had sent to Ceylon and read it: INFORM SELLER A MR. BOATWRIGHT THAT FIRM OF KAMBOROGLU WISHES CONGRATULATE HIM HIS SPLENDID TECHNIQUE IN ATTEMPTING DUPLICATE PEARL TRICK. ARE EMINENTLY SATISFIED OUR PROFIT $125,000 ON TRANSACTION. WILL NOT EXPOSE BOATWRIGHT AS SWINDLER IF HE ACCEPTS OFFER OF $50,000 FOR PEARL. OFFER EXPIRES ONE WEEK.

My thoughts ran back over the centuries. The duplicate pearl switch is tried on the firm of Kamboroglu about two or three times every generation. It is invariably profitable to the firm. I was more than satisfied to make $125,000 clear profit and to have our pearl back at a bargain price. This was nothing, though, compared to the way my son looked at me. His eyes were wide with delight.

"Baba," he said, "we have the most exciting business in the world."

My eyes filled with tears of pride as I looked at the tenth Kamboroglu.

—DAN T. MOORE

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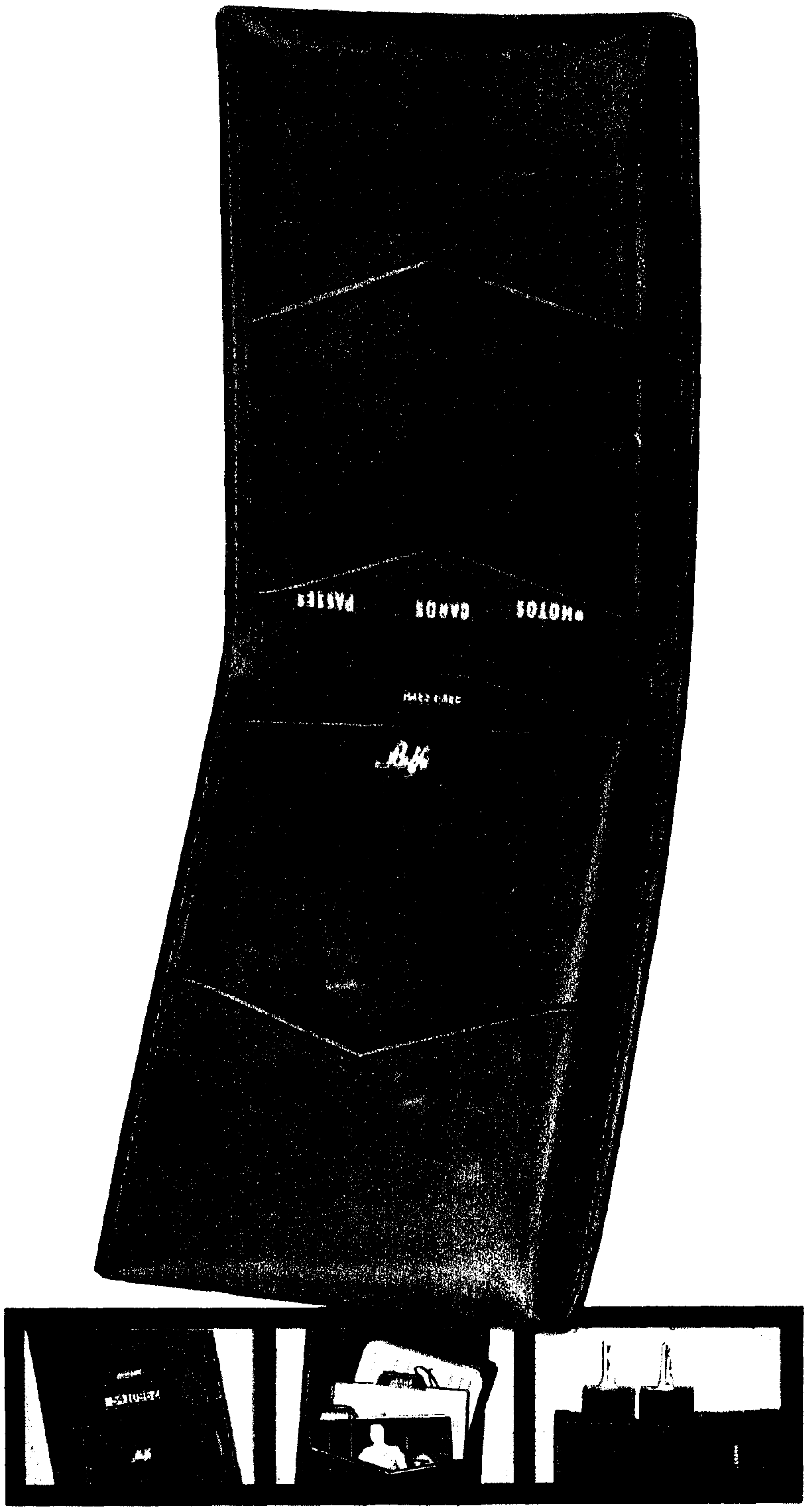

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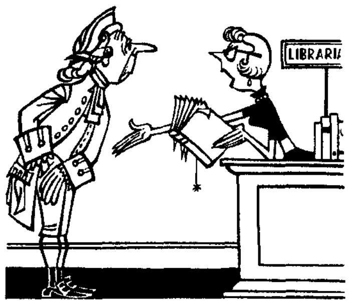
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It's not always easy to control some of our correspondents. For example, here's that fellow in Riverside, California. Name of Bill Garwood. He says: "You sad sacks in New York have been retreating into your woollies, but out here, where we enjoy the world's balmiest climate, the stern realities of women in slacks are with us always."

★ ★ ★

This is not important. It's merely that the Redwood Library, Newport, Rhode Island, is the oldest library continuously in use in America. It was opened in 1747, Captain Mervin Morell writes, and some of the original books are still overdue.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

The ratio of barber shaves to haircuts these days is one to five hundred. Anyway, that's what Mr. Bob Loeffelbein's barber told him in Richland, Washington. But before writing your congressman to demand that the parity business be broadened to include barbers, listen to what the man told Mr. Loeffelbein: "The more safety razors and electric shavers are sold, the better we barbers like it. Takes too long to shave a man properly. We lose money, when you stop and figure out the time we have to spend. Next!"

★ ★ ★

Let other communities vaunt their beauty in perfumed aliases—City of Roses, Magnolia State, Honeysuckle Town, and so on and on. Akron, Colorado, gives them all the back of her hand and wants it distinctly understood that she's the Hog Hub of America.

★ ★ ★

Inside us was a—well—melting sensation as we read in the Atlanta Constitution of the beatific smile on the man as he listened to a lady describe Marilyn Monroe in great detail. He was still smiling when he spoke softly to his Seeing Eye dog and trudged slowly away.

★ ★ ★

The following is offered without charge to any good dog-story writer. Lady in Minneapolis, Minnesota, lost her pampered pooch—ribbons, perfume and all. At last she tried the dog pound and there was lovely little Rosalie in splendid condition and happy. She took Rosalie home and Rosalie vanished again. The dog pound? Of course. In fact she can't keep Rosalie away from the place and is thinking of consulting a psychiatrist—a dog psychiatrist that is—who will, of course, tell her that love is a wonderful thing.

★ ★ ★

And here's a gentleman named Peter Korsikan with very little to say. (Not many like him these days.) All he has to say from New Orleans, Louisiana, is that the only difference he can see between preradio days and this very moment is that now it takes less time to become confused.

★ ★ ★

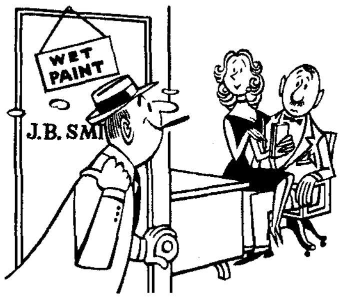
Naturally it had to happen in Texas. Where else? Near Denison a water-well driller got down as far as 476 feet. But still no water. Instead, a bonanza oil gusher. But even Texier was what the owner said when informed by the apologetic driller: "Don't bother me. I'm busy."

★ ★ ★

We asked Mr. Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, where he was rushing off to. Said he was on his way to his brother's house to condole with him. "He's gone bankrupt," said Mr. Greenlegg. We said we were sorry to hear it. "Yep," said Mr. Greenlegg, "went broke spending money he didn't have to buy things he didn't need to make an impression on some folks he didn't like."

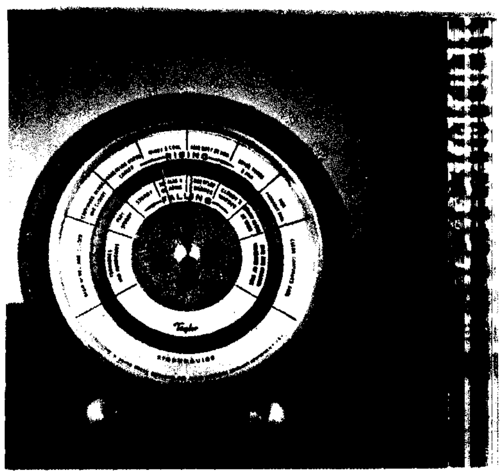
★ ★ ★

If you're appointed to a political job, don't imagine your troubles are over. The government is getting pretty tight-fisted. For example, if you want your name painted on your office door, you've got to pay for it yourself. Too, the VIP turnover is so brisk these days that your successor may poke his head in the door before your name paint is dry. No charge for this tip.

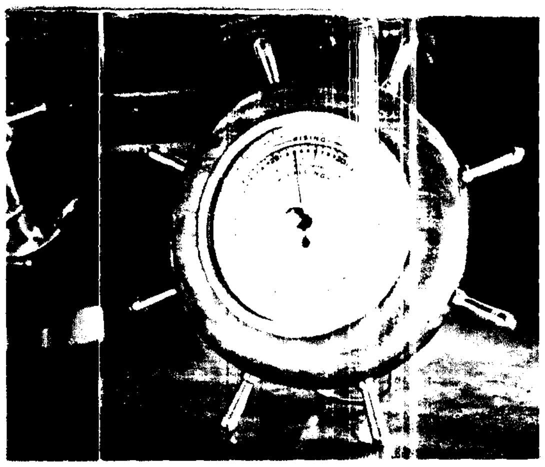


★ ★ ★

If your tourist trekking takes you anywhere near the Mountain Home Air Force Base in Idaho, watch drugstore windows. If you're in time, you'll doubtless be as surprised as Technical Sergeant Herman Scott, Ninth Air Base Group. In one drugstore window he read: All the Needs of Expectant Mothers. Free Delivery. ▲▲▲



He'll astound his friends by knowing when to wear his raincoat or his new suit when he starts consulting this good-looking Elmont Barometer. Accuracy of STORMOGUIDE forecasts result from years of weather research. Rich hand-rubbed mahogany case. Ideal for desk or table. . . . . $[illegible]2



He'll have fun trying to outguess the weatherman with this Taylor Ship's Wheel Barometer. (And many times he can, too, because he's only concerned with his own neighborhood!) Hand-rubbed genuine walnut case, brass spokes. Unique, easy-to-read STORMOGUIDE dial shows clearly what barometric pressure changes mean . . **$13.50**

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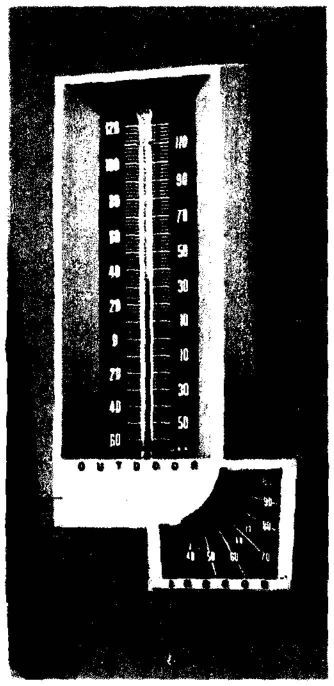
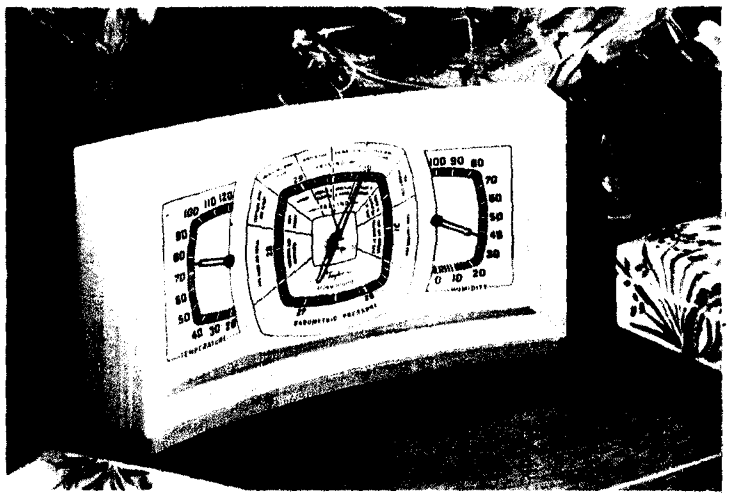
Why get him just a "new this or a different that" this Christmas, when it costs so little to give him a real Taylor Barometer like this beautiful 16¼″ x 5½″ mahogany pendant shown in the big picture at the right. Brass bezel and finial. Handsome thermometer and barometer with easy-to-read STORMOGUIDE* dial. Looks like twice its price of **$21.50.**

At leading department, jewelry, optical, hardware, drug and sporting goods stores. (3500-7000 ft. altitude barometers cost a little more.) Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester and Toronto. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





He'll treasure this Taylor Piedmont "Weather Bureau" in its handsome beige plastic case designed by Walter Dorwin Teague. Exclusive Taylor STORMOGUIDE dial *gives a detailed local forecast for every change in barometric pressure.* Two other matching dials show temperature and relative humidity. . **$16**

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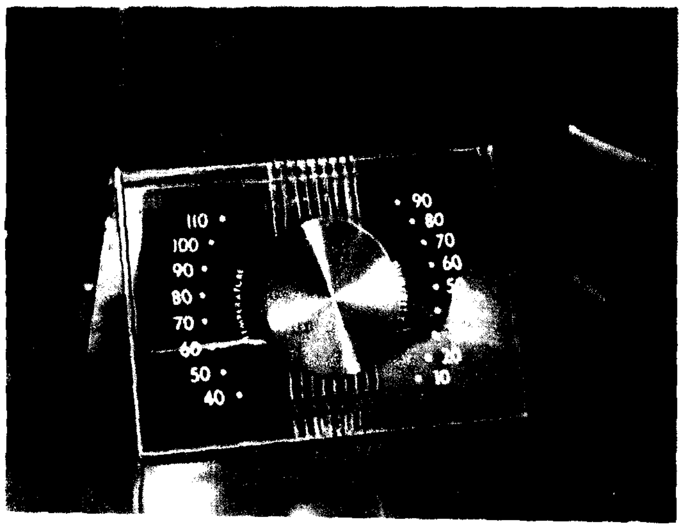
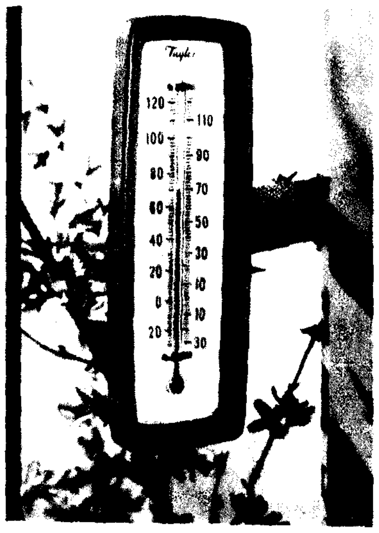
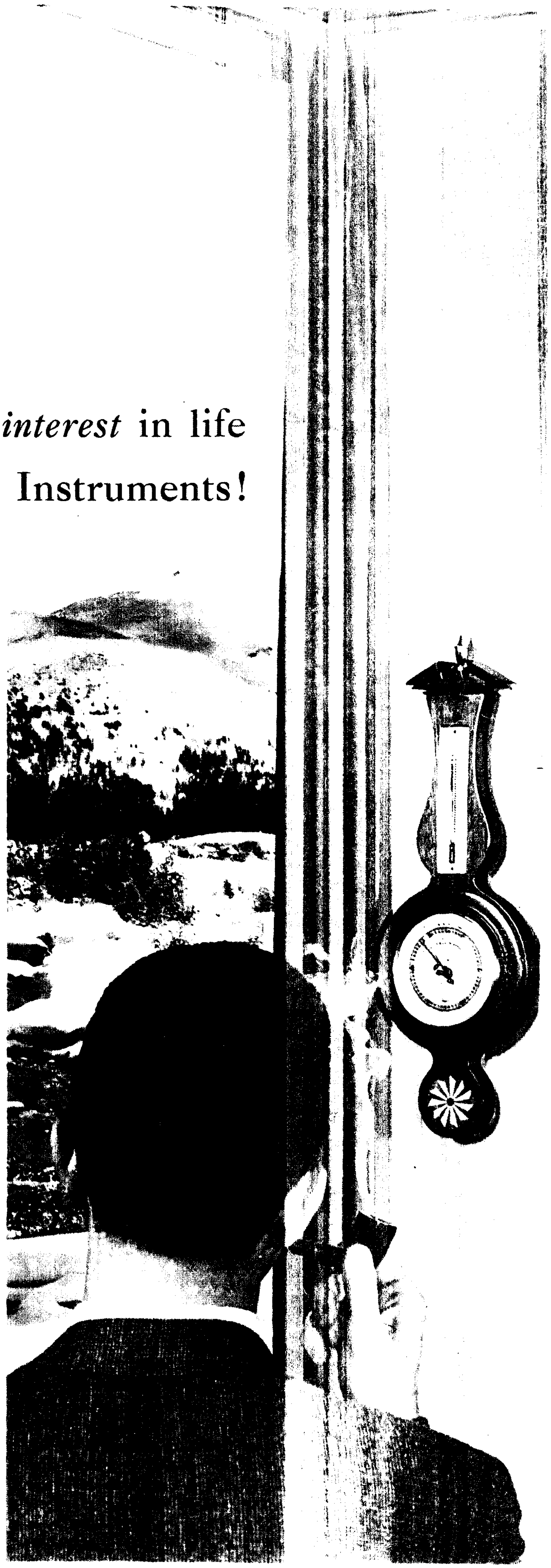


He can read this Window Thermometer from far away because of the magnified tube, bold scale. Weatherproof. Tenite case, stainless steel bracket. **$2.75**





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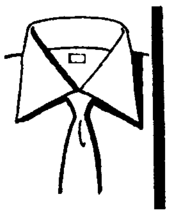

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

Moorehead views Sir Winston Churchill from the inside out

OUR new short life of Sir Winston Churchill and his fabulous eighty years was written by Alan Moorehead, probably Britain's best-known war correspondent, whose exploits and writings have won him high honors, with the Order of the British Empire the highest.

Moorehead was born in Australia 44 years ago and began his newspaper career on the Melbourne Herald. For three years preceding the war he was foreign correspondent for the London Daily Express in various sections of the Mediterranean area. During the war he represented the newspaper in the Middle East, India, North Africa and Europe, following British forces through thick and thin. The first of his 10 books was published in 1941; they have included biography, war experiences, travel and novel, and have made him one of the most widely read authors in Great Britain. In 1950 and 1951, Moorehead was public relations officer for the Ministry of Defense and in 1952 he returned to his native Australia, a trip which resulted in Rum Jungle, which was published this year. Moorehead now lives in London with his wife and three children.

Our study of Churchill is the result of Moorehead's energy and writing compulsion. Here's how:

"I have been working for the last year on a history of the Gallipoli campaign, in which Churchill was heavily involved during the first World War. I got sidetracked onto making a study of the man himself. The thing that most intrigued me was to discover how much has been forgotten about Churchill. We have gotten into the habit of thinking of him as a secure and famous old man, whereas so much of his life he has been unpopular, unsuccessful and embroiled in violent opposition. In fact, he has only really scraped through by the skin of his teeth and but for the outbreak of the last war never would have been Prime Minister or able to reveal his full strength. I have tried to see him young again and from the inside looking out."

ALFRED GESCHEIDT

After thirty years with Collier's, Bill Chessman still has his secret

ONE cold Monday morning just 30 years ago (December 8, 1924, to be exact), a young man walked into the Collier's offices, sharpened his pencil and began his first day on the job as assistant art director. Three years later he was no longer assistant, but the boss himself. Today, with approximately 1,500 issues of Collier's behind him, William O. Chessman is still very much on the job, and still responsible for the good looks of our magazine.

He's a native New Yorker. Born in Brooklyn, he lived in the city all his life until he moved to suburban Bronxville in 1950. Practically his first job, right after getting out of high school in 1918, was in the production department of a trade paper called The Dry Goods Economist, at $10 a week. Doesn't sound very exciting but it was the first in a series of jobs that gave him enviable experience in advertising, art, typesetting and printing—which eventually led to Collier's and his present reputation as the best in the business.

Before we wish William O. Chessman a happy anniversary, we must report that for 30 years he has kept secret what the O. stands for. So, 30 whacks for Mr. William O'Something Chessman, and one to grow on.

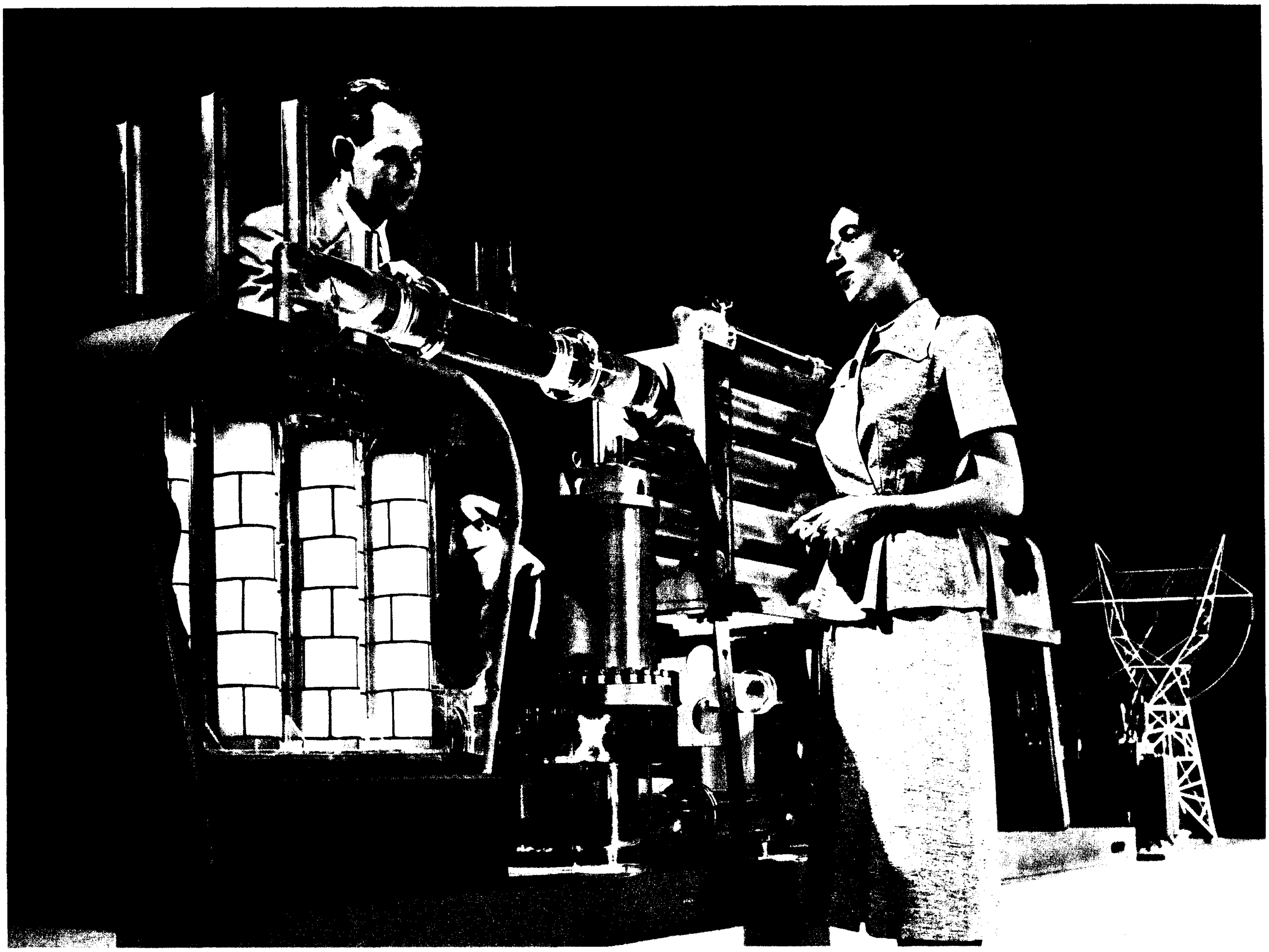
★ ★ ★

BILL FAY, who quarterbacks our All-America football selections each year, is from Pittsburgh. He was graduated from Notre Dame in 1940, but instead of playing football there, he was captain of the tennis team.

Fay joined the Chicago Tribune sports department after college. The Infantry took him in 1942, but he was back in 1946, writing features for the paper and articles for Collier's and other magazines on the side. In 1948 he left the Trib when we asked him to do a regular sports column for us, and then to handle our All-America teams. The column stopped after a year or so, but he has continued constantly with articles on sports and lots of other subjects. Not only that, but Red Grange and he broadcast Chicago's pro football games Sundays on the ABC television network, and Fay produces the fifteen-minute, nationally televised show called All-America Football.

To keep up with all these activities, Fay has to do a bit of broken-field running in his home in Park Ridge, Illinois, where he lives with his wife and four children, ages six and a half down to one. He says:

"I used to work on the typewriter; now I use pen and paper. It makes me more mobile. It doesn't matter how



Richard Noble and his wife inspect a small model, about 1/30 actual size, of the nuclear power plant he is helping to design. This plant, except for its heat-producing unit (foreground), will look much like any other power plant. It is to serve as a "laboratory" from which much will be learned about using the atom as a fuel to help fill future needs for more and more electricity.

ELECTRIC COMPANIES TO MAKE POWER FROM THE ATOM

The picture above shows Richard and Gerry Noble, a pioneer family in the atomic power age.

For Mr. Noble, an engineer, is working on the first power plant that will use the heat of nuclear energy to produce electricity for homes, farms and factories. His wife may be among the first to use electricity produced this way.

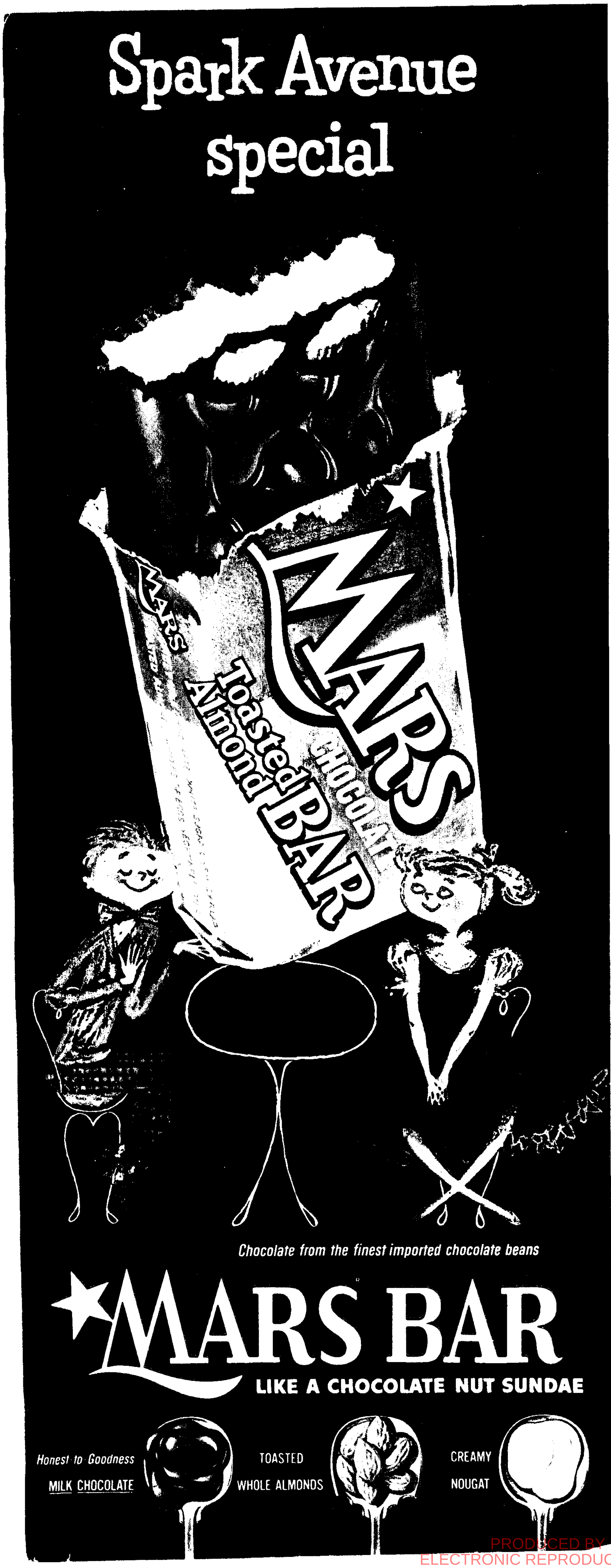
Mr. Noble is employed by one of the electric light and power companies now studying the future promise of nuclear electric power. Co-operating with the Atomic Energy Commission in this research, they are hunting ways to make electricity from nuclear energy both practical and economical, so that its benefits will be available to customers.

The nation's electric companies have much to contribute to the development of nuclear energy's usefulness. They've had nearly 75 years' experience in turning the energy of other fuels into electric power efficiently and economically. And they have brought low-price electricity—and plenty of it—to every corner of the United States.

AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

**Names on request from this magazine*

"YOU ARE THERE"—CBS television—witness history's great events


Spark Avenue special
MARS
CHOCOLATE
Toasted Almond
BAR
Chocolate from the finest imported chocolate beans
MARS BAR
LIKE A CHOCOLATE NUT SUNDAE
Honest to Goodness MILK CHOCOLATE
TOASTED WHOLE ALMONDS
CREAMY NOUGAT

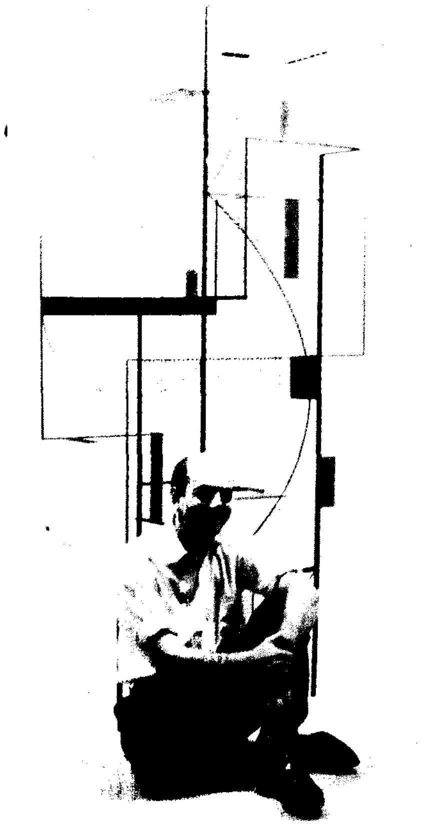
big a house you have—with four kids they'll always find you. Furthermore, we have a French poodle, six goldfish and a rabbit. I try to keep one jump ahead of all this. The worst crisis is when the bunny gets out; then I have to drop everything and chase him. I've never caught that rabbit in less than thirty-five minutes."

★ ★ ★

ON PAGE 56 you'll find a cartoon attributed to Sid Gordin, but signed by "Sivic." This is a heart-warming example of giving credit where credit is due, for Sid Gordin's wife is named Vicky, and although Sid can draw very well, it's Vicky who thinks up the gags. Put Sid and Vicky together and you have Sivic.

Now, Sid Gordin isn't just a successful cartoonist. He has studied and taught painting and mechanical drawing, and he designed a "tunnel maze" for playgrounds, which won a prize this year in a New York competition and will be manufactured soon for schools and housing developments. But Gordin is distinguished mainly for being the sculptor of what are called "constructions," a relatively new form of art which Gordin began practicing in 1950, and at which he is one of the most skilled today. He has had three one-man shows, and his work has been exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Museum of Modern Art in New York and the Art Institute of Chicago.

A construction is modern, abstract sculpture which, in Gordin's case, is done in steel or brass, with silver solder such as jewelers use. Gordin's studio is a loft in New York stocked with rods, bars and sheet metal. His basic equipment is the blowtorch, and he works with vises, metal-cutting saws and abrasive wheels. It's the noisiest kind of art work yet developed. The results can be eight feet high, like the piece in the photograph, or eight inches. But once each day, after the blow-torches are out, and the soldering irons are cooled, Sid and Vicky get together with pencil and paper and construct three cartoons. That's how they pay the rent.


SHARLAND

When he's not cartooning, Gordin creates sculpture like "Promenade"

MARTIN IGER

Morris and New York's Pier 57; without him it would have been goo

★ ★ ★

BILL DAVIDSON is another fellow who can thank his wife for helping him. In some ways bingo players are a shrewd lot, and when Davidson went to his first game to find out what it was all about, the ladies spotted him quicker than you could say B-14. They didn't know whether he was a cop, Mr. D.A. or a reporter, but they knew intuitively he wasn't there for the fun of it. They clammed up.

In a brilliant countermove, Davidson sent his wife, Sylvia, to the bingo games. She turned out to be the best little spy you could ask for. She covered bingo games from one end of the New York metropolitan area to the other, rubbed elbows and became fast friends with bingo habitués, spent $22 without winning a cent, and wrote Bill a detailed report that became a basic part of his exposé in this issue.

An item she didn't report on: at one game, when she had to leave in a hurry, her engrossed comrades either wouldn't or couldn't let her out, and she had to slide from her chair onto hands and knees and crawl under the table until she found an opening. She staggered from the hall just as shrill cries of "BINGO!" rent the atmosphere. That was her last spy mission for hubby.

★ ★ ★

MORTON DAN MORRIS is a young civil engineer who has seen a lot of the world, from Okinawa to the jungles of Venezuela, but who always comes back to his own New York to be amazed. He tells about it in The Seven Wonders of New York.

One wonder he didn't mention is his favorite, Pier 57. This pier is resting not on piles, but on two huge, 32,000-ton concrete boxes which, in turn, sit on the river bottom. This box was floated down from a spot 34 miles up the Hudson River where, in a drydock, the concrete had been poured in the dead of winter. The wonder of this project is that when you pour concrete the temperature has to be from 50 to 60 degrees or the stuff just won't harden. The City of New York was saying in effect, "Give us our pier by March," and the experts were replying, "It can't be done till spring," when along came Morris with his own original, unique system of a steam generator, pipes and tents which were used, in near-zero weather, to cover and keep warm the thousands of tons of freshly poured concrete while it set.

It's no wonder Morris calls it "his" Pier 57. JEROME BEATTY, JR.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

MAKING YOUR OWN CHRISTMAS CARD OR MOVIE TITLE SHOTS . . . G-E MASCOT METER TELLS EXACTLY HOW TO SET CAMERA, G-E PHOTOLAMPS GIVE PLENTY OF PICTURE-TAKING LIGHT.

Here's your easier way to perfect Christmas pictures!

1.

NEW G-E Mascot* Exposure Meter

. . . instantly gives you correct camera setting!

AIM MASCOT at scene, needle points directly to proper exposure reading. New General Electric Mascot is ideal for color slides, movies, stereo. So easy . . . *everyone* can use it.

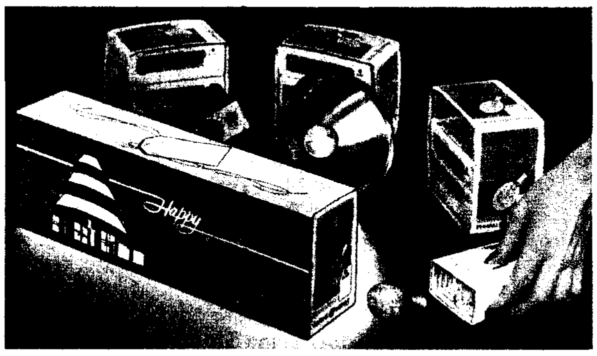
SET CAMERA at same number Mascot shows . . . you're ready to shoot perfectly exposed pictures. Pays for itself in film saved. Lightweight, accurate. See it at your photo dealers **$15.95**
Fair traded

2.

NEW improved G-E Flash Bulbs

. . . for sure-fire flashes every time!

FLASH TWICE AS EASY! Improved G-E Flash Bulbs have new tiny filament . . . half as thin as before, to flash twice as easily! And new primer, for sure-fire flashes, to get every picture.



A SURE-FIRE GIFT for any picture taker . . . 3 dozen sure-fire G-E Flash Bulbs in attractive holiday gift wrap. And get G-E Flash Bulbs for yourself . . . to be ready for holiday pictures.

*Reg. Trade Mark of General Electric Company

FOR FREE LEAFLET with more information:

On meters, write: *Section 606-153, General Electric, Schenectady 5, N. Y.*

On lamps, write: *Section 166-153, General Electric, Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.*

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LETTERS

Who's on Top?

EDITOR: Your article TV Ratings: Who *Knows* Who's on Top? (Oct. 29th) seems a useless inquiry. As a listener, it doesn't make any difference to me who is ahead in the poll. I like certain programs; it is no concern of mine which ones Mrs. Jones prefers.
R. R. BRANNING, San Antonio, Texas

. . . You state that with the advent of television "radio was dealt a blow from which it has never fully recovered." What you should have said was, "Radio was killed." In the evenings before the TV boom we used to enjoy a variety of good entertainment. Now we get half-baked mystery programs and local disc jockeys. If we don't have a TV set, are we considered dead?
MRS. R. ROTHFARB,
West Palm Beach, Fla.

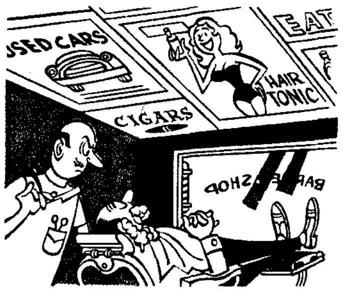
Hiya, Hydrant

EDITOR: Sam Rosenberg should be congratulated on his excellent photographs of fire plugs (Anybody Here You Know?, Oct. 29th), which he so accurately and amusingly named. He has convinced me that plugs are people, and henceforth I shall nod and smile at each approaching hydrant.
DOROTHY TIETIG, Cincinnati, Ohio

Ad-dition

EDITOR: Walter Davenport (48 States of Mind, Oct. 15th) succeeded in ruining the day for me after I read his paragraph about putting ads on barbershop ceilings.

You see, darn it, I can remember way back when barbershops *did* have ads painted on their ceilings—and it wasn't yesterday!
MAJ. OWEN M. CONRAD,
Fort Bragg, N.C.



Tourist in Thule

EDITOR: Please let's have more of Charlotte Knight (Tourist in Thule, Oct. 15th). She's one of the wittiest writers I've read since Thorne Smith. I laughed till I cried.
MRS. BETTY CROMWELL,
Memphis, Tenn.

. . . How about giving the Army a break and letting the public know that we are also here in Thule—as well as the Air Force? I am in B Battery where your author fired a 90-mm. antiaircraft gun. We have no need to think up tall tales, since the Army allows us little time for idling. It still is not uncommon for a man to work 14 hours, then have five hours off and go back to work. With a schedule like that we find no danger of boredom, although it is true that everyone up here gets "shook" to some extent.
SGT. HERBERT W. MOCKSFIELD,
APO 23, c/o P.M., New York, N.Y.

Collier's meant no slight to the Army. Above, author Charlotte Knight with Thule's B Battery.

Negro in America

EDITOR: No finer articles have appeared anywhere, any time than Alan Paton's The Negro in America Today (Oct. 15th, 29th). The idea of asking him to do this work was inspired.
J. P. RICH, Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

. . . A masterpiece. It depicts the true light of our conditions and desires . . . MRS. MOHERLIE E. COLES,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . Collier's special by Alan Paton has the odor of carpetbaggers and white trash. I stopped buying your rag years ago. I found this copy in a sewer ditch and after reading this left-winger's special, I returned it to its rightful place.
FRANK R. MCLAVY, Baton Rouge, La.

. . . A most inspiring message to the American people. I should like to purchase reprints for my classes.
LIONEL NEWSOM, Associate Professor
of Sociology, Southern University,
Baton Rouge, La.

. . . Those of us whose backgrounds date to Plymouth Rock feel a sense of both disgust and fear that as great a magazine as yours must publish such trivia. I am white—will always be white and forever be of a very pronounced and proven feeling that our race is better than our colored neighbors . . . L. KEITH MCGLATHLIN,
St. Louis, Mo.

. . . One of the most moving things I have ever read. If you had never published anything else, Collier's has justified its place in America's literature.
ROY FLAM[illegible] San Francisco, Cal.

. . . An absurdity . . .
AMOS [illegible]INSON, Paris, Ark.

. . . Congratulations on sending to South Africa to bring in a man to tell us about our Negroes in the South. However, you are far off the real issue—the Negro is after intermarriage. And that is just precisely what the South does not want and will not have.
GARLAND B. PORTER, Atlanta, Ga.

. . . Again, as in 1861, my native Georgia is fighting a lost cause. May God help us in accepting the inevitable gracefully. GWENDOLYN M. ESTFAN,
Smyrna, Ga.

. . . Thanks a million for your article. I was born and raised in Atlanta, and I hope every Georgia voter reads it before the November elections.
LOUISE B. CRAMER, Atlanta, Ga.

. . . You have been sold that all men are created equal. This is absurd: no two things are equal.

Why don't you people wake up and realize that, regardless of what nine old men decided, the white people of the South are not going to accept it because we are not nearly as stupid as you.
G. L. IVE[illegible] President, Florence
Chapter, National Association for
Advancement of White People, Inc.,
Florence, S.C.

. . . My husband and I, as residents of Delaware, are now in the midst of a fierce controversy over the first attempts at integration in our schools. We have been discouraged to see how deep-rooted prejudices are. The articles have given us a different perspective, by emphasizing not only how far we have to go to reach the goal set forth in our Constitution, but also how far we have come since the Emancipation Proclamation.
SUSANNE M. BAT[illegible]DORFF, Dover, Del.

. . . The articles could appropriately also be entitled Cry, the Beloved Country . . . ARTHUR J. JACKSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . The article is written with rare perception and sensitivity. Through it all, one is never doubtful of Alan Paton's identification with the human race, even though there may be some reluctant members in high places . . .
MRS. WILLIAM THOMAS MASON,
National President, National Council
of Negro Women, Inc.,
Washington, D.C.

. . . Neither Paton nor the Communists nor the prejudiced Yankee press nor the nine political appointees are going to make Southern white people "integrate." Public sentiment is the law. ROBERT PATTERSON,
Holly Ridge, Miss.

Sardines

EDITOR: The Case of the Missing Sardines, by Robert de Roos (Oct. 15th), brought forth facts about the California sardines that people not only in California but all over the world have been asking. JOHN COSTANZA,
President, San Francisco Sardine
Association, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Congratulations on the superb timing of your article. Just after I received my copy of Collier's, the newspapers reported the first real sardine strike in the Santa Barbara Channel since 1948. The haul was 450 tons. I'm glad that forces beyond control of mere man returned the fish to our back door.
WM. H. HULL, Santa Barbara, Cal.

An Exaggeration

EDITOR: Your article on television ratings (Who *Knows* Who's on Top?, by Bill Davidson, Oct. 29th) states that "Sponsor, a trade publication for radio and TV advertisers . . . voiced suspicion regarding relations between some ratings services and certain of their customers." Sponsor voiced no such suspicion. Your article mistakenly misinterprets one paragraph from a lengthy Sponsor article on the ratings services.

While the misuse of ratings does harm television and some of the observations your article makes are valid, the general tone of the article, in particular the use of the inaccurate summary of Sponsor's statement, adds up to an exaggerated picture.
NORMAN R. GLENN,
Sponsor Publications Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

Sponsor's paragraph, the source for Mr. Davidson's interpretation, read as follows: "Stations, agencies, all bring pressure to bear to keep ratings high. Sponsor has seen letters from stations to rating services promising to buy the service 'when you can show us on top.' Account executives, on the other hand, shop around for the highest rating for their shows to prove to their clients that they made a good choice. Both these factors put a premium on higher ratings rather than accuracy."

THE FORWARD LOOK

Contemporary motor cars by **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

On the following pages you will get your first glimpse of THE FORWARD LOOK in motor cars – fresh new answers to the things *you've* been asking automobile makers to bring you!

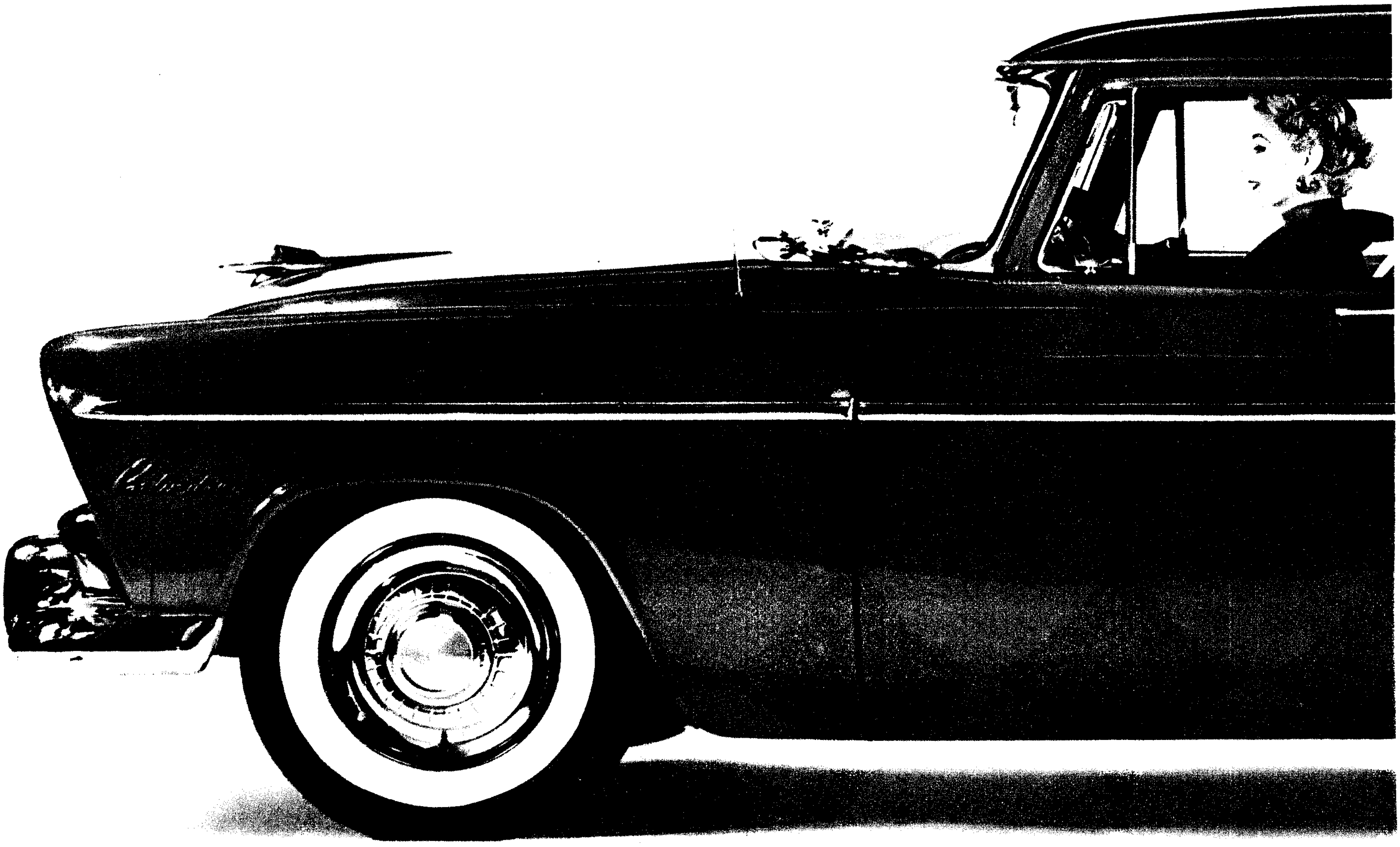
Here is all-new styling–new from frame to roof . . . with new lowness and new length. Feel the *sense of motion* these cars give you even when they are *standing still!* Sit in the driver's seat, enjoy an airplane pilot's view of the road . . . for the bold, New-Horizon swept-back windshield moves *forward* with the car's lines!

Enjoy the new convenience of the PowerFlite Range Selector on the instrument panel . . . one of the many examples of designing that keeps *you* in mind.

See and drive these cars, now on display at your dealers. You'll discover a remarkable achievement in "fashion-right engineering" . . . combining the superlative performance you've come to expect from Chrysler Corporation cars . . . with an exciting new and wholly contemporary beauty–THE FORWARD LOOK.

1955 PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

THE *FORWARD* LOOK



SO BIG...SO POWERFUL...SO EXCITING

Biggest car of the low-price 3 . . . completely new . . . powerful new V-8 and

Plymouth is the car to measure against in 1955. This year, of all years . . .

Here at last is a completely new car—a car in which *nothing has been borrowed from the past!*

No limit has been set upon the funds, brains, talent or time needed for the development of this car. Enough new ideas have gone into it to suffice for half a dozen ordinary "new models."

Why did we "start from scratch" to build this automobile?

The answer lies in the spirit and nature of the American people. We as a nation are eager, dynamic, searching, young in heart . . . never really satisfied with anything short of the best. For us a car that is simply a good car, one that will satisfy most needs, is not enough.

So we have built our car . . . a car completely new in concept and performance. Its greatly increased power and size . . . its fleet and forward-thrusting lines . . . all are in the young-hearted tempo of our times.

In this, America's shining new "portrait in steel," you'll see a reflection. And that reflection will be *you.*

THE NEW HY-FIRE V-8 ENGINE Newest, most advanced eight in the lowest-price field! New Polysphere combustion chamber gives you flashing new power . . . more "go" per gallon . . . aviation performance on regular gasoline.

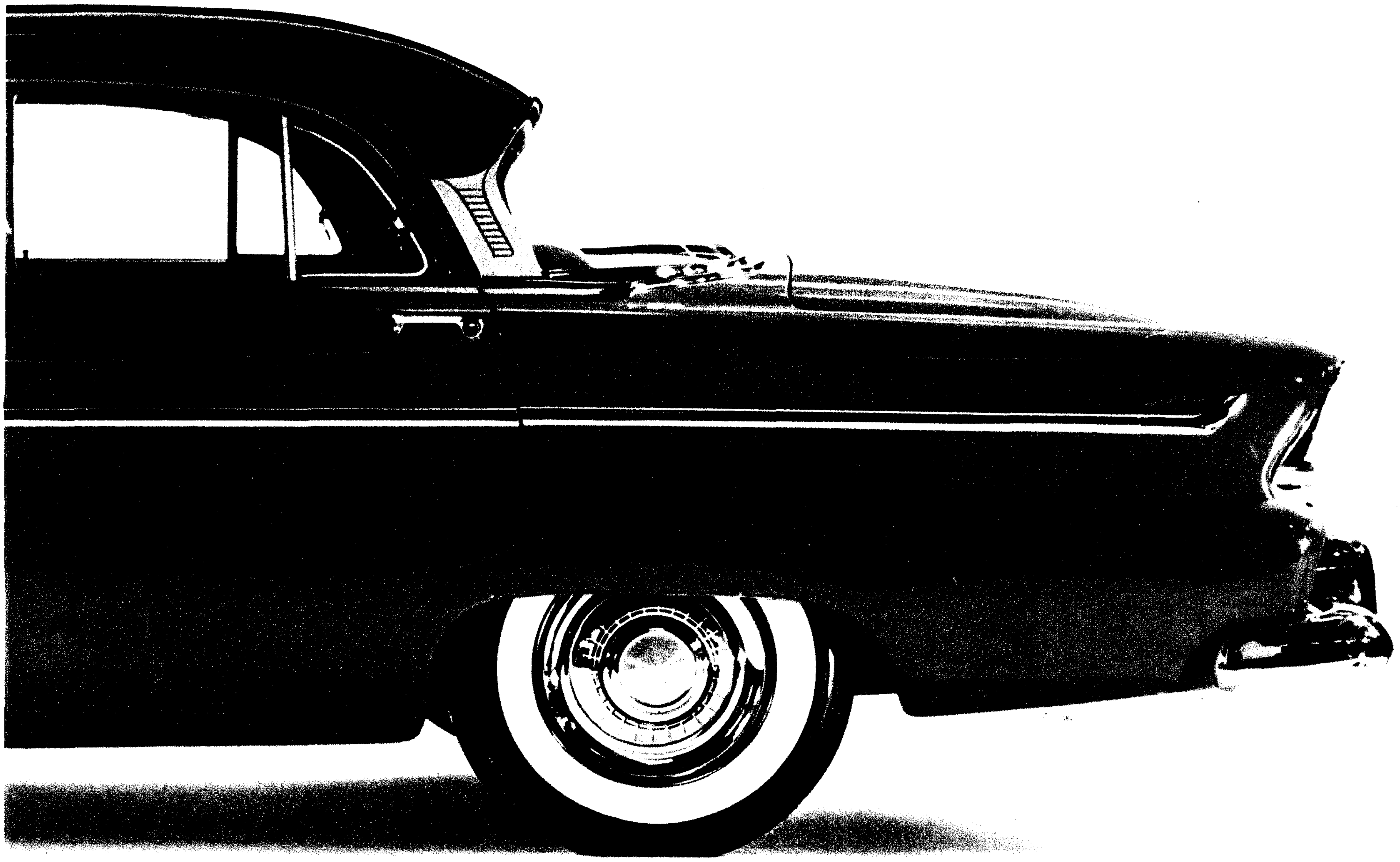
Or, you may choose Plymouth's new economical PowerFlow 6, a high-horsepower engine of notable simplicity and smoothness of operation . . . based on a design famous for thrift and reliability.

POWERFLITE NO-CLUTCH TRANSMISSION WITH NEW FLITE-CONTROL DRIVE SELECTOR Smoothest, finest of all fully automatic transmissions. New 4-position drive selector, *mounted on instrument panel* . . . exclusively Plymouth's in the lowest-price field . . . gives you positive finger-tip control, added convenience.

NEW FULL-TIME POWER STEERING does 80% of the work for you, and—unlike the "other two"—does it 100% of the time. Far less driving fatigue.

POWER BRAKES make driving easier for you . . . use only *half* normal pressure. New wide pedal is *suspended,* both on power and regular brakes, for easier action and added foot room.

NEW EASY-GLIDE POWER SEATS Now you can move the front seat forward and up or backward and down at the mere touch of a button.



Unretouched photograph of Plymouth Belvedere 4-Door Sedan • Enjoy "That's My Boy," "Shower of Stars," and "Climax!" on CBS-TV

ALL-NEW PLYMOUTH '55

ngines . . . new chassis . . . new styling.

ook at all 3! When you do, you'll change to Plymouth!

NEW EASY-LIFT POWER WINDOWS Raised or lowered with a flick of a switch! All can be operated from the driver's seat *and* individually at each window.

NEW FULL-VIEW WINDSHIELD is a true swept-back wrap-around. Your range of vision is extended to the sides, where you need it. No blind spots from posts slanting forward at eye-level as in other makes.

NEW METAL-IN-MOTION STYLING Plymouth's trim, taut-muscled, forward-thrusting lines reflect the dynamic spirit of a nation that's young in heart!

LUXURIOUS NEW INTERIORS Fabrics are excitingly modern. Glamorous color styling harmonizes with brilliant exteriors. Beautiful new instrument panel with no-glare finish.

EXTRA OVERHEAD STRENGTH from new box-girder body construction. Much larger streamlined luggage compartment, fully lined to protect your bags.

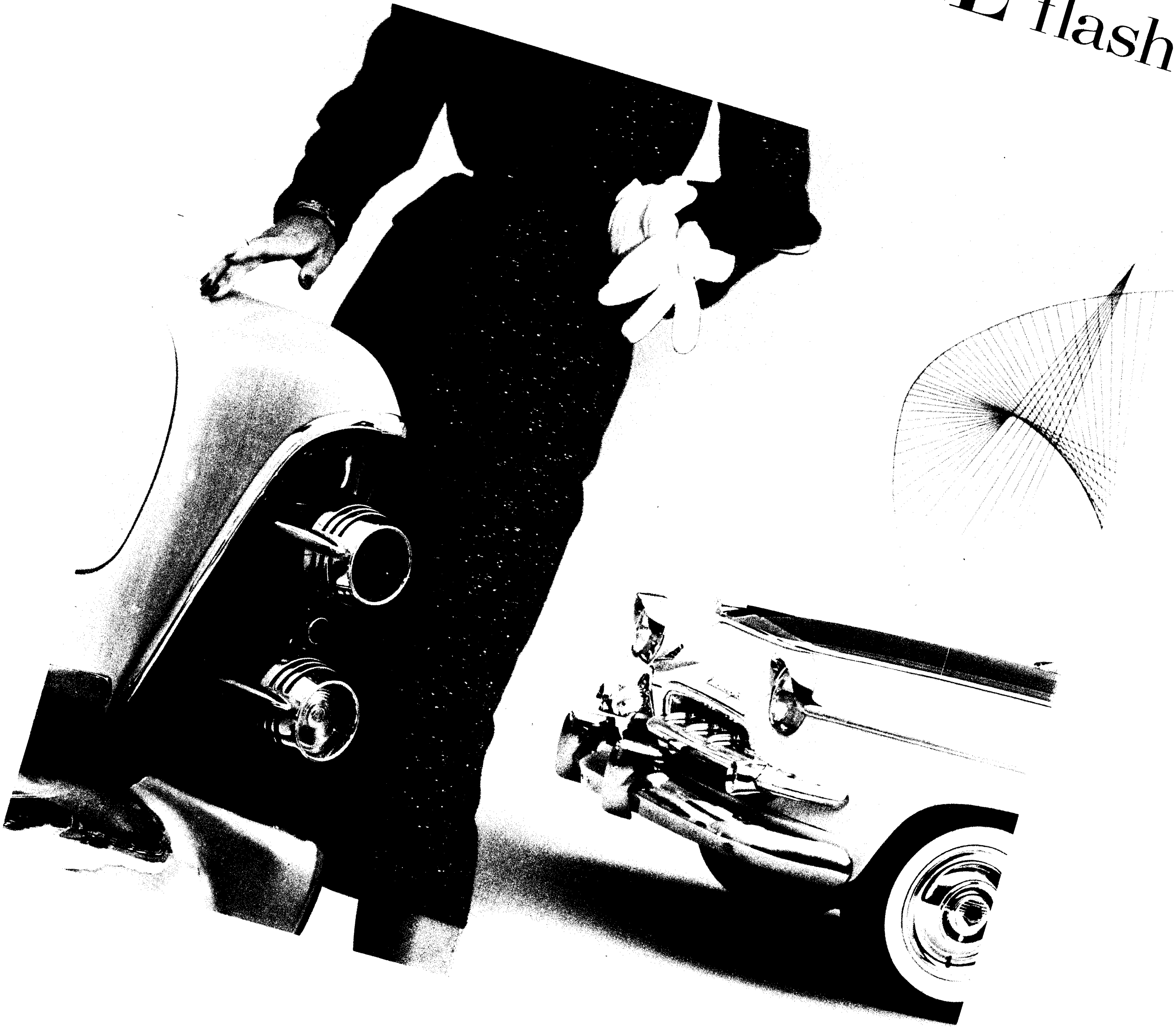
NEW AIRTEMP AIR CONDITIONING for your complete all-weather comfort.

PowerFlite, Power Steering, Power Brakes, Power Seats, Power Window Lifts, Air Conditioning, and Automatic Overdrive all available at low extra cost.

Now on display at your
Plymouth dealer's . . .
a great new car
for the YOUNG IN HEART

Flair-fashioned... and alive with beauty

new '55 DODGE flashes



ahead in style!

You will know, from your very first glimpse of its sleek silhouette, that here is a car of a hundred surprises:

A car that gives you a *new outlook* on the world through its swept-back New Horizon windshield . . . not just wrap-around, but *full* wrap-around, both bottom *and top*.

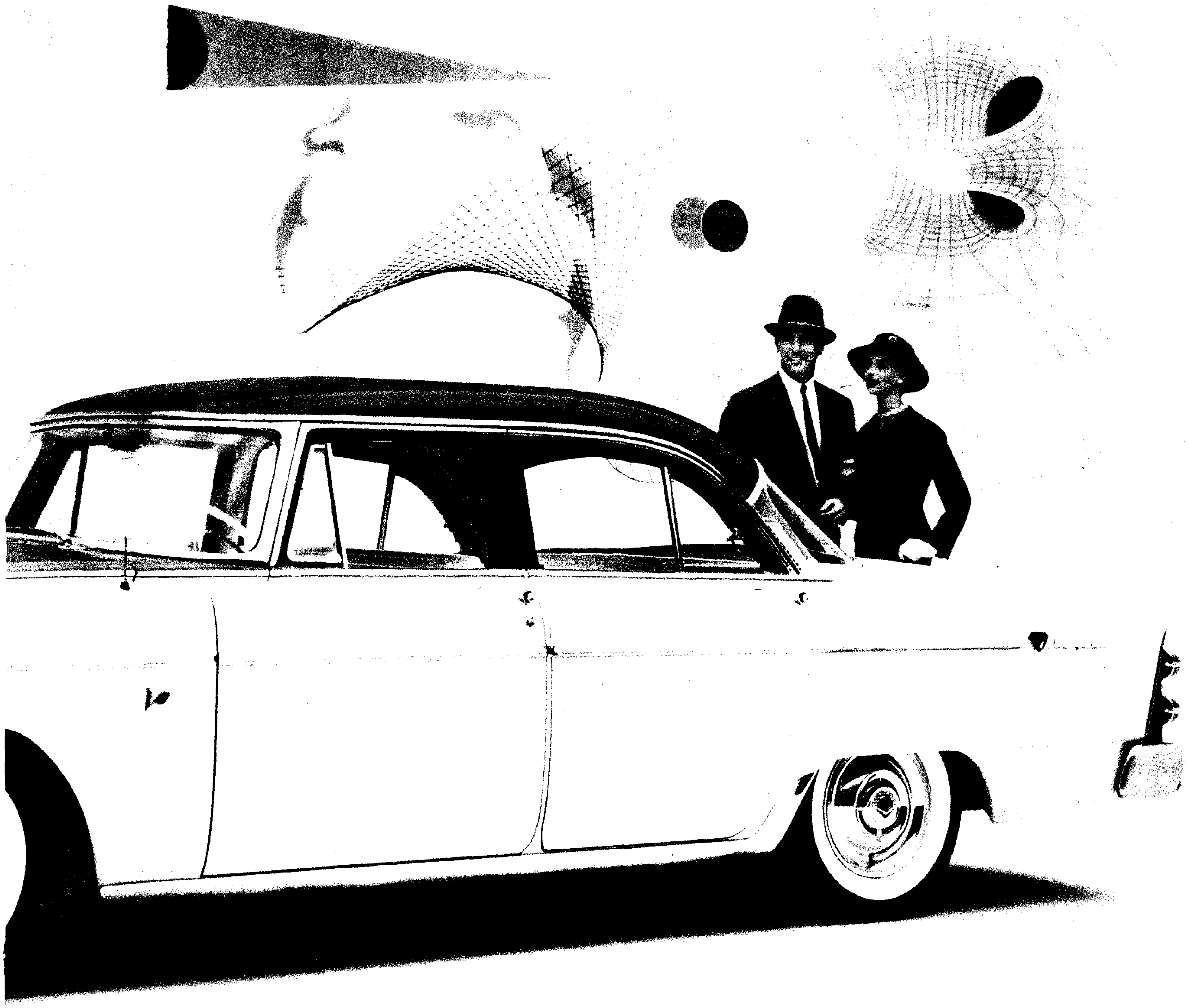
A car that captures the flair of the future in taut, eager lines.

A car that sweeps you forward at the command of Flite Control, bringing new magic to PowerFlite automatic driving.

A car of many innovations: Tubeless tires . . . windows and seats that respond to a touch of your fingertips . . . an aircraft-type V-8 engine that rules the road.

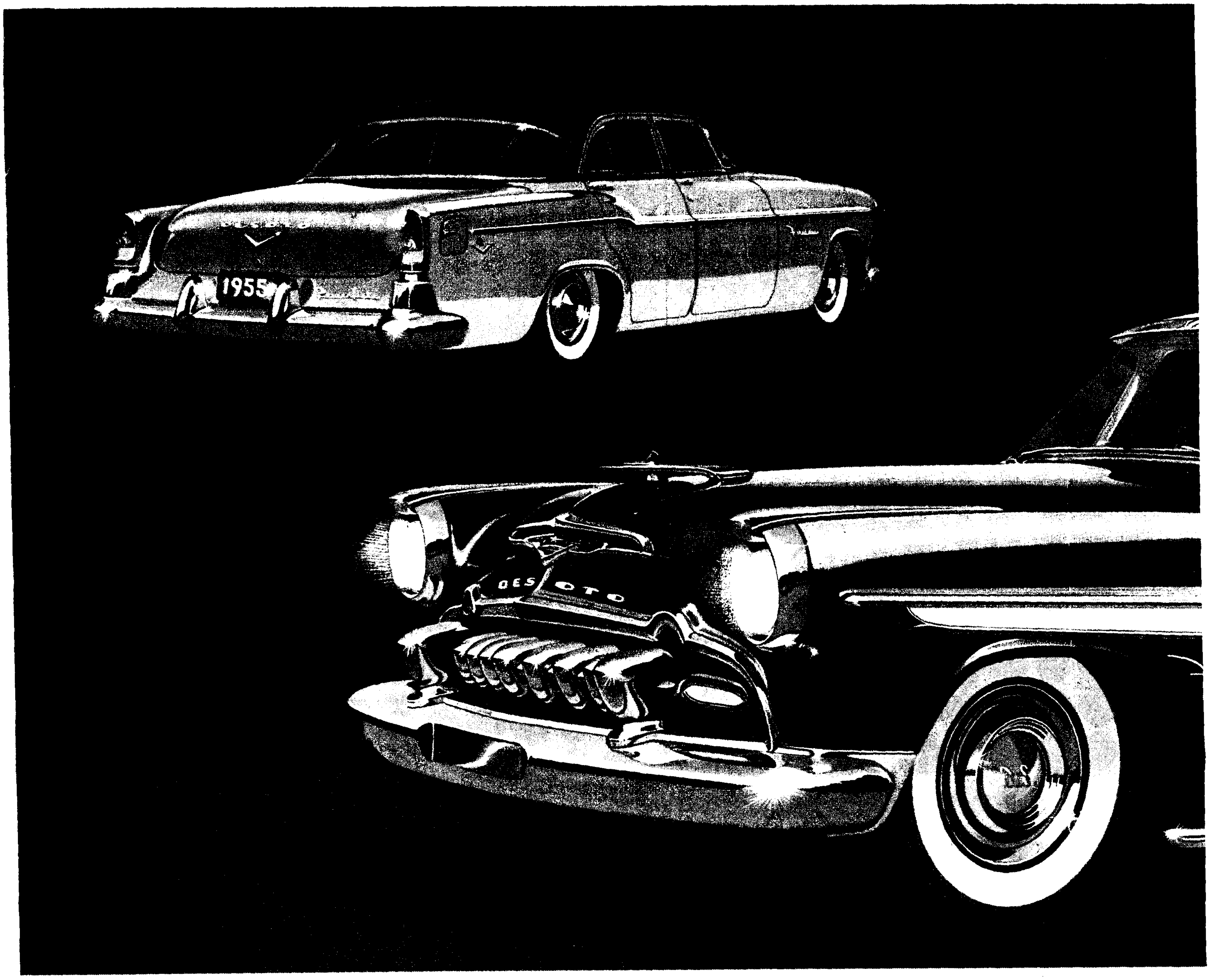
You can expect the unexpected in the flair-fashioned '55 Dodge . . . on display now!

THE *FORWARD* LOOK: New Dodge Custom Royal V-8 4-Door Sedan in Cameo Red over Sapphire White



TAKE COMMAND . . . GET THE THRILL FIRST-HAND

1955 DESOTO STYLED



The new forward look

De Soto hits a new fashion high in modern body styling. Barely five feet high, the De Soto for '55 is longer, wider, and lower than ever before. Note the forward-looking freshness in every curving line. Styled for tomorrow, the new De Soto creates a "first" in modern cars. Truly a car that will stay in style as long as you drive it.

Have you favorite colors? Choose from fifty-five combinations of vigorous reds, frosty blues, greens, an artist's range of pastels.

Look again! See that curved New Horizon wrap-around windshield with its smart new Sun Cap. It is swept back to give you 20 per cent more glass area for maximum visibility. You see as never before, without distortion . . . drive with new confidence and safety.

New elegance, new interiors

Swing open the door of this superb new car. Subtle luxury, new accents of elegance await you.

Exquisite fabrics and glamorous hues are gently contrasted with sparkling metal trims. Silky nylons, new sculptured weaves, genuine leathers, sponge-rubber-backed nylon carpets! Each color combination is harmoniously created to enhance De Soto's fresh new look.

FOR TOMORROW!

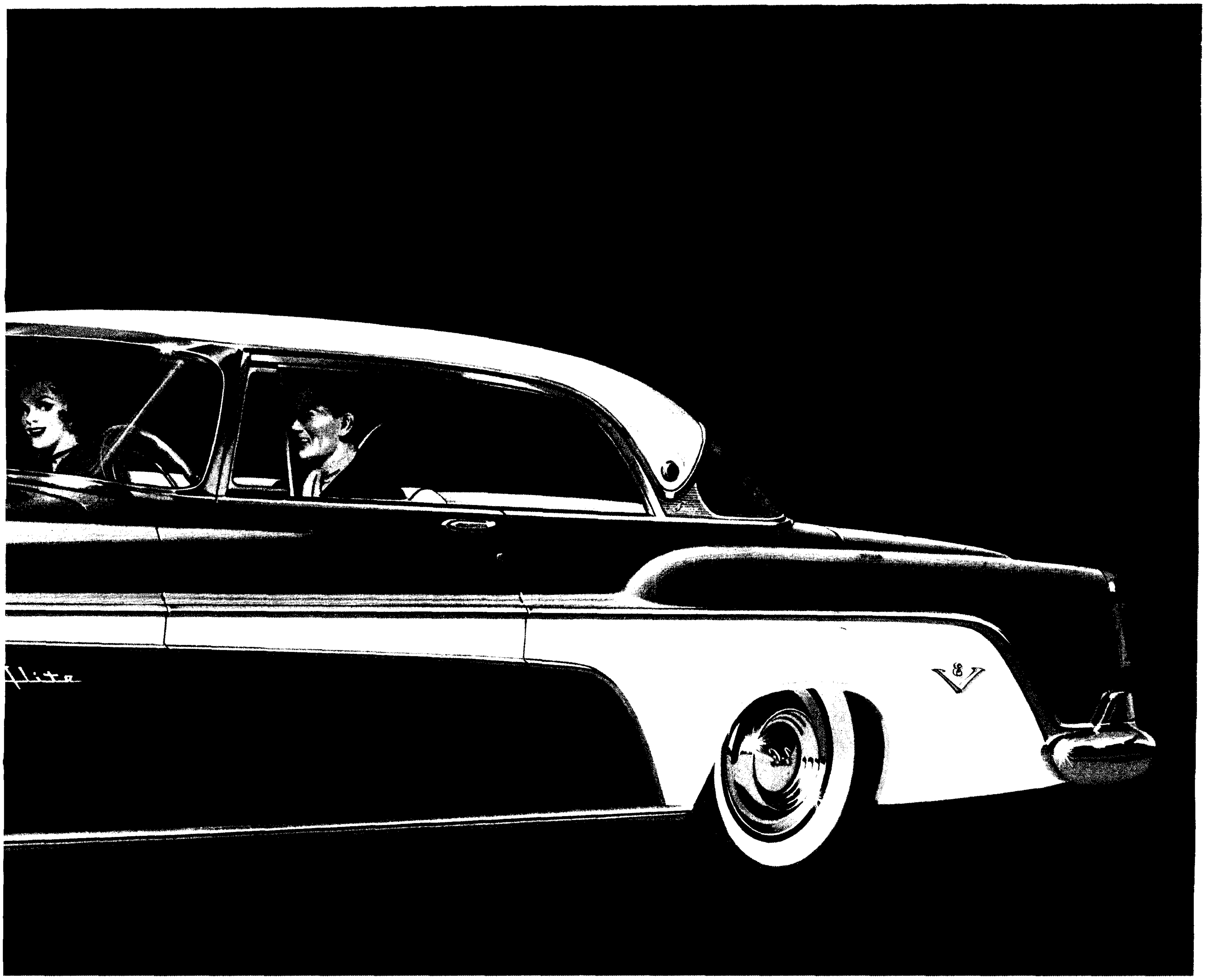
TWO MIGHTY V-8's!

•

The famous **FIREDOME**
at a new low price—185 hp.

•

And the fabulous **FIREFLITE,**
a brand-new 200 hp. series



The handsome '55 De Soto Sportsman hardtop in the foreground is the 200 hp. Fireflite. Proudly showing its style on the hill is the 185 hp. Firedome sedan.

Drive the new De Soto! You'll find it wondrously easy to handle . . . with every control located for utmost convenience. Moved out of your way to the dash is the new Flite control shift lever. And the new pendulum-type brake pedal is suspended from above for fast, easy action. It's much wider, too—so you can brake with either foot.

A new V-8 at a lower price

Here's more welcome news! The new Firedome series comes to you at a new, lower price. At the same time, this beauty of a car packs extra horsepower . . . now 185 hp., to be exact. New this year, also, is the fabulous Fireflite . . . De Soto's 200 hp. V-8 luxury series.

De Soto leads, too, in automatic features. You can have a car that does almost everything except decide where to drive! Optional equipment includes Full-Time Power Steering, Feather-Touch Power Brakes, Four-Way-Power Front Seat, and Air Conditioning.

DESOTO

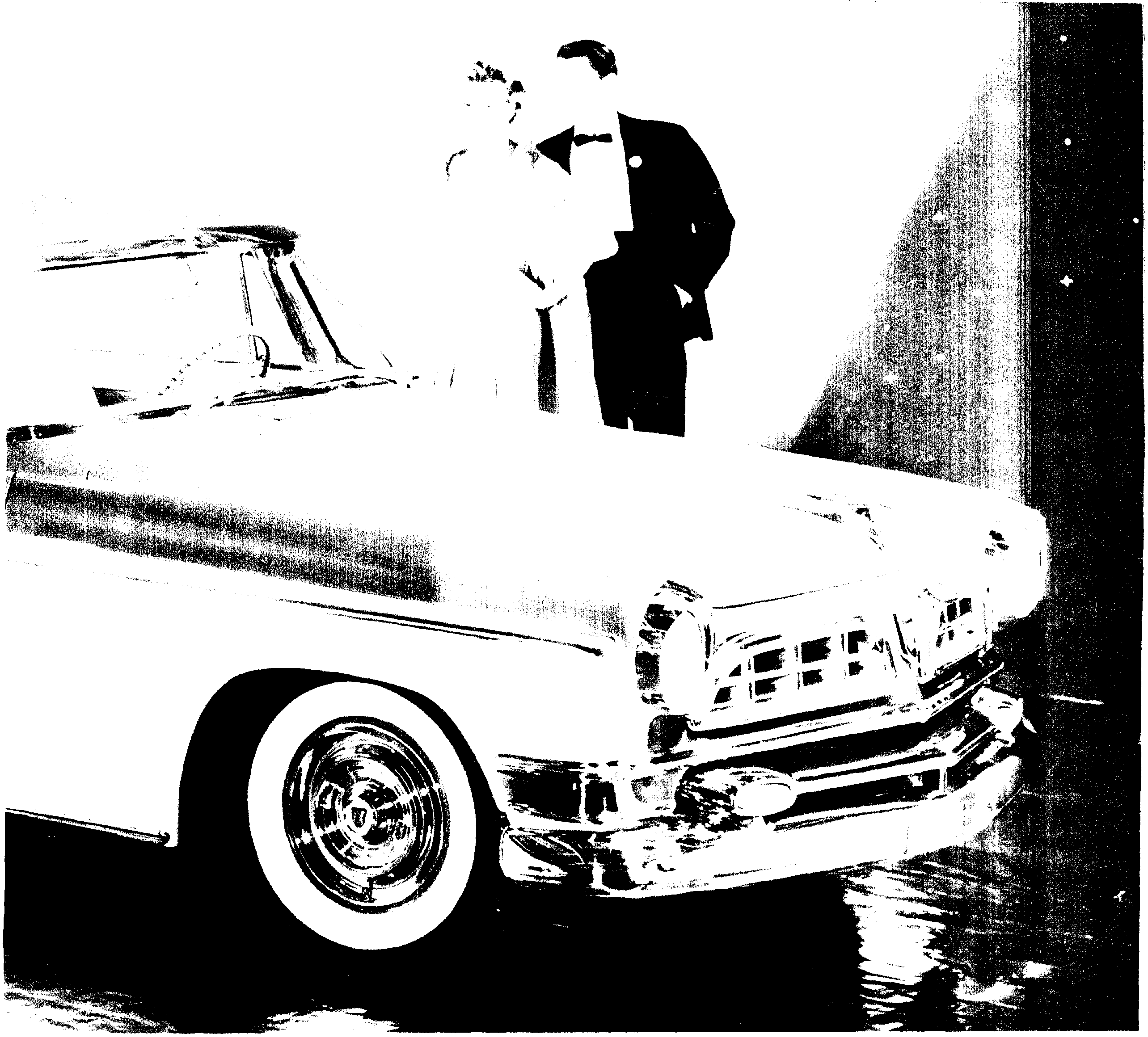
STYLED FOR TOMORROW

250 HP NEW YORKER DELUXE ST. REGIS IN NAVAJO ORANGE AND DESERT SAND

ANNOUNCING

CHRYSLER FOR 1955

WITH THE NEW 100-MILLION-DOLLAR LOOK



HERE YOU SEE THE MOST EAGERLY AWAITED NEW MOTOR CAR FASHION IN A GENERATION

The 1955 Chrysler is a totally *new* car. Every line, every feature, every detail of this magnificent automobile is wholly new and dramatically different.

Long and eager, it has a marvelously lean, sweeping silhouette such as no other car you've ever seen. Clean, uncluttered . . . lower and longer than other big cars!

With its new 100-Million-Dollar Look, this glamorous Chrysler is designed for America's smartest motorists. For here is a car that is superbly well-dressed always . . . over-dressed never. Here is a car that tells the world that you are not only a person of consequence, but also a person of great good taste and discernment.

EVERY CHRYSLER ENGINE NOW A V-8—UP TO 250 HP. WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED

Chrysler's world-famous engineering also brings you PowerFlite, most automatic transmission of all . . . with the unique new PowerFlite Range Selector on the dash, which completely outmodes conventional levers on the steering column. Chrysler brings you new Full-Time coaxial Power Steering and double-width pedal Power Brakes, "New Horizon" Super-Scenic windshield with Sun Cap visor, new Twin-Tower tail lights, new, massive divided grille, new wheel covers and new tubeless tires — all new and all yours in the 1955 Chrysler!

See it at your Chrysler dealer's. See why, now more than ever, the power of leadership is yours in a Chrysler.

AMERICA'S MOST SMARTLY DIFFERENT CAR

THE *FORWARD* LOOK

ANNOUNCING

THE CAR THAT REVEALS
THE WORLD'S NEWEST THINKING

Imperial by Chrysler embodies a brilliant and wholly new automotive design for 1955.

Nearly nineteen feet of incomparable sweep and grace, it has a fidelity of line never before achieved in a motor car.

Even the distinctive gun-sight tail-lights – riding free and clear above the fenders – set you apart from anyone else on the highway.

When you drive this impeccable beauty, you'll find magic response to your every whim – a response no other instrument can give you.

With its mighty FirePower V-8 engine, you enjoy undisputed highway supremacy.

To consider the purchase of an Imperial is in itself an experience of both pleasure and pride. And to *own* an Imperial is to begin the most rewarding period of your automotive life!

Your Chrysler dealer proudly invites you to make an Imperial appointment.

THE FINEST CAR AMERICA
HAS YET PRODUCED

1955
IMPERIAL

THE *FORWARD* LOOK

When you see **THE *FORWARD* LOOK** . . . in person

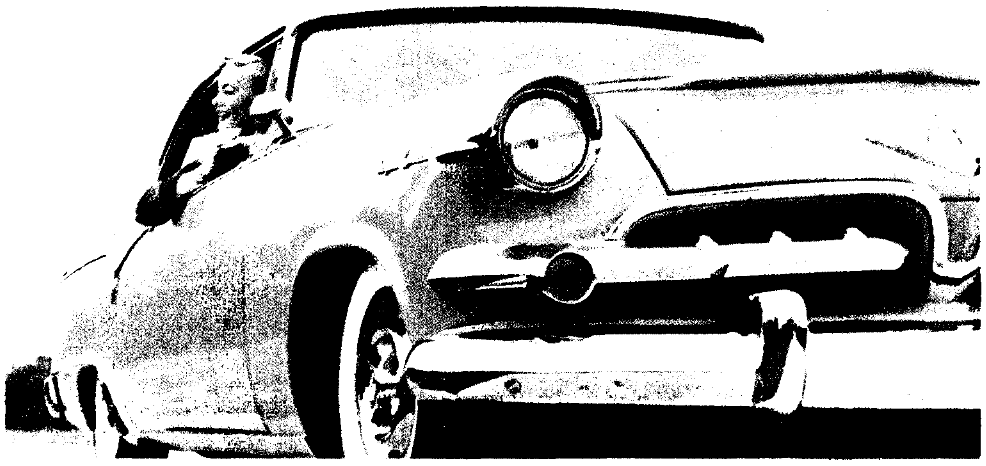
. . . you will know that these cars are made for YOU!

On the preceding pages, you have seen and read about Chrysler Corporation's all-new styling concept . . . THE FORWARD LOOK. This remarkable achievement in "fashion-right engineering" combines the matchless performance of Chrysler Corporation's cars with an exciting, wholly contemporary, new design.

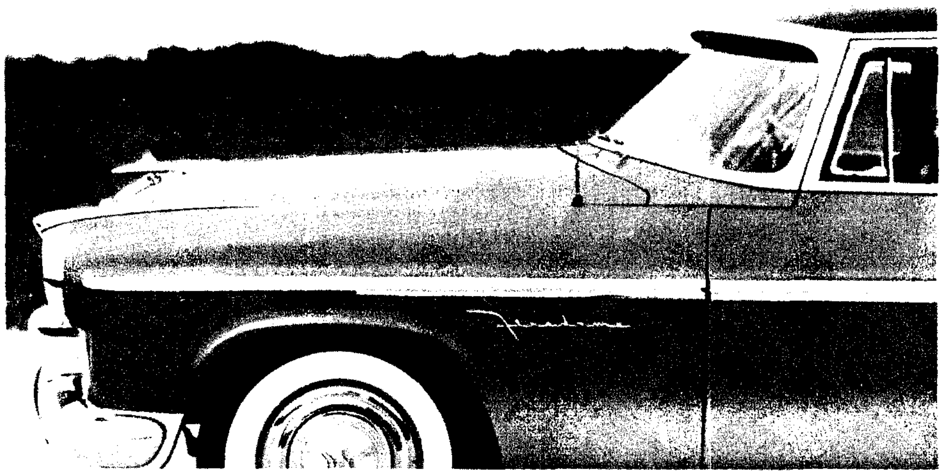
Why not see *for yourself* what THE FORWARD LOOK offers you? *Visit your dealer now, and see and drive the all-new 1955 Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto, Chrysler, Imperial!*

THE FORWARD LOOK is the reason you'll say, "Now is the time for a change to a Chrysler Corporation car!"

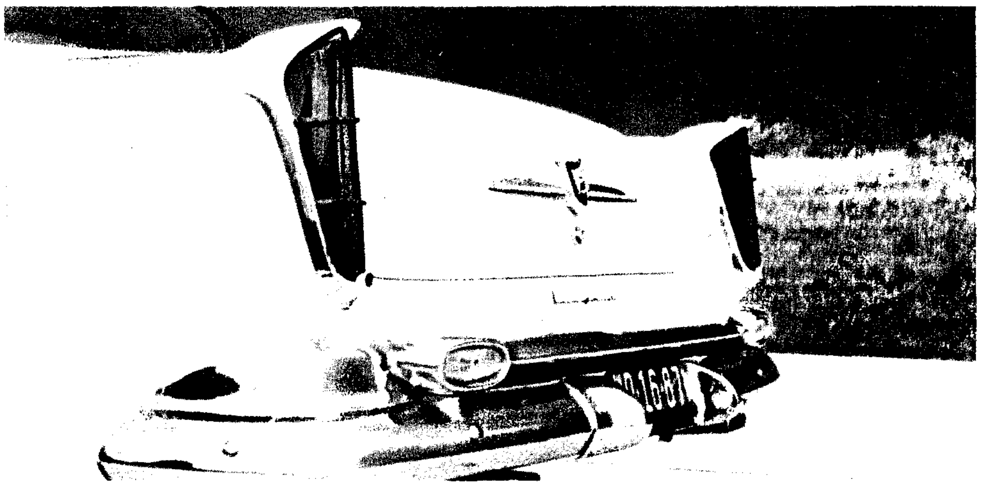
Here are some of the new and wonderful things you will find and enjoy in the 1955 cars from **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**



LENGTH, LOWNESS. See how the body metal seems to be *stretched* into place, accenting the sleek, eager low lines and the sense of forward motion—even when the cars are standing still.

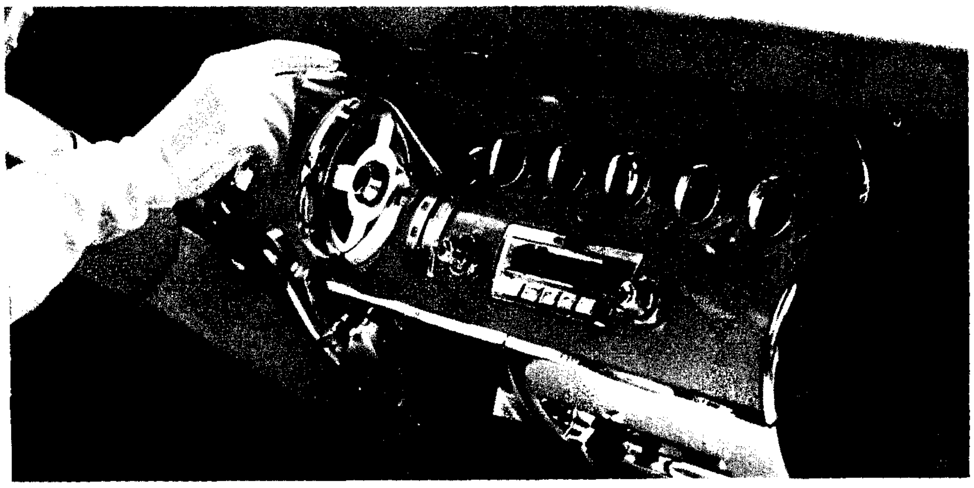


LOW HOODS AND NEW-HORIZON WINDSHIELDS—fully wrapped-around and *swept back!* Notice how low hoods and graceful airplane type side-posts give you unparalleled visibility and add to the forward sense of the car.

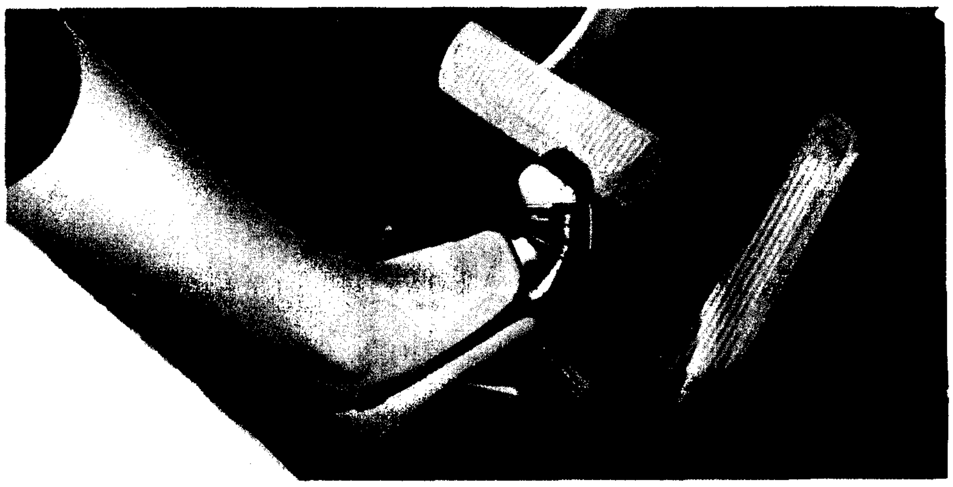


BROAD REAR DECKS. The broad, beautiful rear decks of these cars distinctively identify them the moment you see them. Low, wide and clean-lined, they move swiftly away from the road behind.

LUXURIOUS ALL-NEW INTERIORS. In flawless good taste, they use many rich new fabrics: Lurex thread cloth, quilted Jacquards, random weave nylons and others . . . color-keyed to the smart exteriors.

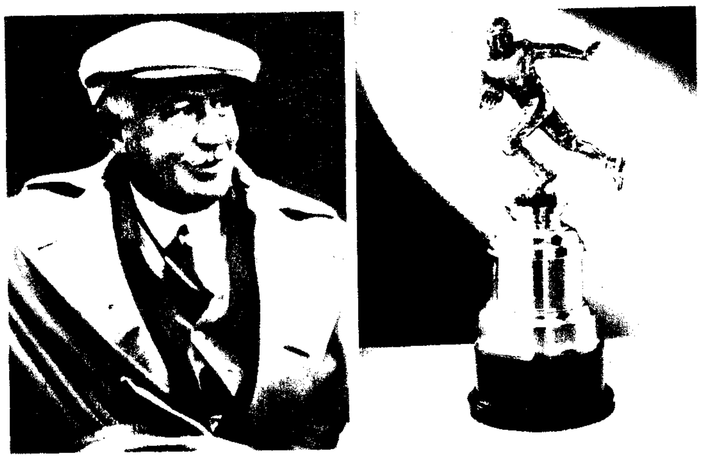


POWERFLITE RANGE SELECTOR. You'll be surprised to see this drive selector on your instrument panel, where it belongs, for convenient instant control of the most automatic driving of all.



CENTERPOISED BRAKE PEDAL. One example of the many new mechanical ideas and conveniences you'll find in these all-new cars. See them soon! Get the whole exciting new story *in person!*

The 65th ALL-AMERICA



Honoring the immortal football figure (l.), the new Walter Camp Memorial Trophy goes to Alan Ameche as 1954 Player of the Year

THE American Football Coaches Association took on a new assignment this year. As in the past, the coaches have selected the Collier's All-America. (The story and pictures of the 1954 team continue on page 108.) Now, for the first time, they also have chosen the winner of an important new award: Collier's Walter Camp Memorial Trophy, named for the immortal Yale coach who, for more than a quarter century, picked the All-America teams for this magazine, and played such a great role in developing football.

Wisconsin's fullback, Alan Ameche, is the first winner of the Camp award, which will go annually to the year's outstanding college player. Ameche receives a replica of the permanent trophy for his own possession.

In evaluating the meaning of the award, president George Munger of the Coaches Association said: "To receive a memorial trophy named for Walter Camp is the highest honor that could possibly be paid to any player."

IS BINGO GETTING

It's exploded into politics, aroused churches and forced police to resign. Why all

Players cram Don Basco Technical School in Paterson, New Jersey, for weekly bingo game. Some people become so addicted to the pastime

TOO BIG?

By BILL DAVIDSON

this turmoil over—a game?

that they must play almost every night

AN INTERESTING philosophy was once expressed by the late Dutch Schultz, a brawny and sagacious gang leader of the 1930s. "The best racket," Schultz declared, "is to muscle in on something illegal but respectable—when it gets to be big business."

If Schultz were alive today, he probably would be made irresistibly itchy-fingered by the shouts of "Bingo!" which echo from one end of the land to the other. "Bingo!" is the cry uttered by the winners of a mild gambling game of the same name, played nightly by perhaps a million and a half Americans. There is no question that the game is illegal: it is against the laws of 43 states and it frequently breaks the laws of the other five. There is little doubt, however, that it is respectable; its proceeds have sustained charities, paid for school lunches and built a great many hospitals and churches. And most certainly it is big business: it is moderately estimated that Americans pay nearly a billion dollars a year to play the game—more than they pay to watch baseball, football, basketball and boxing combined.

In other respects as well, bingo has assumed a position of considerable importance in American life. In New Jersey it helped elect a governor, Robert B. Meyner, who campaigned on the promise that he would legalize bingo. In the recent Michigan elections, bingo was as hot an issue as unemployment, with a furious campaign on to change the state constitution to exempt the game from the antigambling laws.

In New York City, Deputy Chief Inspector Louis Goldberg was demoted and then retired from the police force after he tried to halt illegal bingo. Almost immediately, New York's two gubernatorial candidates, Republican Irving M. Ives and Democrat Averell Harriman, proclaimed their affection for the pastime and promised to legalize it. Battles are raging over bingo in California, Colorado, Louisiana, Illinois and Alaska. It even has spread to Moscow, where bingo games continue far into the night at the American Embassy and attract the staffs of nearly all the Western embassies.

Perhaps the most far-reaching effect of bingo in the United States is that it has stirred up violent ecclesiastical controversies, as a consequence of its proved value in raising funds for churches and religious institutions. In Louisiana, I was told, the superintendent of state police, Colonel Francis C. Grevemberg, went to his church one Sunday for prayer and meditation and heard himself denounced from the pulpit as "a Judas" because he had halted church bingo along with other forms of gambling in Louisiana. His parish priest was expressing a point of view voiced by many others—that "bingo is a harmless, fund-raising activity in the House of God, and to interfere with it is a Gestapo or MVD tactic."

At approximately the same time, a contradictory opinion was advanced by another group of religious leaders in the same state. The Protestant clergy of Louisiana almost unanimously censured bingo as "a vice, no matter where practiced," and there was strong condemnation from high-ranking Catholics as well. In a sermon at Our Lady of the Holy Rosary Church in New Orleans, Father Frederick J. Digby, executive director of the Associated Catholic Charities, said, "The church survived the Roman Empire and the Dark Ages because of fervor, learning, faith and reason. It will be tragic indeed if history is forced to say of the present period that the church grew in America by virtue of bingo and raffles." Archbishop Joseph F. Rummell supported Father Digby's point of view, and in a pastoral letter on August 17, 1953, he banned bingo in all Catholic churches in the archdiocese.

And so a simple pastime of children (bingo is derived from the ancient game of lotto) has become a source of great bitterness in the United States today.

Thoughtful political and religious leaders have begun to study the phenomenon with considerable concern. In Massachusetts, veterans' organizations and churches run illegal bingo games (with the local police looking the other way) that are reminiscent of the uncontrolled horse-racing days. There are huge electric tote boards, chartered buses, newspaper ads, billboards, sound trucks, free food and gifts as inducements, patrons coming from many miles away—and cash prizes totaling as much as $5,000 per night. Most serious of all, the racketeers apparently have begun to heed Dutch Schultz's advice. There is irrefutable evidence that mobsters and professional gamblers have moved in on charity bingo—that the churches and the public are being duped in nearly every locality where illegal bingo is played. More and more, responsible people are asking, "Is bingo getting too big?"

Undoubtedly one reason the game has grown is its simplicity. For a fee—generally $1—each player is given one or more cards, ruled off into squares containing printed numbers. There are thousands of combinations of numbers from 1 to 75, so that in an honest game no two cards are alike. The operator of the game, the "caller," picks numbers at random from a container (generally a bird-cage-like affair filled with numbered balls), and yells out each number as he selects it. If a player has the called number on his card, he covers that square with a marker. The object of the game is to cover five squares in a row, either on a straight line or a diagonal. Occasionally the game is varied to require the forming of an "X," an "H" or a "T," or even the filling of all the squares on the card.

In any event, the winner shouts, "Bingo!" when he has the correct squares covered—and after his card is checked he gets a prize of cash or merchandise. Modern-day lotto, keno, beano and the corn game played at carnivals are all basically the same.

Characters Who Ran the Corn Game

Until about 25 years ago, the corn game was the only form widely played in the United States. Its name derived from the fact that players used kernels of corn to cover the numbers. The corn game was almost openly dishonest. It was dominated by characters with names like Four-eyes and Big-hearted Benny. Four-eyes was so called not because he wore glasses, but because he had such fabulous eyesight that he could read the numbers on every card in the audience and thus call only the numbers on the cards of confederates he had planted among them. Big-hearted Benny, on the other hand, memorized the numbers on his confederates' cards. Neither man, of course, paid any attention to the numbers he was actually drawing from the container.

It is unclear how churches and charities got involved in the corn game, but the association probably started in the 1920s with the hiring of professional carnival men to run bazaars for religious organizations. In any case, church members were attracted to the corn game in droves, and its name was changed to bingo to make it more respectable. At first it flourished mostly among the poor in big Eastern cities, and its principal following is still among the working classes.

Sociologists explain that these are the people most likely to seek a large return from a small outlay. They are more akin to the numbers player than the horse player. Like numbers players, they do not realize that the odds against them are enormous—1,691,814 to 1, for example, against making bingo in the first five numbers called. A

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VIVIAN CHERRY

......45......17......23......58......47......6......32......14.

professional bingo operator told a New Jersey investigating committee that at an average bingo session the chances are about 210 to 1 against a player winning a given game, and 7 to 1 against his winning even one of the 30 to 35 games usually played in one night's program.

Notwithstanding these odds, people *do* win at every session, another reason for its popularity. An indication of the game's growth is the mushrooming of John A. Roberts & Company, Inc., in Newark, New Jersey, a concern devoted exclusively to the production of bingo equipment and supplies. In 1934, the firm operated in a single room and grossed about $10,000 a year. Today it occupies a 10,000-square-foot modern factory and grosses over $300,000 annually, selling bingo paraphernalia in every state of the Union, as well as in Cuba, eight Canadian provinces and Alaska.

Presenting the Good Aspects of Bingo

The countryside is studded with other indications of the growth of the game. Passaic, New Jersey, has a bingo hall on one of its main streets. In Waterbury, Connecticut, the entire second floor of a department store has been dedicated to the playing of bingo. Lewistown, Pennsylvania, has a new hospital wing built with bingo funds. A new parochial school in Harrison, New Jersey, owes its existence almost entirely to proceeds of the game. School lunches, fire engines, research into cerebral palsy, orphans' homes, Christmas baskets, children's camps, boys' baseball teams, churches, all have been paid for by bingo.

But besides doing a lot of good the game has done a great deal of evil. For one thing, it has led to police corruption. Los Angeles police chief William H. Parker told me, "If you get a police officer to turn his back on any form of illegal gambling—no matter how praiseworthy the purpose—he'll soon become cynical about enforcing the gambling and vice laws generally." A particularly pointed example occurred in Louisiana, where during one raid the state police arrested a local cop as co-owner of a gambling den. He tried to explain away his embarrassing predicament by maintaining that he was "running keno games to provide Christmas baskets for the poor."

A second evil has been the development of the bingo addict, usually female. Many such women have been arrested lately—generally in connection with the delinquency of their children, whom they have neglected in their insatiable pursuit of the game. In New Jersey, I spoke with one woman, the wife of a factory worker. She told me she plays bingo six nights a week, traveling as far as 60 miles to find the games with the biggest prizes. On Sundays she can't stand the inactivity and goes to Asbury Park to play skillo, a commercial, amusement-park form of the game. She told me that she spends $24 a night on bingo, more than her husband earns. She insisted that she had almost broken even over a six-year period, which is unlikely.

I discussed bingo addiction with Dr. Douglas McG. Kelley, a psychiatrist and professor of criminology at the University of California. He said: "Generally these women are not satisfied in their homes and they turn to bingo the way other people turn to alcohol. They live in a daydream world like the alcoholic, because they're always going to find a pot of gold. The bingo addict tries to compensate for what's lacking in her family relationships. Often she is involved in a loveless marriage. She goes her way, her husband goes his way, and the children spend all their time watching television. It definitely spawns juvenile delinquency, which develops from a lack of affection in a home."

A third evil of the growth of bingo has been the commercialization of the charity games. In several states, games grew bigger and bigger, with a few monster games crowding out the smaller ones. In Newark, New Jersey, one clergyman reported that his church made $250,000 a year on bingo before it was legalized; another church in Jersey City netted $100,000 a year. In many localities, respectable institutions openly advertised, just like gambling palaces along Las Vegas' Strip.

And evil number three led to evil number four—the racketeer.

The bingo racketeer is not the typical mobster. Generally he is an unobtrusive smalltime operator who may join a church or veterans' group, and then suggest that he be allowed to run the organization's bingo game, since he has had some experience along that line. Once he has moved in with his confederates, he may milk the organization of tens of thousands of dollars a year.

One such operator is currently under investigation in a big Eastern state. The attorney general of that state let me see an undercover operative's report, which said of the racketeer: "He has five women accomplices who usually sit at one table. He is the number caller. He has a card in front of him that is identical with a card that one of the women has. He calls numbers from this card in the big jack-pot game, sometimes amounting to $1,000 or over. These women invariably win the jack pot. They were seen on five Saturday nights in a row and each night one of them won." This operator is a great joiner. He belongs to six organizations—and runs bingo games for all of them.

Another racket dodge is for an operator to approach a charity group and offer his skilled professional services in running the organization's bingo game. The operator promises the organization a flat guarantee of, say, $300 a week. Sometimes the operator pays the full guarantee, sometimes he doesn't, but it is a rare occasion when he doesn't make off with several thousand dollars for himself. The mayor of Lawrence, Massachusetts, discovered that of $32,000 collected during one period at the bingo parties of bona fide charitable organizations in his town, only $700 had gone to the charities.

I interviewed a reformed bingo racketeer in a cautiously arranged meeting in my hotel room in Cincinnati, and he let me in on some of the secrets of his craft. "The charity suckers don't know it," he told me, "but there are a dozen ways of fixing a bingo game without them getting wise. The most common way is, you have an usher working for you. You also have stooges planted in the audience. A stooge yells 'Bingo!' no matter what numbers he has on his card, and the usher comes over and verifies it. It's as simple as that."

If They Think You're a Cop, You Win

Other methods were revealed by my informant: (1) the caller works via a signal system from a confederate in the audience; (2) a caller, when he is watched by an honest member of the organization, palms numbers and uses them to match numbers on a confederate's card; and (3) the caller employs weighted balls so he will be sure to know certain numbers which appear only on his accomplices' cards. I told my informant that I had visited a bingo game in nearby Kenton County, Kentucky, a few weeks before and that I had enjoyed the unheard-of good fortune of winning twice in six games. He laughed. "I know," he said. "They thought you were a cop, and let you win. That's how they bribe the law around here."

My informant told me of out-and-out swindles perpetrated on respectable charities. "It's like taking candy from a baby," he grinned. "The charity people can't go to the police because the game itself is against the law." The same situation, he

5......72......9......21... ...BINGO!

explained, even results in outside gang raids on both honest and fixed bingo games. I later ran across just such a case in New Kensington, Pennsylvania.

One night last April, a woman came to a big honestly run charity bingo in that city and seated herself in the back of the room. When the caller announced the big-jack-pot game (every number on the card to be covered) she pulled out a counterfeit bingo card which was accurate to the last detail, except that there were blank spaces where the numbers should have been. She had an ink pad and rubber stamps of numbers with her. As the numbers were called, she merely stamped them out in the blank spaces on her card. As soon as her card was filled, she shouted "Bingo!" and made off with some $4,000 in prizes.

Although this forgery was spotted, nothing could be done to prosecute the woman. The head of the organization later wrote a letter in which he forlornly stated, "The police have the evidence and they tried to help us out. However, they cannot, since bingo is not legal in Pennsylvania."

How Gambling Czars Evaded the Law

With the charities and the public being played for suckers all over the country, a few states have tried to control bingo by legalizing it. One of the first was Massachusetts. The Massachusetts law had no teeth, however, and with the local police loath to act, legalized bingo became a playground for the racketeers. As Virgil W. Peterson, operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission, commented, "Gambling czars took advantage of the law by establishing a mass of dummy charities and engaging in large-scale commercial gambling activities." The Massachusetts law finally was repealed.

Bingo control laws passed in Connecticut, Rhode Island and Maryland still are in effect. But they, too, are weak and depend on local enforcement, which can be spotty when religious or political pressure is applied. Connecticut, for example, forbids professional operators and insists on prizes of merchandise instead of cash. Yet in Waterbury, I noticed the same professional caller and ushers running games for three different organizations; and dust-covered merchandise prizes were quickly converted into cash on the premises.

Rhode Island also forbids cash prizes in bingo games. Yet I saw ads in the Providence newspapers, such as "Thursday Night Party. 4-100's plus 10's-20's-30's." Everyone in Providence knows how to decode these messages. The numbers mean that there will be four $100 bingo games, and others for prizes of $10, $20 and $30.

The Maryland law is enforced effectively in Baltimore, but in nearby counties the game is running wild.

In the overwhelming majority of states where bingo is an out-and-out violation of the law, the same confusions exist. In some areas it is suppressed; in others it runs wide open. In California, Attorney General Edmund G. Brown recently insisted that charity bingo would not be considered an exception to the state's antigambling laws. "Until the law is changed," he says, "it must be enforced." Nevertheless, there is still bingo in San Francisco. In neighboring Oakland, on the other hand, Chief of Police Lester J. Divine tolerates no violations. Last year he even sent a police van to a church where a bingo party was in progress. He made no arrests, but the gesture was enough. The game came to an abrupt halt while the wagon was still on its way, and there have been no violations in Oakland since.

In 1953, New Jersey—then the most wide-open bingo area in the nation—took the first important step toward eliminating the confusion. Civic leaders reasoned: "We can't eliminate the gambling instinct in people, and the bingo addict is a problem for the psychiatrists, but we *can* force the game into controlled channels where it can be supervised yet can continue to benefit worth-while charities." As Governor Robert Meyner now says, "My chief concern is to prevent racketeering and unfair competition for small groups."

In 1953, the people of New Jersey voted in a referendum to legalize bingo. Then the newly elected governor appointed a nonpartisan committee (headed by former Superior Court Judge John O. Bigelow and trustee Vincent P. Biunno of the New Jersey Law Institute) to recommend legislation.

The committee heard testimony from clergymen, veterans' organizations, fraternal organizations, politicians and firemen, entertaining all points of view except those expressed by supporters of the big commercialized bingo games, who wanted the state to let them operate exactly as they had in the past.

Early in 1954 the committee drew up laws for both bingo and raffles and sent them to the legislature. The recommendations were approved with few changes, and today New Jersey has the first bingo law with teeth in it; the legislation set up a powerful body with police powers, called the Legalized Games of Chance Control Commission—a historic step which took supervision from the hands of corruptible and pliable local officials and gave it to an agency of the state government.

A Tough, Shrewd Executive Officer

To ensure the impartiality of the commission, Governor Meyner appointed two Republicans, two Democrats and one Independent. All are respected nonpoliticians, serving without pay. Their first act proved they meant business. They hired tough, shrewd Arthur A. Weller, Newark's retiring police commissioner, as executive officer of the commission. Weller had spent many years working on special duty with the FBI and has a nation-wide reputation as an honest cop who cannot be buffaloed by local politicians.

The law, as presently administered, prohibits political organizations and the like from obtaining bingo licenses, limiting games to church and charitable organizations which have such purposes as "benefiting an indefinite number of persons . . . by bringing their minds or hearts under the influence of education or religion, or by relieving their bodies from disease, suffering and constraint," and so forth. This provision eliminated all the phony games that had been operating under the guise of charity.

Restrictions on Operators

To help keep out the racketeers, the games can be run only by active, unpaid members of an organization. Their names must be filed and posted and no one is allowed to work at bingo games for more than one organization during the course of a year.

To decommercialize bingo games and to allow smaller charities to compete, the prizes are limited to $1,000 an evening, with $250 as the limit on any single game. There can be no chartered buses or advertising, and no inducements like free sandwiches, door prizes or free games. Bingo equipment cannot be rented (a favorite opening wedge for the racketeers); it must be purchased or borrowed.

Enforcement is being carried out through licensing and investigating procedures; and a complete sworn financial report must be filed with the commission within 15 days after each game. For violations, an organization can have its license revoked for as long as one year and individuals can be held as "disorderly persons"—punishable in New Jersey by fines and jail sentences. For "false swearing" in the financial report, a violator can be sentenced to as much as three years in prison. Even municipal officials can be punished under the law for lax bingo control in their areas. Two New Jersey towns—Woodbridge and Asbury Park—have already been cited, and let off with warnings.

How is the bingo law working out in New Jersey?

Certainly the bingo racketeers have been driven from the state—except for a handful of disguised professionals, against whom Weller currently is taking action. He also is trying to get local prosecutors to act against commercial boardwalk and amusement-park operations—over which he has no jurisdiction—which really are bingo disguised as "games of skill." The commission has proved its toughness by summoning Jersey City's mayor and Director of Public Safety to explain alleged laxity in local administration of the law.

There is no doubt that the big games have been cut down and that the smaller charities are benefiting—the second of Governor Meyner's objectives. Before the law was passed, there were only 100 to 200 bingo games operating in New Jersey. From April 20th to October 14th no less than 6,773 games were reported to the commission, with total receipts of $4,021,054.49. The commission has been flooded with letters of gratitude from small organizations that formerly could not compete against the chartered buses and $5,000 prizes of the big games. Typical are the comments of Maxwell M. Kaye, of the Beth David Jewish Center in Newark, and Lawrence T. Boeglen, treasurer of the Catholic Central Society of New Jersey. Kaye wrote that, "Being an organization of moderate means, we would not be able to continue without the present law." Boeglen said, "We have only small places and would go out of business if the law is changed."

Notwithstanding, there is tremendous pressure to change the law—on the ground that it is too strict. Most of the pressure comes from the big organizations that are not making as much money as they did when they operated illegally. A Hudson County assemblyman with strong political backing has already proposed amendments in the legislature to allow bigger bingo prizes, to permit advertising and chartered buses, even to allow the organizations to hire "professional managers and bookkeepers" to run their games again. His proposals have won considerable support. "Conducting a bazaar under the present bingo-raffles act," says the Reverend Hugh J. Fitzsimmons, of West Orange, "is like going into the ring with handcuffs." The Reverend Thomas Mulloy, of Passaic, has said, "Governor Meyner and the legislature betrayed and defrauded the people. The people voted 'yes' for legalized bingo and raffles, but now they realize the question involved a lot of restrictions they weren't aware of at the time."

No Yielding to Racketeers

In the face of these attacks, the commission has stood firm. The agency is receiving support from the governor, from other clergymen and from many newspapers—one of which, the Wildwood Leader, wrote that "racketeers would be most certain to follow" the proposed amendments to the law, "and to invite racketeers is to invite also crime and bloodshed."

Merritt Lane, Jr., a young Republican member of the commission, says, "We're accomplishing the two major objectives of the law here, and we intend to continue to do so—without showing partiality to anyone. We feel that we must, not only because it's our sworn duty, but because we know that the rest of the nation is watching us. We have heard from at least 20 other states which have expressed interest in adopting our law—if we can make it stick here."

And so, on the flatlands of New Jersey a battle is being fought which may finally put one of the strangest phenomena of our generation under control on a national scale. "Then," says Lane, "we no longer will have to ask that perplexing question: 'Is bingo getting too big?' " ▲▲▲

Camillo Baggiani, 47, and family harvest wheat in new home

"A New and

By BILL STAPLETON

Hundreds of thousands are leaving Europe to start afresh in far lands. Some are even carving whole new communities out of the jungle. Is migration the answer to overcrowding and food shortages?

at Pedrinhas, an Italian colony in Brazil. They came from Lucca province in Italy a year ago

Brighter Future"

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

EMIGRATION in 1954 is a letter from Alexander Chrapkiewicz, a Polish refugee now a butcher in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, giving thanks to Providence and Canada for the opportunity for a brighter future . . . the heart-warming sight of a seven-year-old Hungarian girl tearfully reunited at Idlewild Airport, New York, with her mother, Mrs. Gisella Kapus, whose foot was blown off by a land mine as she crawled across the Hungarian frontier into free Austria . . . the boisterous welcome in Darwin, Australia, for 10 Greek sponge fishermen come to help revive the country's flagging pearl and shellfishing industries . . . the weary but hopeful faces lining the deck railings of an Italian emigrant ship being eased into dock in this sparkling harbor. . . .

These people—declared surplus in their overcrowded homelands or refugees from Communist terror—are only a handful among hundreds of thousands of Europeans taking part in one of the greatest migrations in history. Behind this mass movement of humanity to undermanned areas of the world is a unique organization set up and maintained by 24 governments. It is the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, headed by gray-haired Hugh Gibson, former U.S. ambassador to Belgium and Brazil.

From his headquarters in Geneva, Switzerland, Gibson directs a staggering program. Since ICEM began operations in 1952, it has transported fully a quarter million European emigrants to new lands around the world. More are being moved out by ship and plane at the rate of 10,000 a month, and the program will be stepped up next year (the goal for 1955 is 156,000 compared with 118,000 this year). The bills are paid by member governments.

The task seems never-ending. Altogether some 5,000,000 Europeans are waiting their chance to start a new life overseas. Nearly 3,000,000 want to quit overcrowded Italy, more than a million to leave Greece. Hundreds of thousands of refugees from Communism are queued up in Germany and Austria. Even Holland has a waiting list of would-be emigrants; B. W. Haveman, head of the Dutch Commission of Emigration, said recently that 60,000 persons would have to leave the Netherlands every year for the next 10 years to relieve population pressures.

As in the past, many of these emigrants will pay their own way to a new life, or be transported by private schemes. But the largest number will become the charges of ICEM. So far, the committee has moved 65,000 emigrants to Canada, 53,000 to the United States, 51,000 to Australia, 40,000 to Brazil and 33,000 to Argentina. Lesser numbers have been absorbed by Chile, Israel, Venezuela, New Zealand, Costa Rica and the United Kingdom.

But enough of statistics. What has this mass migration meant in terms of human beings? Has it really given European emigrants a new and brighter future? How are they fitting into the economy and national life of their new homelands?

A detailed study of all the countries involved would require volumes to set down. For this reason,

Brazil has many self-supporting foreign settlements. At right, Piet van der Groes, recently from Holland, works his farm at Ribeirão, a Dutch colony. Below, Yugoslavs meet at Catholic church in their township of Guarapuava

Settlers stack lumber at Victoria village sawmill in Guarapuava. The settlement's abundant forests provided colonists with handy construction materials for building homes and barns

I concentrated on one country—bustling Brazil, melting pot of the twentieth century.

Of all the countries into which the surplus humanity of Europe is moving, Brazil is probably the most exciting. This vigorous nation, with its huge areas for settlement, booming industrial cities and potential expansion, offers welcome opportunities for the enterprising immigrant of the twentieth century. And here are being worked out in dramatic fashion many problems common to all the countries into which the European flood is pouring.

Thanks to its rising immigration, Brazil is growing so fast that government officials regard a census taken in 1950 as useless. Italians have arrived in the country in such numbers that happy-go-lucky *cariocas* (citizens of Rio) refer to rival, skyscraperish São Paulo, Brazil's counterpart of Chicago, as "an Italian town." Emigrants from Austria, Germany and the Netherlands are scattered throughout the nation. And there seem to be more White Russians driving taxicabs in Rio than in Paris.

Still Brazil's wide-open back country offers enough virgin hectares (2½ acres) to support land settlement on a grand scale for years to come. Self-supporting colonies of several thousand individuals already have begun to burgeon among the *pinheiro* trees and sawgrass of the new frontier country. Such townships as Pedrinhas (Italian) Ribeirão and Castrolanda (Dutch), and Guarapuava (Yugoslav-German) are green and prosperous testimonials that life can be comfortable and good in what used to be called the darkest interior. More than 65,000 acres are under cultivation.

These agricultural communities, located in the rolling coffee country of Paraná and São Paulo states, are playing a vital laboratory role in solving the world's overpopulation dilemma—and simultaneously helping to overcome the world shortage in food production.

Turning wild bush country into pleasant fruit orchards and well-tended rows of crisp vegetables has been no snap for European farmers, even with the help of imported U.S. bulldozers, tractors and the latest of farm machinery. Firm believers that hard work is the best antidote for homesickness, the newcomers begin their chores in early-morning moonlight and finish in evening moonlight six, often seven days a week. But their energy has paid off in bursting harvests of such staples as maize, cotton, rice and *mandioca* (a kind of potato).

Ordinary living, the colonists swear, can be pretty wonderful, too. Winter comes in July and August, but there is no ice or snow. The heat, during the South American summer months of January and February, is no more uncomfortable than that in Kansas City in July and August.

Pedrinhas, a typical back-country settlement, was established in 1951 after a long wrangle between the Italian and Brazilian governments over disposition of $400,000 in Italian assets seized by the Brazilian government during World War II. Under the final settlement, the money was used to purchase farmlands in the interior for Italian colonists.

The 8,000-acre colony, located near Assis in the western part of São Paulo state, has had an exciting winter. During July and August, 17 families demanded repatriation on grounds that what had been represented to them as pie in the sky had turned out to be rather bitter rice. But the 80 other families settled at Pedrinhas said life couldn't be better—and they pressed on with preparations to receive 60 more families totaling 600 persons.

Ask somebody like forty-six-year-old Giuseppe Pomilio, formerly a tiller of the soil near Abruzzi, Italy, what he thinks about his future in Pedrinhas and you uncover a one-man chamber of commerce.

Smiling Giuseppe says he, his good wife Olympia and their eleven kids never had it so good. Today he has 50 pigs, 500 chickens and 50 acres of fertile soil under cultivation. Geneva, the oldest daughter, is about to be married to one of the finest lads in the colony, and Vitale, the second oldest boy, recently won a tractor contest.

The Pomilio family, like hundreds of others with more children and indigent relatives than folding money, emigrated to Brazil by platoons. First came Giuseppe with his three eldest sons, Francesco, Vitale and Benito, as an advance task force to prepare the land. Next Olympia brought the younger children, including baby Maria. Then Grandmother (on Olympia's side) arrived with the in-between youngsters, the ivory crucifix and the lace tablecloth.

A Visit to the Pompilio Farmhouse

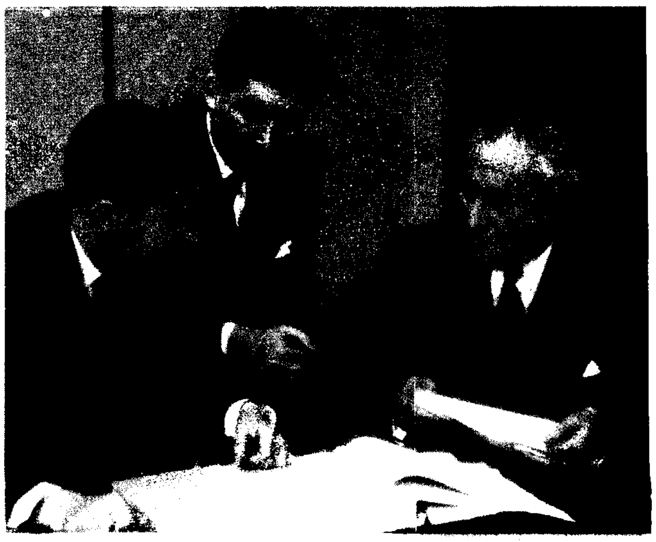
The Pomilios live in a sturdy concrete and stucco farmhouse with a tiled roof. I went there with Dr. Giovanni Trigona, planning director for the Companhia Brasileira Colonização e Emigração Italiana, and Dr. Cresco Petrini, director of the colony. While Signora Pomilio poured a home-brewed anisette into fragile old-country wineglasses, I answered questions about the world's heavyweight boxing champion, Rocky Marciano. A neighbor who dropped in, former Italian light heavyweight Giovanni Cantoro, of Pecara, told me the Marcianos also came from Abruzzi.

As we prepared to depart, Dr. Trigona gestured toward another sturdy farmhouse across the road. It was new and untenanted. "As you can see," he said, "we have room for more families. This is a land with a magnificent future."

Jan Feld, husky thirty-six-year-old administrator for the Holambra (Holland-America-Brazil) co-operative at Ribeirão, two hours drive from São Paulo, used almost the same words to describe the 10,000 acres under cultivation by hardy Dutch farmers there.

Ribeirão, with its neat farmhouses, blooming flower gardens and patches of woodland, bears a surprising resemblance to villages in the southern provinces of Holland. Although the Dutch farmers are trying their hand at raising pineapples, oranges and tangerines, their colony is known chiefly for its fine cattle. Some of the famous Maas Ryn Ysel stock were brought overseas by the settlers, with funds provided by the Netherlands Land Settlement Institute. Calves from the original herds have been taking honors throughout Brazil; at the recent São Paulo Fourth Centennial Exposition and Trade Fair, Brazilian-born cattle from Ribeirão won nine of eleven top prizes in addition to best of show.

Genial, quiet-talking Charles Jean Hogenboom, technical director of the Holambra co-operative, came to Brazil three years ago from Sumatra,



Hugh Gibson (r.), head of ICEM, Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration, discusses some problems with staff at their Geneva headquarters

this mass migration? "It can tackle Communism in Europe from another direction"

where he was a supervisor at a rubber and tobacco plantation. "This colony got its start through the efforts of 15 bachelors in 1948," he told me. "They laid out the farms and built the community buildings and the first houses. The families started to arrive in 1949. The land was purchased from the Federal States of Brazil by the Dutch government at about $20 an acre. Today, with only about half of our acreage under production, we figure on crops of all kinds bringing us something like $300,000 gross profit. Next year we should do better."

Ribeirão, like Pedrinhas, Castrolanda and Guarapuava, is a distinctly European community with all of the customs and national characteristics of its founders' homeland. Houses, schools, churches and stores all resemble their European counterparts. As a rule today, Brazil demands that two thirds of the colonists in any new settlement be native-born Brazilians, but exceptions were made for these established plantations. Although Portuguese, the mother tongue of Brazil, is the only language taught in colony schools, both children and parents usually use European languages at home and in church.

Furthermore, except for a few Brazilians employed by the co-operatives, there is relatively little mixing of Europeans and Brazilians in the interior. But thirsty Gauchos (cowboys) pay no attention to social amenities. They come every day to the general stores in the colonies to buy cold beer.

The Brazilian government has been deeply impressed by the success of the settlements—so much so it has organized a $50,000,000 National Colonization Plan to settle 18,000 people, 30 per cent of whom must be Brazilians, in 27 new colonies over the next three years. The proposed settlements will be constructed on lines roughly parallel to Guarapuava, originally established with funds given by the Swiss Aid to Europe in 1951, but financed since October, 1952, by Brazilian credit institutions.

Because it has been chosen as a model for Brazil's huge land-settlement scheme, I decided to visit Guarapuava and talk to some of its 2,500 inhabitants. To travel the approximately 240 miles from Pedrinhas to Guarapuava, ICEM official Dr. Paul Frings, of Düsseldorf, Germany, and I used a hired car, numerous taxicabs, an airplane, a bus and a pig truck. The trip took us two days.

Choked by Thick Clouds of Red Dust

For the first stage, Pedrinhas to Londrina, we hired a car. Hardly had we left when choking red dust began to fill the vehicle, obscuring the holy pictures pinned to the interior and covering us with a smeary film of dirt. The second stage, from Londrina to Ponta Grossa, was more comfortable; we traveled by plane. Then came the greatest trial of all—the stretch from Ponta Grossa to Guarapuava.

We set out by bus, but an hour after leaving Ponta Grossa the rear end of our vehicle fell out. The driver, who appeared to take the catastrophe calmly, told us that since the bus was "broken," passengers should wait along the side of the dirt road for another bus. It would be along, he said, sometime that day—or at least that week. There were no houses in sight.

Frings and I walked back down the road and managed to flag down a huge truck with tremendous air horns, a fox tail flying from the radio antenna and a bright green buggy fringe neatly placed around the inside of the cab windshield. The driver and his two companions agreed to take us to Guarapuava, but said we'd have to ride in the back of the truck—usually reserved for pigs. "No pigs in the truck now," he assured Frings in Portuguese.

For the next six hours we sat on boards that bounced us up and down like puppets. We shivered in what seemed to be zero weather after the sun and the temperature went down. When the truck hit a particularly rough stretch of road, we bounded into the air like basketballs.

"My tank was more comfortable," Frings said at one point.

"What tank?" I asked him.

"My old tank," he said. "It was a [German] Panther and I commanded it during the Russian campaign. I was in General Guderian's armored forces at Rostov."

"Oh," I said.

We resumed freezing and bouncing.

At the town of Guarapuava we said good-by to the pig truck and hired a local taxi to take us the 18 miles to Victoria, largest community within Guarapuava colony. The driver was a dashing young Gaucho who wore a large pistol on one hip and a sheath knife on the other. He steered by the stars and dim headlights over a road that was more of an obstacle course than the all-weather, all-boulder highway we had left.

Why an Austrian Family Chose Brazil

When we arrived at Victoria, we were taken to the restaurant and social center operated by Anton Schneider, fifty-seven, formerly of Linz, Austria, who once had worked for the Vienna commissary of the U.S. Army. He brought his family to Brazil because, he told me, "There wasn't much future working for an occupation army."

We watched most of the younger people of the colony's 470 families dancing to a four-piece orchestra which played a mixture of latest hit tunes heard on the Buenos Aires radio and German music, including the nostalgic Lili Marlene.

Guarapuava is located on a plateau about 4,000 feet above sea level in the state of Paraná. The total area of the settlement is about 55,000 acres—25,000 in cleared fields and the remainder in forests of Brazilian pine, cedar, *imbuia* and *canela* wood, which have provided a handy supply of construction materials for homes and farm buildings.

Lumbering has proved so successful that profits earned by the Co-operativa Agraria's sawmill and furniture factory did much to offset the poor wheat, oats and potato harvest this year. Unseasonal rains destroyed what had promised to be a bumper crop.

Back in Rio, this time by plane, I discussed Guarapuava with one of its organizers, Jean Vayda, now a director of the Companhia Progresso Rural. Former delegate in Brazil of Swiss Aid to Europe, Vayda is now a Brazilian citizen.

"It is too bad," he said, "there is such a shortage of capital for investment in land settlement. But as you have seen, Guarapuava is an example of how we could open up the country and provide a good livelihood for hundreds."

Lack of money has always hamstrung planned immigration in Latin America. So have sub-European living conditions and wages and a shortage of housing, schools and medical facilities. However, it is in Latin America that migration experts believe the greatest possibilities exist for co-ordinated programs of land resettlement, investment and regional development. Perhaps the organization of a continental or hemisphere agrarian bank dealing exclusively with land settlements could help solve the financial difficulties.

There is no doubt that all nations generally stand to benefit from a more rational distribution of selected manpower. It is also clear that in the long run, the problems presented by Europe's surplus populations and the world food shortage may be eased by organized overseas migration.

The contributions that migration can make toward solving these problems seem so great, in fact, that Hugh Gibson, director of the ICEM, recently wrote to friends in New York: "The possibilities are so varied that we might be described as an organization for handling migrants or for restoring the world's food supply . . . or as a humanitarian enterprise, or one to tackle the problem of Communism in Europe from another direction."

Originally from Venezia, Italy, Bruno Brussono, 27, has lived in Pedrinhas two years. Colony's farmlands were bought with frozen Italian funds

Just off the boat, Antonio Sorgo eats a hearty lunch of beef stew at the mess hall on Ilha des Flores (Island of Flowers), Brazil's Ellis Island

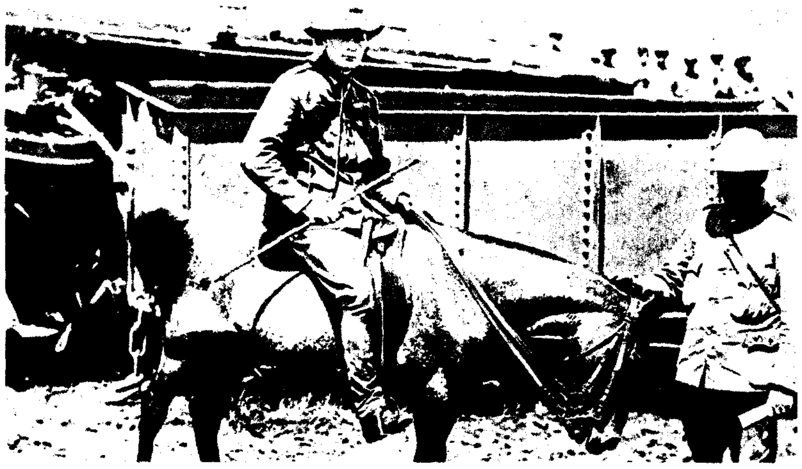
Anton Wiedermann, 19, a German, came to live in Guarapuava year ago. The 55,000-acre settlement is located on plateau 4,000 feet above sea level

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Churchill in a Changing World

American mother poses with Winston, aged two

At 22, Churchill served in army in India. Polo was main activity


At 25, war correspondent Churchill was acclaimed a hero for his spectacular escape from Boers in South African fighting

In 1901, he entered Commons Here he is with Lloyd Georg

As Home Secretary in 1911, Churchill (top hat, left) peers around doorway during police siege

At 38, Churchill took up flying. The year: 1913

As World War I navy chief, he visited Belgium. Later he fought in trenches

Back in Britain, he was named Minister of Munitions in 1917

Mrs. Churchill and husband attend wedding of Princess Mary in 1922

Churchill called at White House in 1929

In eclipse politically in '30s, he did much writing

Churchill warned against rising Germany in late thirties, but was largely ignored. Here he is in ceremonial uniform in 1938

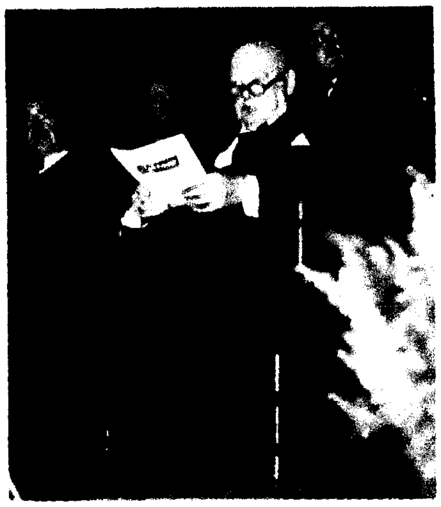
He was elevated to Prime Minister in World War II

Prime Minister lays bricks on wartime visit to an army camp

Churchill amuses daughter, Mary, by twirling his hat

Cigar firmly clenched in jaw, Churchill makes famous V-sign

Queen knighted Churchill at Windsor Castle in 1953



A NEW LIFE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL

As Sir Winston marks his 80th birthday, a noted British correspondent takes a fresh look at the fabulous statesman, soldier and author whose service to the crown covers 62 years. Here are the glories and the foibles of the man who would never surrender

By ALAN MOOREHEAD

WE HAVE grown used to living with Winston Churchill through many years, and he is as familiar to us as the headmaster at school or the captain of a ship on a long voyage. We know all about his painting, his bricklaying and his hats. He is immured in the reputation of being a famous old man; it is the last 10 or 15 years that engage us. Not until long after he has vanished from sight will anyone see him young again: slim, agitated, anxious to do well, prone to endless misjudgments and accidents, and not very respectable.

Nevertheless if we are to have any real understanding of an exceptional man—especially so spontaneous an exception as Churchill in such an uncharted time as the last 80 years—we must go back to the beginnings and try to walk beside him in another century, to live vicariously his life in its public and private aspects as though all these years were still lying in the future.

The story, then, must begin in 1873, when Mrs. Leonard Jerome, an American living in Paris, came to England with her daughter Jennie. Lord Randolph Churchill, the third son of the Duke of Marlborough, had come down from the family home, Blenheim Palace; not the embattled old-young man who led the House of Commons in the eighties, but a youth of twenty-four on holiday. Jennie Jerome was nineteen. From all accounts their meeting at a ball on board the cruiser Ariadne was an idyllic thing. Within three days they were secretly engaged, and Lord Randolph was writing to his father, "I love her better than life itself." He went on, "Mr. Jerome is a gentleman who is obliged to live in New York to look after his business. I do not know what it is."

Leonard Jerome, in fact, was a considerable personage: the editor and proprietor of The New York Times.

The marriage took place in the British Embassy in Paris on April 15, 1874, and that autumn Lady Randolph Churchill was attending a St. Andrew's Day ball at Blenheim when suddenly she was seized with the pains of childbirth. There was time only to bring her to the cloakroom, and Winston Churchill—a redheaded child—was born there a full six weeks before he was expected. The date was November 30, 1874.

Most of the next 17 years are a strange and cold story of unhappiness, or at any rate of maladjustment, in the midst of plenty. The child was directed into the accepted pattern of Victorian upper-class schooling, and he could make nothing of it. Lord Randolph very soon became swallowed up in politics and the boy lost sight of him altogether. His mother, meanwhile, was the adored but remote figure visiting the night nursery on the way to dinner. To some extent, then, Winston's immediate affections became fixed upon his nanny (nurse), a Mrs. Everest, and fixed with such devotion that in after years he took her picture with him wherever he went.

At the age of seven he was sent to one of those horrific Dickensian boarding schools where the boys were beaten until they screamed. Hating it, he languished at the bottom of his class until, at the end of two years, his family took him away. Then for three years he was at a school run by two ladies in Brighton which was kinder but taught him very little. He contracted double pneumonia there (the only malady that seems to have troubled Churchill seriously through his long life), and after his recovery entered Harrow.

Scholastic Record Far from Brilliant

Harrow was not much of an improvement. He performed so appallingly in his entrance examination that one suspects he was accepted largely on the strength of his father's name. Latin and Greek were beyond him, and he remained at the bottom of his form (class), learning and relearning simple English long after his contemporaries had gone on to higher classes. Although he did well at fencing and swimming, where there was a practical object, he made no headway at all at cricket and football; nor was he very popular among his companions. None of this, however, seems to have seriously dampened his spirits. In the four and a half years he was at Harrow he showed an aggressive and even an arrogant spirit, and this perhaps was the origin of his unpopularity.

He developed quite soon an exceptional ease and confidence in the use of words and an astonishing memory: he was even reputed to be able to reel off 1,200 lines of Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome from memory when he was not yet out of the lowest form.

But it was quite another factor that settled his future. Despairing of his ever being able to make much headway in a learned profession, Lord Randolph remembered that the boy had always had a passion for toy soldiers—he had possessed no less than 1,500 of them in his nursery—and it was decided that he should be sent to Sandhurst, Britain's West Point. Here at least he ought to be able to qualify for an infantry cadetship. But even this was beyond the boy's abilities. He made two unsuccessful attempts to pass the entrance examination and then, after an intensive six months at a tutoring school, managed only to scrape into the cavalry where the required standards were somewhat lower, chiefly because so few candidates could put up the money for horses and equipment.

No one, not even Churchill himself, has fully explained the change that came over his life when he entered Sandhurst at the age of seventeen in 1892. Perhaps it was merely the release from the hateful restrictions of school, the vigor of the new life in the open air, the bands, the uniforms, the onset of adolescence itself—or perhaps even the combination—but from now on, everything which before was difficult becomes easy and delightful. It is almost as if his life had been quietly waiting, like a seed, for this special moment of fertility.

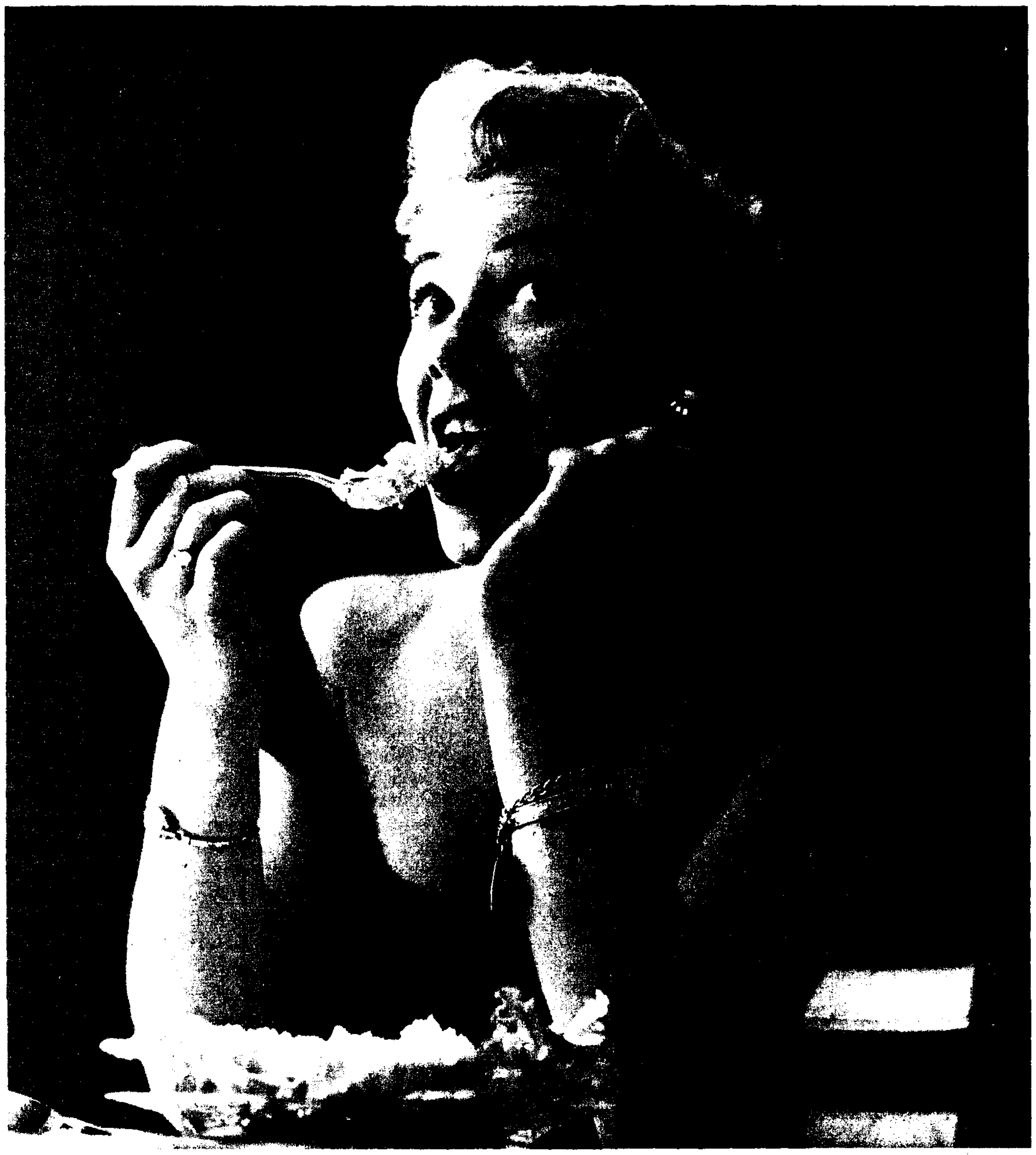
He enjoys everything at Sandhurst, the early mornings on horseback, the maneuvers, the staff dinners and the hunting. He goes up to London and gets involved in a music-hall brawl; on leave in his father's house he meets the leading politicians of the day. And at the end of two years he finishes eighth in his batch of 150.

(Continued on page 84)

Are You Bitter-Sweet or Bitter-Bitter?

Why do some people like spinach —and others hate buttermilk? Scientists have found four main taste types. Which one are you?

By J. D. RATCLIFF



Simple act of eating cottage cheese sets off complex chain action. Taste buds located on the tongue send electrical impulses to the brain, which identifies food. The tongue has 9,000 buds

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HOWELL CONANT

MOST of us examine our tongues periodically in the bathroom mirror—but we're never quite sure what we're looking for. Research men also inspect tongues. However, they *know* what they want to find—more facts about one of the most remarkable pieces of tissue in the body.

They would like to discover why one person demands sole Marguéry and another will settle for ham on white; why one lady likes kohlrabi and another abominates it; why little Johnny spits out his spinach while his better-behaved sister eats it with relish.

In sum, they want to find what taste is, and how the tongue does its job. They would like to discover how it decides that Tuesday's steak is excellent and Wednesday's flounder tainted. They seek an exact measuring stick for taste which would compare in accuracy with available measuring sticks for sight and sound.

When we sit down at the table three times a day, 1,095 times a year, the tongue becomes the most important organ in the body. It is also becoming the darling of the food industry. Why this sudden interest? After all, man has been eating for a long time without paying too much attention to the scientific aspects of taste. The new interest traces mainly to the fact that the American diet is growing blander.

It is easy enough for food packers to match strong tastes—chili con carne, curried chicken and so on—but extremely difficult to match exactly bland celery soup, canned peas and bake-and-serve rolls. Since a manufacturer's product must be uniform, there is an awakened interest in taste. The subject is a matter of particular importance to beverage makers. Time and again it has been demonstrated that millions of dollars can be made with a particularly tasty soft drink—or hard drink for that matter.

With their financial lifeblood at stake, food and beverage makers have relied mainly on panels of tasters. In most cases tasters are company employees. A panel is chosen at random in the plant—perhaps 20, perhaps 50 people. A manufacturer may stake millions on their verdict.

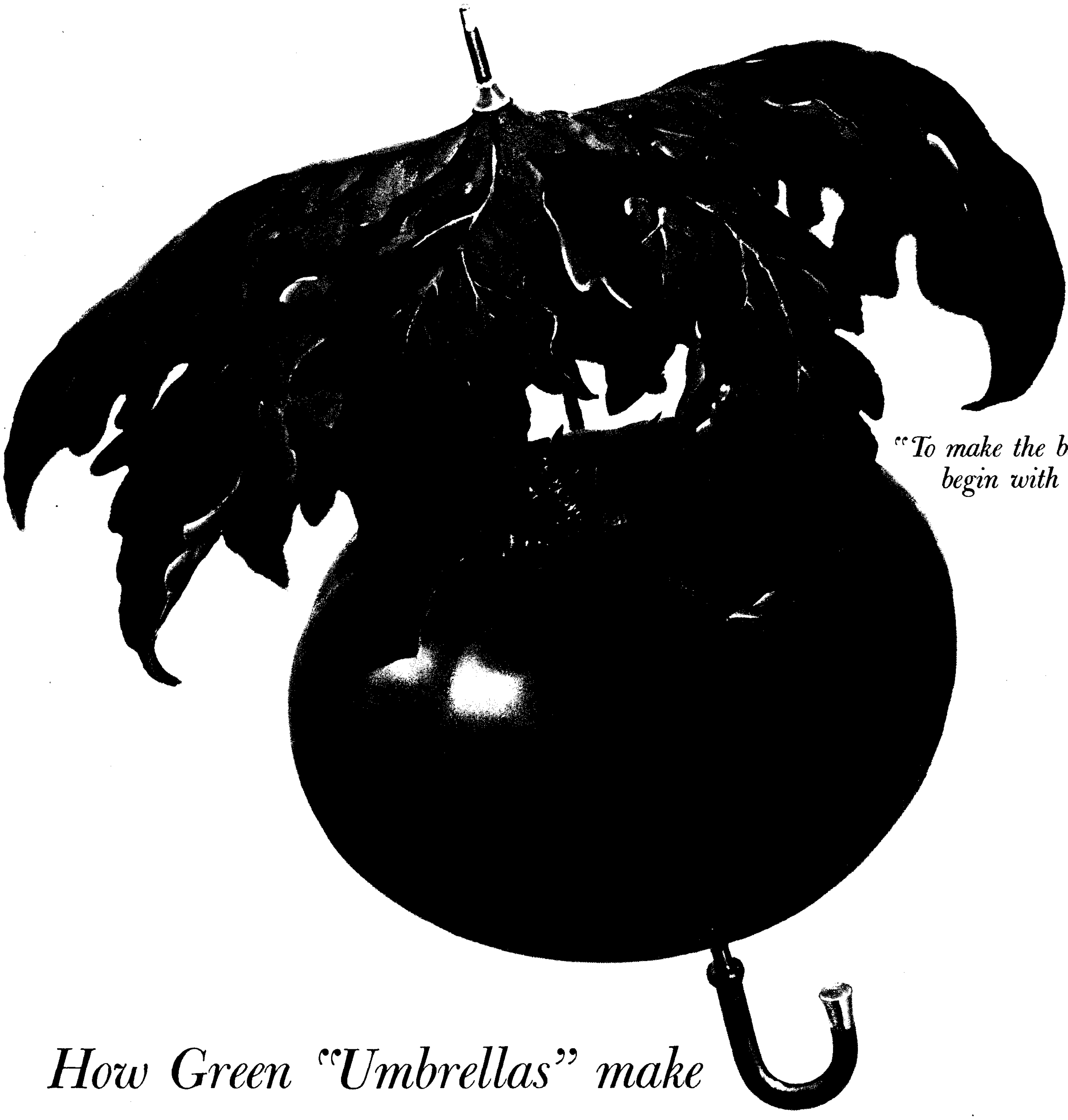
Considerations That May Bias a Panel

This procedure, say the scientists, is too subjective to give valid results. Word will go around a plant that a new processing step will save a food packer a hundred thousand dollars a year. Does the food taste as good as before? Almost always, the panel will decide that it does. Subconsciously, the workers are translating the saving into higher wages. Or the panel might be led to believe that a new food product will mean expanded production and more jobs. In this case they will vote enthusiastically for a new food—no matter how it tastes.

The goal of the taste scientists is to do away with such haphazard approaches. They want an exact way of measuring taste—and they are making progress in this direction.

"Right now," says Dr. Dean Foster, director of laboratory research at the U.S. Testing Company and a world authority on flavor, "we are about where the physicists were in the Dark Ages. We can break down light into component wave lengths, charting and measuring it. We can do the same with sound. But there are no machines to measure taste or flavor. We have to depend on the human tongue—a tricky and not altogether reliable measuring stick."

Let's look at your tongue—not in the bathroom mirror but under a microscope. It's a highly intricate piece of machinery. Its elaborate system of



"To make the best—
begin with the best"

How Green "Umbrellas" make better Campbell Tomatoes

When tomatoes get too much direct sunshine the same thing happens to them that happens to you. They get what Campbell's tomato research men call "sunburned shoulders." When this happens to a tomato, it does not ripen to a tempting, even red.

This is why Campbell has developed plants that grow their own green "umbrellas" of heavy lush foliage to shield the ripening fruit from the direct sunlight.

In addition, encouraging progress has been made in developing plants with natural resistance to wilts and blights which cause leaves to wither and die, leaving the tomatoes out in the sun.

This is just one more example of the lengths to which Campbell goes to make certain that the tomatoes in Campbell Tomato products are the best that men can grow. The rest is up to the Campbell chefs and when you taste the happy result, we think you'll agree that they hold up their end of this Campbell motto: *"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."*

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

Campbell's
PORK & BEANS

Campbell's

Tomato Soup Tomato Juice Tomato Ketchup
Pork & Beans with Tomato Sauce
V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
Franco-American Spaghetti Sauce with Meat
Franco-American Spaghetti (Tomato Sauce with Cheese)

muscles can make it assume almost any shape. When we swallow, it acts as a kind of crude valve, humping up in the back and forcing food down the throat. With the same humping motion it forces a little of the food aroma into the back passages of the nose, contributing a pleasing sensation to the eating process.

There is considerable evidence that people's tongue muscles vary from country to country, for the reason that different sets of muscles are required to make different sounds. If certain sounds predominate in a particular language—the *th* sound in Spanish, the throat tension of Chinese, the gutturals of German—the muscles needed to make those sounds will be more highly developed.

"Stick out your tongue" used to be the first words a doctor uttered when examining a patient. A "furred" tongue suggested a digestive upset, a yellowish tongue gall bladder disease, a reddened and cracked tongue a kidney ailment, a red and painful tongue a vitamin deficiency. Today the tongue has lost a large part of its value as a diagnostic aid; laboratory tests are better and more exact. But as a sensory organ, the tongue still ranks as one of the most important, fascinating and mysterious parts of the human body.

The tongue is covered with tiny papillae—minute bumps that, under the microscope, look vaguely like volcanic cones. Taste buds are embedded along the slopes—as many as 245 on a single papilla. They have various shapes, but mostly they look something like small ribbed cantaloupes, with a minute hair projecting where the cantaloupe's stem would be.

PROFESSIONAL tasters—tea tasters, coffee "cuppers" and the like—would have us believe that the tongue is an exquisitely sensitive organ. Actually, it isn't. It can't compare in sensitivity with either the eyes or the nose. The nose can detect fantastically small amounts of strong odors—skunk, for example. The eyes can detect an almost infinite variety of color shadings. Compared to these organs, the tongue is a pretty crude affair.

Furthermore, the taste buds don't all remain in the same place throughout life. A baby, for example, has them mainly on the tip of the tongue, around the lips and on the insides of his cheeks—no doubt to entice him to drink the milk on which his life depends. In adult life, taste buds are largely centered on the top of the tongue, with a few random ones scattered along the cheeks and a few others in the upper throat. Altogether, there are about 9,000 of them. With age, the numbers decrease—perhaps to as little as 3,000. That is why older people usually become choosy eaters and find food less tasty.

The taste buds at the tip of the tongue are most sensitive to sweet tastes, those at the back of the tongue to bitter tastes, the ones along the side to sour tastes. Buds sensitive to salt are scattered over the entire structure. The taste buds have one especially remarkable attribute. They can taste through their roofs as well as their surface extremities. When certain bitter chemicals, vitamins and antibiotics are injected in, say, the leg, the taste buds detect their presence in a few seconds; the bud roots taste them in the blood.

Like the other senses, taste is an electrical phenomenon. When activated, each taste bud sends a minute electrical response to the brain over any one of a number of pathways. At Brown University, Dr. Carl Pfaffmann has managed to measure these minute wisps of electricity in experimental animals—listening in on taste messages on their way to the brain.

In effect, then, we taste *with* the tongue but *in* the brain. When we taste a single sample of food, the brain may get thousands of electrical stimuli. Like a judge, it weighs the mass of evidence given it. In seconds it arrives at a verdict: for example, the roast pork is excellent but the cauliflower needs more salt.

OCCASIONALLY these electrical connections are broken—by brain injury or a disease of the central nervous system. Complete taste blindness results. However, taste blindness occurs far less frequently than the most common form of color blindness—red-green which strikes one in 25 men and one in 2,000 women.

When people are completely taste blind, they cannot tell the difference between such products as lemon juice, bitter quinine and mashed potatoes. They live in a taste-drab world, eating only to keep alive.

Until recently, the means by which the tongue develops taste sensations—the tiny electrical currents which the brain interprets as taste—have been a major mystery. Then, a few months ago, Robert B. Warfield, supervisor of pharmaceutical research at Bristol-Myers, came up with a new theory which looks like the most logical explanation yet presented.

Warfield believes that there are receptors in the taste buds for each of several tastes. Some react to salt, others to sweet tastes, and so on. If a pinch of salt is put on the tongue it is first liquefied. (Everything must be liquefied before it can be tasted.) Then molecules of the salt solution find their way to the receptors responsible for salt-tasting. The salt molecule slips into the receptor like a key into a lock. The electrical circuit is closed and the brain responds to the impulse—salt, it says. There is considerable evidence that the sense of smell is activated the same way.

For example, molecules of essential oils from lemon peel float in the air. When they find their way to the nose, the molecules close a switch in the smell receptors, sending a "lemon" message to the brain.

There are four basic tastes—salt, sweet, sour and bitter. Just as the three primary colors blend to make all colors of the spectrum, taste researchers think the four primary flavors blend to make a vast array of taste sensations. Thus, bitter cocoa and sweet sugar—both unpleasant in themselves—blend to make a cup of tasty hot chocolate. Orange juice is mainly a combination of sweet and sour, fish is mostly sweet, almonds a combination of salt and bitter.

Sensitivity to various tastes varies. When the tongue is anesthetized the ability to taste bitter substances disappears first, then sweet, salt and finally sour. Bitter apparently is a warning taste—one of the body's built-in defenses. Nearly all poisons are bitter. There is a suggested relationship between this fact and the fact that everyone almost instinctively shuns bitter-tasting foods.

When most of us talk about taste we are really thinking of flavor, which is quite different. Flavor is a blending of all sensory perceptions, taste among them. It includes the eye appeal of a piece of watermelon, the sniff appeal of a broiling lamb chop, the feel appeal of smooth ice cream, and even the ear appeal of crunchy celery. The nose plays a major role in flavor perception; that's why food is tasteless when a cold blocks nasal passages.

You can demonstrate to yourself how important a role the various senses play. Hold your nose and chew a piece of raw onion or a garlic bead; they taste sweet. Color mashed potatoes purple with a tasteless vegetable dye; in a dark room they taste the way mashed potatoes should; but when lights are turned on they taste strange. Some of the foods we think of as most flavorsome have almost no flavor—pepper and curry powder, for example. They are irritants. Most spices depend on odor for their flavor appeal; with your nose clamped you can't tell the difference between sage and cinnamon. The same is true of whisky; with no sniffing permitted Scotch and bourbon taste alike. The most flavored of all foods—steak—has little true taste. But it has a fine aroma, good chewing qualities, and is handsome to gaze upon.

In estimating flavor, research men try to break it down into its component parts. Subjects to be tested sit in a darkened room. For testing taste alone, the nose is clamped and a few drops of the test material are put on the tongue. To test texture appeal, the material is placed under the tongue—where there are no taste buds. A sniff tells what the nose thinks.

There are psychological factors as well in food acceptance. If little Willy is spanked for not eating parsnips, there is a good chance that he will build a lasting hatred for the vegetable. If a child is always given chicken soup and jellied desserts when he is sick, there is a strong likelihood that in later life he will unconsciously associate these foods with sickness and try to avoid them. A curious food association is reported by Dr. E. C. Crocker, of the Arthur D. Little laboratories in Cambridge, Massachusetts. There was an ice-cream factory in the basement of a building in the town where he grew up. Flavor odors, mainly vanilla, wafted out through the iron gratings of the cellar windows. Crocker still associates vanilla ice cream with iron gratings.

IT IS also possible to develop an enthusiasm for foods considered distasteful at a first eating. The man who ate the first snail probably had to think about it for quite a while before he decided that snails were delicious. School lunch programs encounter this problem all the time—and solve it in ingenious ways. Often, children in rural areas refused to touch surplus grapefruit supplied by the federal government. Lunch-counter operators loaded the fruit with sugar so children would eat it for sweetness alone. Gradually the sugar was decreased until children were eating and liking grapefruit for its own sake.

Psychological factors also play a part in taste acceptance. Let someone suggest that a fish is "tainted" and, almost surely, it will taste tainted—although it might have been caught only an hour before. Or let one parent enthuse about the excellence of an apple pie—which may be no different from apple pies served on a dozen earlier occasions. Almost invariably, children will eat the pie with relish.

Virtually all scientific testing of food for taste has been done by means of psychometric tests—trying foods on human subjects and recording their responses. The first such test, incidentally, was conducted in the Garden of Eden—when Eve gave her considered opinion that apples had quite a future.

A more exact method of measuring taste is now being developed. The first step was taken a long time ago—in 1926—but no one realized its significance or possible usefulness at the time. Arthur L. Fox, then a young graduate student in chemistry at Northwestern University, was making up a small batch of a chemical called phenylthiocarbamide—PTC for short. A draft in the laboratory picked up some of the white, powdery stuff and carried it across the room.

"What's that horribly bitter stuff you're working with?" Carl Noller, another laboratory worker, asked. (Noller is now professor of chemistry at Stanford University.)

Fox wet his finger, put it into the powder and touched his tongue. "It has no taste at all," he said. The other worker tried the same thing—and ran to a sink to wash out his mouth.

THAT night Fox took a sample of the powder home. His wife tried it. No taste, she said. Two neighbor children dipped their fingers in it. No taste, they agreed. Back at the laboratory next day, Fox tried it on others. Most of them screwed up their faces. Dreadful, they said.

For over 10 years Fox took the powder along with him on lecture tours and to scientific meetings. It gradually developed that about 70 per cent of white Americans tested found PTC horribly bitter, 30 per cent found it tasteless. The figures varied with other races and nationalities: 76 per cent of the Negroes thought it bitter; so did 94 per cent of pure-blooded American Indians, 63.5 per cent of Arabs.

Geneticists realized that PTC offered an excellent means of tracing inheritance patterns. Inability to taste the chemical, they found, was caused by a single recessive gene passed from generation to generation.

Fox more or less forgot the whole matter—until another taste problem arose. He was working at the time in Du Pont's research laboratories. A competing chemical firm was marketing benzoate of soda, a common food preservative, and advertising it as tasteless. Du Pont made the identical chemical but believed it had a definite taste. Fox began an investigation. He gave upwards of 1,000 people samples of benzoate of soda. Some found it sour, some sweet, some bitter, some salty. And some found it had no taste whatever! Apparently the competing chemical firm was advertising its product as tasteless because of freakish chance. It was going on the word of perhaps a single laboratory man to whom the chemical really was tasteless.

Add up the score to this point. Fox had found the human race was divided into two great classes by PTC—those who could taste it, and those who couldn't. Further, the same people found sodium benzoate either sour, sweet, bitter, salty or tasteless. Used together the two chemicals would classify all humanity in 10 great subgroups—according to their taste responses.

Fox, now director of research at Colgate-Palmolive, started wide-scale testing to find how many people fell into each of the 10 groups. Last September, before the New York meeting of the American Chemical Society, he re-

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Want to find the way to a man's heart? Learn his taste group

It's All a Matter of Taste

Do you like sauerkraut, turnips, spinach, strong cheese? If so, the chances are you're a "bitter-salty" taster and are fond of almost all foods, according to chemist Dr. Arthur L. Fox, director of research at Colgate-Palmolive. To determine a person's taste type, Dr. Fox places on the tongue in succession two quite common chemicals: phenylthiocarbamide (PTC), which people find either bitter or tasteless, and sodium benzoate, which they regard variously as bitter, salty, sour, sweet or tasteless. Testing 1,062 individuals in this manner, he discovered that the taste reactions of three out of four came in one or another of four combinations. The largest single group found PTC bitter and sodium benzoate salty. He therefore designated this group bitter-salty. The other groups were tasteless-salty, bitter-sweet and bitter-bitter. When Dr. Fox questioned those tested about their food preferences, he found that the bitter-salty group liked almost all foods, while the bitter-bitter group either disliked most foods or had no strong feelings about them; the food preferences of the other two groups came in between these two extremes. Here is how people in the four main groups answered questions about specific foods:

	TASTE TYPE	Per cent who dislike	Per cent who like	Per cent with no opinion
SAUERKRAUT	*Bitter-Salty*	17.3	82.4	0.3
	Tasteless-Salty	19.2	44.5	36.3
	Bitter-Sweet	21.4	31.6	47
	Bitter-Bitter	23.5	26	50.5
BUTTERMILK	*Bitter-Salty*	59.5	36.7	3.8
	Bitter-Sweet	53.8	19.4	26.8
	Tasteless-Salty	63.4	16.7	19.9
	Bitter-Bitter	55	11	34
COTTAGE CHEESE	*Bitter-Salty*	33.4	62.3	4.3
	Tasteless-Salty	31	32.3	36.7
	Bitter-Sweet	29.1	29.1	41.8
	Bitter-Bitter	29.5	17.5	53
TURNIPS	*Bitter-Salty*	27.1	68.9	4
	Tasteless-Salty	37.3	32.3	30.4
	Bitter-Sweet	35	28.2	36.8
	Bitter-Bitter	30.5	18	51.5
SPINACH	*Bitter-Salty*	20.1	77.1	2.8
	Tasteless-Salty	21.1	39	39.9
	Bitter-Sweet	29.1	25.7	45.2
	Bitter-Bitter	24.5	16	59.5
STRONG CHEESE	*Bitter-Salty*	50	50	0
	Bitter-Sweet	34.5	30	35.5
	Tasteless-Salty	36	26.1	37.9
	Bitter-Bitter	37.5	17.5	45

ported results of taste tests on 1,062 people. Twenty-six per cent, the largest single group, found PTC bitter and sodium benzoate salty. Another 18 per cent were bitter-sweet tasters; 17 per cent bitter-bitter and 14 per cent tasteless-salty. These findings indicated that about 75 per cent of human beings would fall into one or another of these four major groupings.

Was there any connection between people's response to the two chemicals and their preferences for common foods? Fox checked and found there was. Without exception the bitter-salty tasters tended to like almost all foods, the bitter-bitter tasters to like few. Bitter-bitters, for example, voted five to one against buttermilk; two to one against turnips; over two to one against strong cheese. The more tolerant bitter-salties, on the other hand, found turnips inviting by nearly three to one, sauerkraut five to one, spinach four to one.

Fox's conclusion: "It has been clearly demonstrated that a food will taste one way to one person, another way to a second. Is Johnny's aversion to cottage cheese just a whim, or does it really taste the way he says it does? Does Mary really find spinach disgusting, or is she just giving vent to pent-up emotions? No, the truth is that tastes vary remarkably, much more than anyone realizes."

Mass Feeding Made Simpler

What practical value have Fox's findings? Well, anyone's taste responses to the two chemicals can be tested in a few minutes. After that, it is easy to forecast what foods he will like. A bitter-salty will almost surely eat boiled cabbage with relish, while a bitter-bitter will shun it. Fox thinks the Army might enormously simplify its feeding problems by conducting such tests. Bitter-salty tasters could be grouped together in a mess hall where a great variety of foods would be served—since they like almost everything. More choosy bitter-bitters would have another menu, mainly of bland-tasting foods. The same technique might be used in mass feeding anywhere: in industry, in colleges and so on.

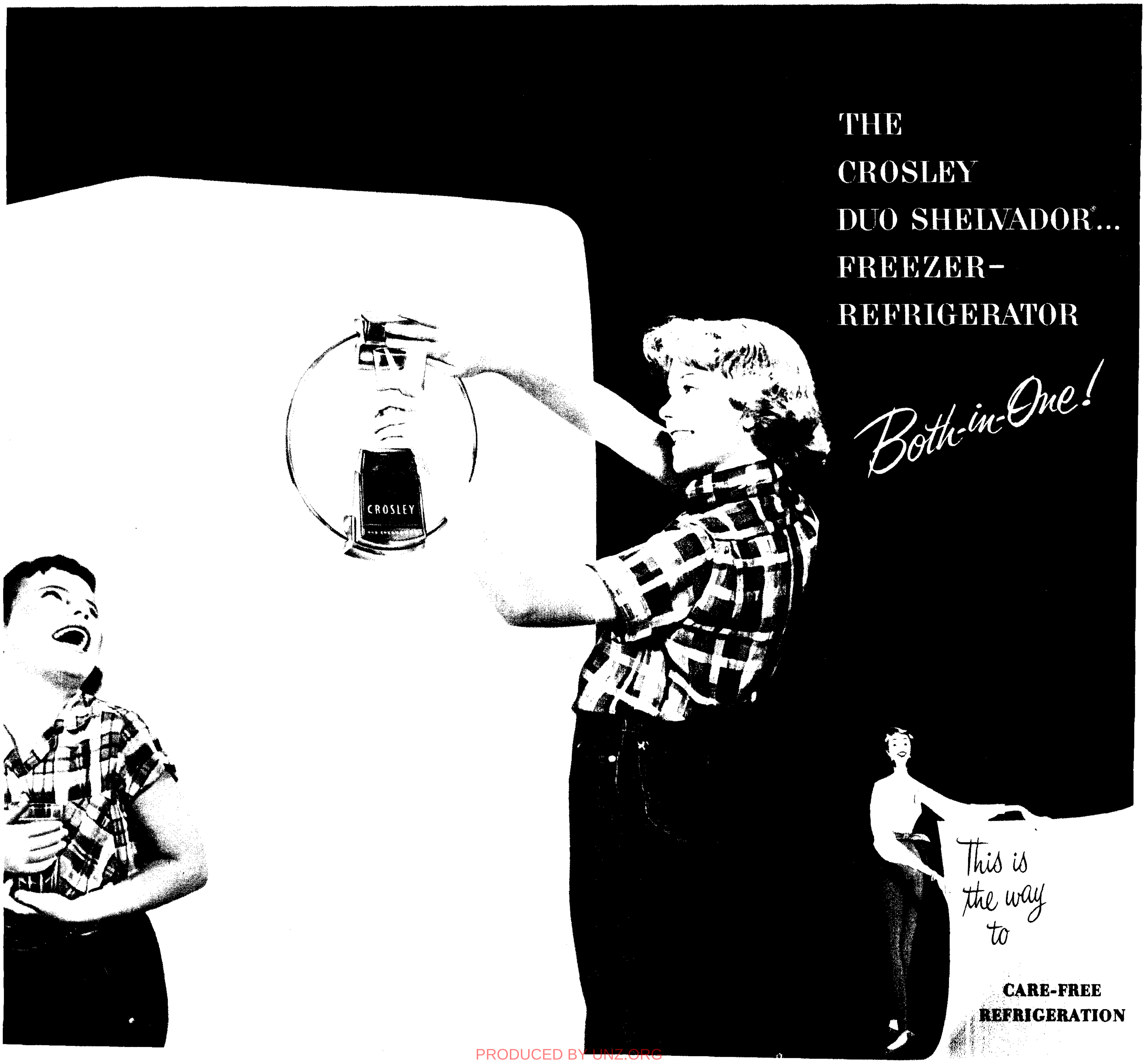
This new approach to taste should prove invaluable to food packers and beverage makers. Knowing that 75 per cent of humans fall into the four major taste groups, the food processor can test his product on a panel on which all four are represented. He can avoid making a product which appeals only to tasteless-sour people—since they represent fewer than one per cent of the population.

Indeed, Fox's idea might be projected into the home. No handy home test kits are yet available to test responses to PTC and benzoate of soda. But they might be valuable in forecasting what foods a child would find tasty—and thus prevent him from becoming a sullen problem eater as a result of being repeatedly stuffed with foods he detests.

Such kits might even give brides a running start on successful marriages. If the way to a man's heart is via his stomach—or, more accurately, his taste buds—it might be wise for a bride to discover the true taste preferences of her new mate. Then there would be no heated arguments about the relative merit of endive, broiled kidneys or sauerkraut.

Thus, in a great many ways, the taste researchers are planning a better world for all of us. ▲▲▲

MOST EXCITING NEW REFRIGERATOR IN 21 YEARS



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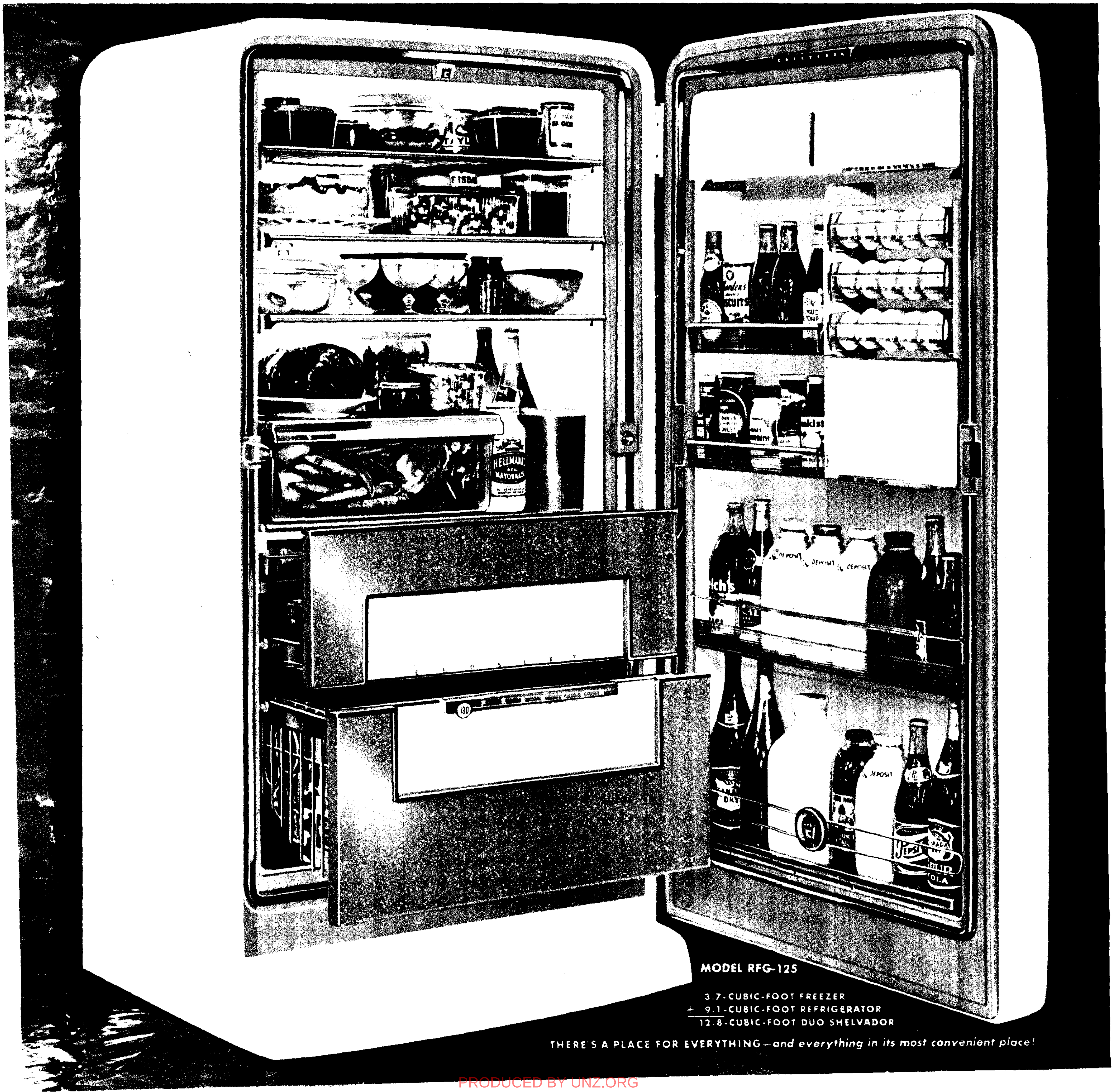
The "NEW LOOK" *in Refrigerators that means* NEW CONVENIENCE *for you!*

Here's the "new look" – the beautiful Crosley look – that's going to change all your old ideas about refrigerators. For this is the *ultimate* in functional beauty – the Duo Shelvador Freezer-Refrigerator, both-in-one. Yes, a 3.7-cubic-foot freezer and a 9.1-cubic-foot refrigerator *both* in the same cabinet!

Note, if you will, the Zero Locker freezer. It's at the *bottom* . . . for extra efficiency . . . for greater capacity. But the "new look" gives you far more than a built-in freezer. Up come the shelves – right "upstairs" to the convenience level. The roll-out shelves and crisper are right up where *you* are, at your finger tips. No doubt about it, this new Crosley Duo Shelvador has the "woman's angle" for 1955!

We cordially invite you to see and price this work-saving beauty at your Crosley Dealer soon. When you do, we honestly believe you'll never be satisfied with any other refrigerator on earth.



MODEL RFG-125

3.7-CUBIC-FOOT FREEZER
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THERE'S A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING—*and everything in its most convenient place!*

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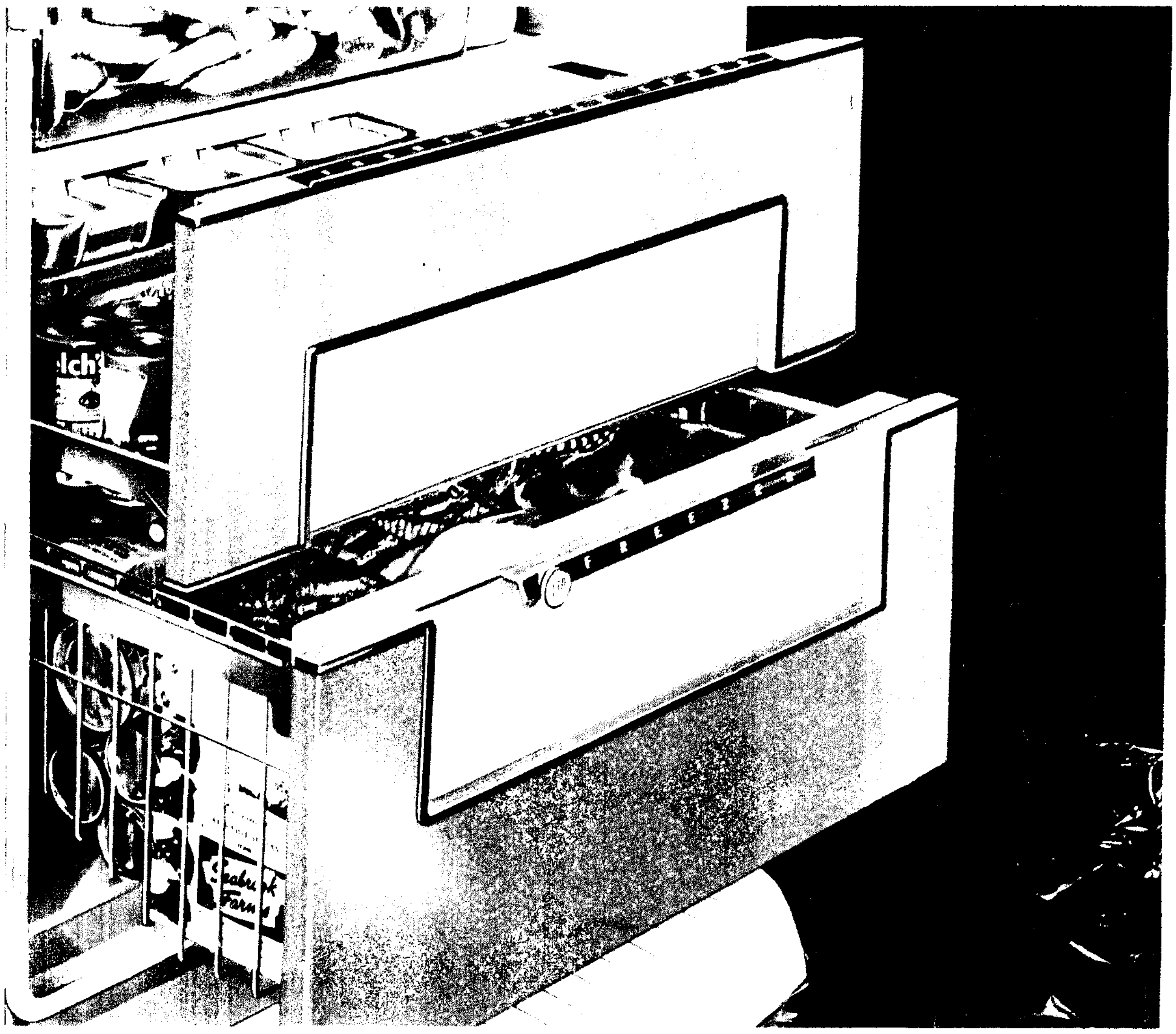
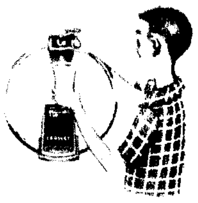
—the roll-out freezer that holds 130 pounds of frozen foods— and defrosts itself automatically!

After years of research and testing, Crosley brings you the giant Zero Locker – a true food freezer built right into your Crosley Duo Shelvador. It's a huge 3.7-cubic-foot freezer that holds 130 pounds. It's divided into two sections – for "everyday" use and for long-term frozen storage. *Both* sections roll out for extra convenience. And – best of all—this giant Zero Locker has *completely automatic defrosting.* It defrosts *itself* every night while you sleep—and disposes of the frost water automatically!



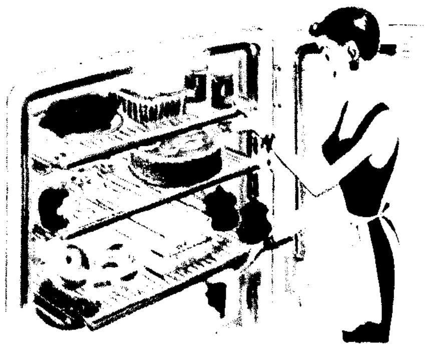
SIX MORE REASONS WHY THE DUO SHELVADOR IS THE WORLD'S MOST CONVENIENT REFRIGERATOR!



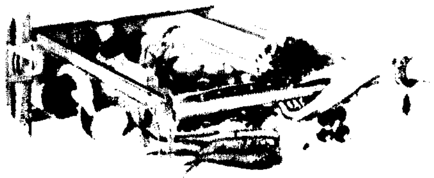
COLD DRINKS RIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR

Why didn't somebody think of *this* before? It's Crosley's exclusive Automatic Beverage Server. The chilling compartment is on the inside; the drink tap is on the outside. Just raise your glass and – presto! – you've poured yourself an ice-cold drink right through the door.

ROLL-OUT SHELVES AT THE CONVENIENCE LEVEL



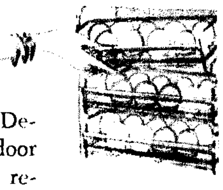
Just see how these roll-out shelves bring all the food right to you. They're right up at the convenience level, too, because the Zero Locker freezer is at the bottom. Crosley *really* puts all the food at your finger tips!



ROLL-OUT CRISPER AT YOUR FINGER TIPS

Right up where you want it – that's where Crosley puts the huge "moist-cold" crisper. The waist-high crisper rolls to you—keeps vegetables and fruits garden-fresh, the way you want them.

REMOVABLE EGG SHELVES



Crosley's Deep Door Design makes the big door almost like a second refrigerator in itself. Here are three *removable* egg shelves at the top of the door that put 27 eggs right at your finger tips.

DIVISION AVCO
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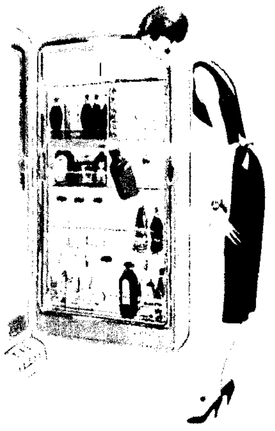
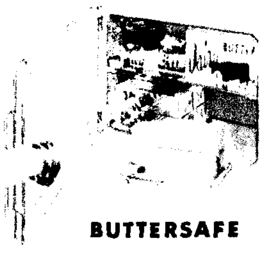
In Canada, Crosley appliances are manufactured and distributed by Moffats, Ltd., Weston, Ont.

BOTTLE BAR HOLDS A DOZEN QUART BOTTLES



In the bottle bar of the big door there's room for a dozen or more quart bottles of milk or soft drinks. Crosley gives you more room—and more *convenient* room – for every kind of food storage!



BUTTERSAFE

Here's the convenient spot where you keep butter – where it won't get lost or crushed, or take on foreign flavors even though it's not wrapped. Just one more reason why Crosley Duo Shelvador is the world's most convenient refrigerator!

MONSTERS MADE TO ORDER

It takes all kinds of stars to please film fans. For some folks, nothing can beat a nice ogre—complete with gills and claw arms

Gill Man, half fish, half man, was star of the film, Creature from the Black Lagoon

IT IS well known in the movie industry that monsters are money-makers. No one knows why, but the most ghastly ogres and ghouls that filmdom's best imaginations can devise have a solid box-office appeal throughout the country.

Of course, there's more to a really good ghoul than meets the uninformed eye. The creature of horror must be scary, but he must also inspire a certain reluctant sympathy, even affection. He must remain within the bounds of good taste. And he mustn't be too grotesque; he might draw a laugh—and if your monster inspires so much as a single mild titter in 90 minutes of celluloid, you're dead.

The Hollywood studio which pioneered with monsters, and which is considered today to have a virtual corner on the monster market, is Universal-International, sponsor of such classic fright-movies as Frankenstein and The Phantom of the Opera. The caldron in which most of today's horror creatures are brewed is a little-publicized laboratory on the U-I lot, a proper monster mill, with death masks lining its shelves, a huge black oven for baking monstrous beings and a few partially decomposed ogres hanging from the walls. The Universal-International monsters—which are dreamed up by chief make-up man and monster-maker Bud Westmore and his associate, laboratory technician Jack Kevan—are a highly developed form of early make-up techniques.

In a reverse twist on the usual procedure, the ghoul usually comes before the script at this studio. In the last few years producer William Alland has built a steady stream of science-fiction yarns around Westmore's creations. One, The Creature from the Black Lagoon (soon to be followed by The Revenge of the Creature), has racked up a gross of $3,000,000 to date, better than many a high-budget picture.

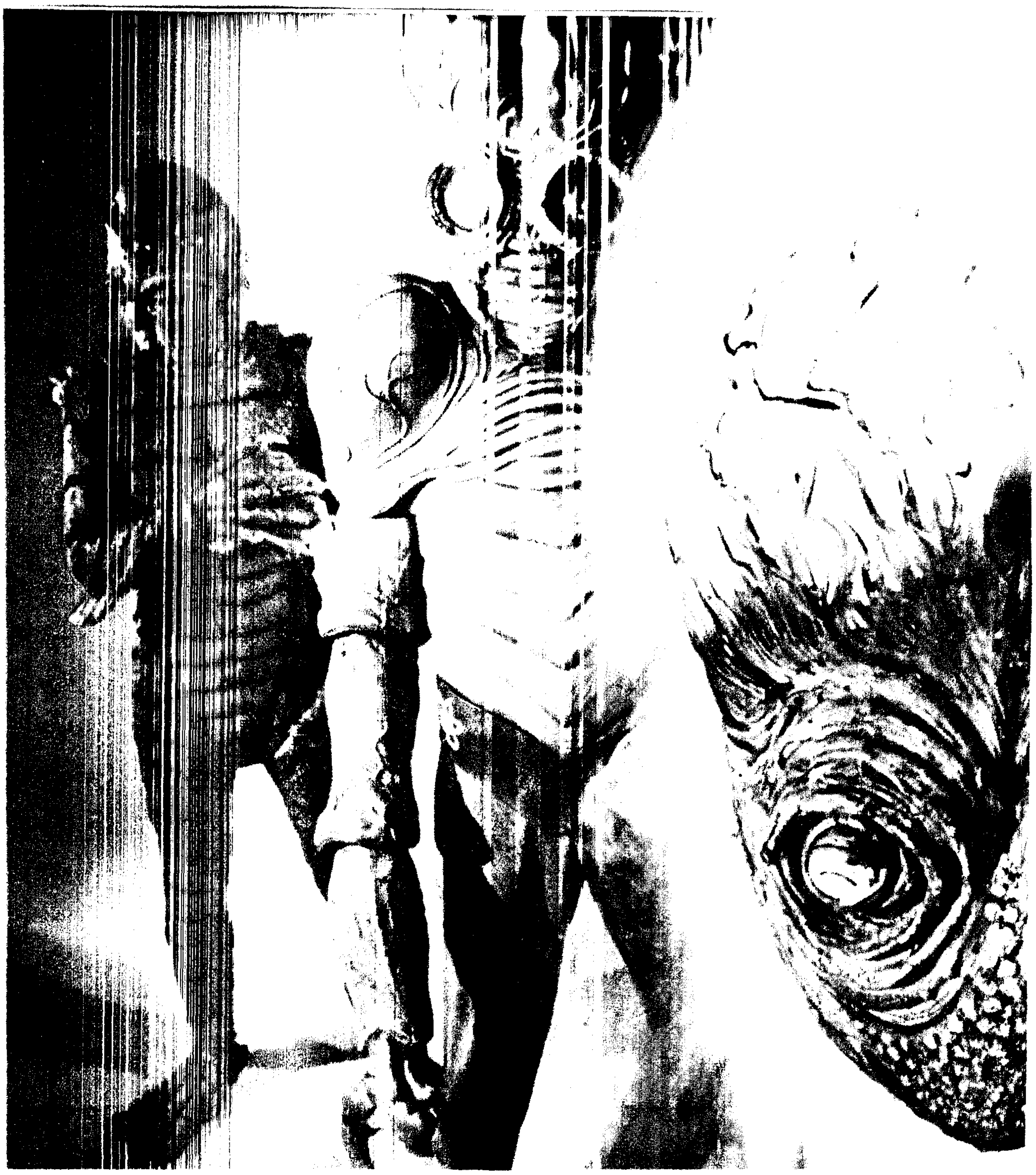
Westmore faces his nightmarish chores with remarkable calm. "Monster-making," he explains contentedly, "is easy after twenty-one years. You just read a lot of books on life in the lower depths of the ocean, a couple of dozen books on zoology, and an assortment of medical treatises on human anatomy; you become an expert on insect life, read up on psychology, study every picture of prehistoric monsters you can lay your hands on; you use a little common sense—and then let your imagination run riot . . . in a controlled sort of way, of course.

"Now, research shows," Westmore continues, "that women and children fear bugs, grasshoppers and spiders. So you analyze them, figure out precisely what causes the scare. Then you borrow liberally from these lower forms of life. A leg here, a chin there. We've discovered that the absence of a nose has

Monster-makers Bud Westmore (left), Jack Kevan, Bob Hickman work on models of other-planet heroes at Universal-International

Team experiments with female monster suit, fits starlet to plaster of Paris mold, which is later sculpted, filled with rubber, baked, painted

By JOSEPH LAITIN


Ghoulish principals of out-of-this-world movies are foam-rubber triumphs of technique and research. Left to right, the Gill Man, the Mutant and disembodied head called the Glob

a menacing effect, and an oversize nose gets sympathy, so our path there is clear."

There are a few firm taboos, imposed not by the Johnston office, but by good taste and sound psychology. For example, no monster-maker in his right mind would make a fur-bearing ogre: it might remind people of their pets. Another primary rule in the monsterologists' codebook is that no creature should capitalize on any human deformities. And a monster must look believable; the idea is to scare the movie-goer, not to give him a heart attack.

After Alland and Westmore have discussed the general requirements for a new monster, and sketches and scale models have been approved, the actual monster-making begins. Here's how such weird heroes as the Mutant, the Glob and the Gill Man were born:

Since each creature must be built around the actor who's to play the part, and must fit like a glove, Westmore, Kevan and apprentice Bob Hickman get into surgeon-white gowns and rubber gloves, and place the actor, face down and stripped, on a block of cold clay. Fifteen separate steps later—which include getting a perfect mold of the actor's body, sculpting it in meticulous detail, and filling it with whipped foam rubber—the embryonic monster is pushed into the oven and baked like a cake. When it comes out, claws and other gadgets are attached and it is painted in full, horrifying color and hung up to await action. A single hitch in the process, and the monster-makers have to start all over again. Remakes can be quite an item. The first Gill Man cost $12,000 to make, and the Mutant, $6,000 (the figures are frequently relayed to small fry who write in asking how to make a monster suit).

The perfect ghoul? The Gill Man, star of The Creature from the Black Lagoon, comes as close as any. Westmore describes him as "our bread and butter monster," because of his proven box-office appeal. How the Gill Man came to be is told in affectionate detail by his creator.

Frankenstein and The Phantom of the Opera masks were early U-I successes. Raven is lab pet

Producer Alland phoned and said he was toying with a movie based on an old South American legend that somewhere up the Amazon still existed a man from the Devonian age, part human, part fish, part alligator, part turtle.

"If you can deliver a monster like that, we'll write a script around it," said Alland.

The Gill Man posed several unprecedented problems for the laboratory team. He had to be able to swim freely and effectively, walk on land, breathe through pulsating gills—and, most important, not look like a man in a rubber suit. "We gave him two arms with crab claws," says Westmore, "and we first had him with a tail and a built-in engine to operate it, so he could swish a man off his feet. But that interfered with his swimming, so we cut it out. His chin, obviously, we took from the frog. His mouth? Look at any fish. The pulsating gills covered up the actor's ears—always a problem—and supplied a menacing type of movement. The head was finally shaped up on an old bust of Ann Sheridan—the only one we had with a neck."

The Mutant is Westmore's latest creation, for a new picture called This Island Earth. The problem here was to make an unearthly creature, one of a horde arriving from outer space.

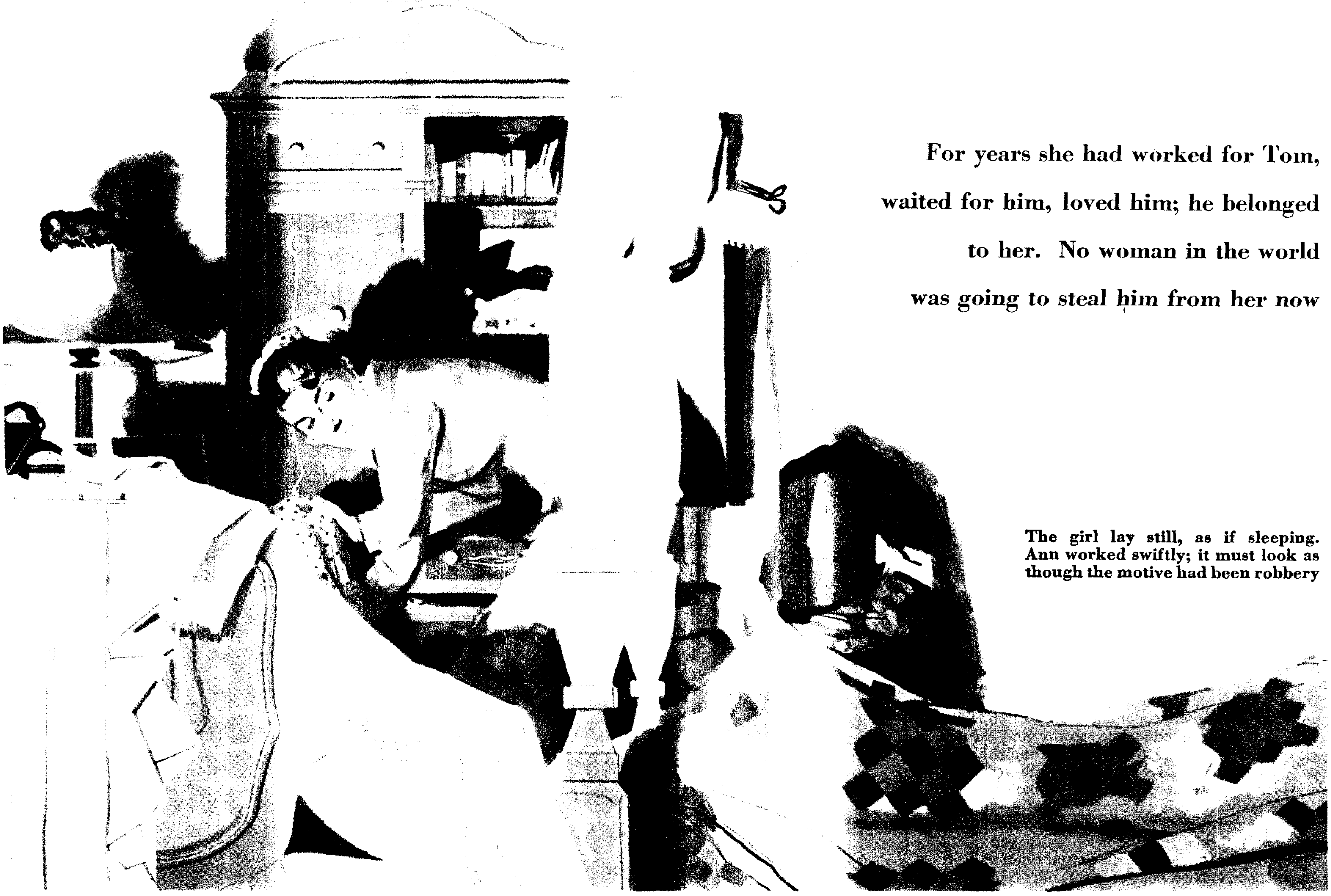
"My original thought was to have this monster in brown and yellow, which would add to his repulsiveness. But the sky ship was metal-colored, so a blue monster with red streaks was more photogenic. The blue suggests his environment, and the red streaks are for exterior blood vessels forced to the surface because of atmospheric pressures. Then we gave him an over-all hard-shell effect," Westmore adds, "like a beetle."

Alland tries to give Westmore plenty of time for each assignment. But it wasn't so with the Glob. That was a last-minute affair, created—from conception to fruition—overnight, and featured in It Came from Outer Space.

"All I knew about the Glob was that it was from another planet," Westmore recalls. "I figured somebody from outer space couldn't help but be smarter than we mortals. So I gave him a huge head and a giant brain, and eyes that could either protrude or withdraw into his head. I replaced the nose with a gadget that throbbed like a heart thump, and set some colored ribbons fluttering inside the transparent skull with a built-in fan, to suggest brain waves. He still looked too human, so I removed his mouth and let his chin run off into nothing.

"The Glob was a rush job and it served its purpose. But I always think of it as my skeleton in the closet," says Westmore. "I've never been really proud of it. After all, it takes time to create a good, practical monster."

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY YULSMAN



For years she had worked for Tom, waited for him, loved him; he belonged to her. No woman in the world was going to steal him from her now

The girl lay still, as if sleeping. Ann worked swiftly; it must look as though the motive had been robbery

NEVER LEAVE ME

By LOTTIE BELLE DAVIS

ANN TABOR believed that people in general have three major failings. First, very few people know or care about the value of a minute. Second, perhaps only one person out of ten is keenly observant. And third, almost no one has a wholly dependable memory.

On the strength of these three human failings, plus the element of chance and her own poisonous hatred, Ann Tabor had planned for weeks now the murder of her roommate, Thelma Collins. In her mind, she had rehearsed, planned and timed the murder until she had every detail clear. While she waited for the right moment which she knew would come eventually—she went about her business more calmly and efficiently than usual.

Ann Tabor was thirty-three years old, with gleaming black hair highlighted with wisps of premature white and combed back smoothly from her forehead. Dark lashes framed her light steel-blue eyes. She weighed one hundred and forty pounds, but she was five feet ten inches tall and her weight was well distributed. She had a quick, lithe walk and her grooming was meticulous; she looked like a successful career woman, which she was. But she had always been ashamed of her hands. They were large and strong, almost mannish with their large knuckles and short blunt nails. As a young girl she had dreamed of becoming a concert pianist, but had given up the dream after years of watching her stubby, ugly fingers move across the keyboard. Nothing, not even expensive lotions and creams, seemed to help the rough redness of her skin. She always wore expensive gloves when she went out, removing them only when it was absolutely necessary.

Ann Tabor had gone to work for Thomas L. Smith soon after the war, when he had left the FBI to establish his own office. Even then Tom Smith had had a reputation as one of New York City's most brilliant criminologists. He had gained greater success almost immediately as a special prosecutor on investigating committees and as a consultant to the police in crime analysis. And Ann had become invaluable to him.

Often Ann had marveled at the slip-ups made by the smartest criminals under Tom's soft-spoken, relentless questioning. He had an uncanny ability for developing a slight suspicion into a complete set of facts. He was perhaps most ruthless when there was a hint of premeditated murder. Aware of this, Ann knew that her crime must be perfect, without a single clue pointing her way.

She had loved Tom Smith for six of the seven years she had worked for him. No other man existed for her, and none would. No one—least of all Tom—remotely suspected how much she loved him, or how fiercely jealous and possessive she had become. As she worked with him, calmly taking notes, her mind often created alibis for the criminal he was questioning, but she felt a certain pride when Tom's adroit interrogation brought forth the admission he sought. Yet she felt a kind of sorrow too, knowing that if the criminal could have used the alibis *she* had created for him, Tom might have been thwarted. If just once Tom Smith could know defeat, Ann thought, then he might turn to her—and really see her.

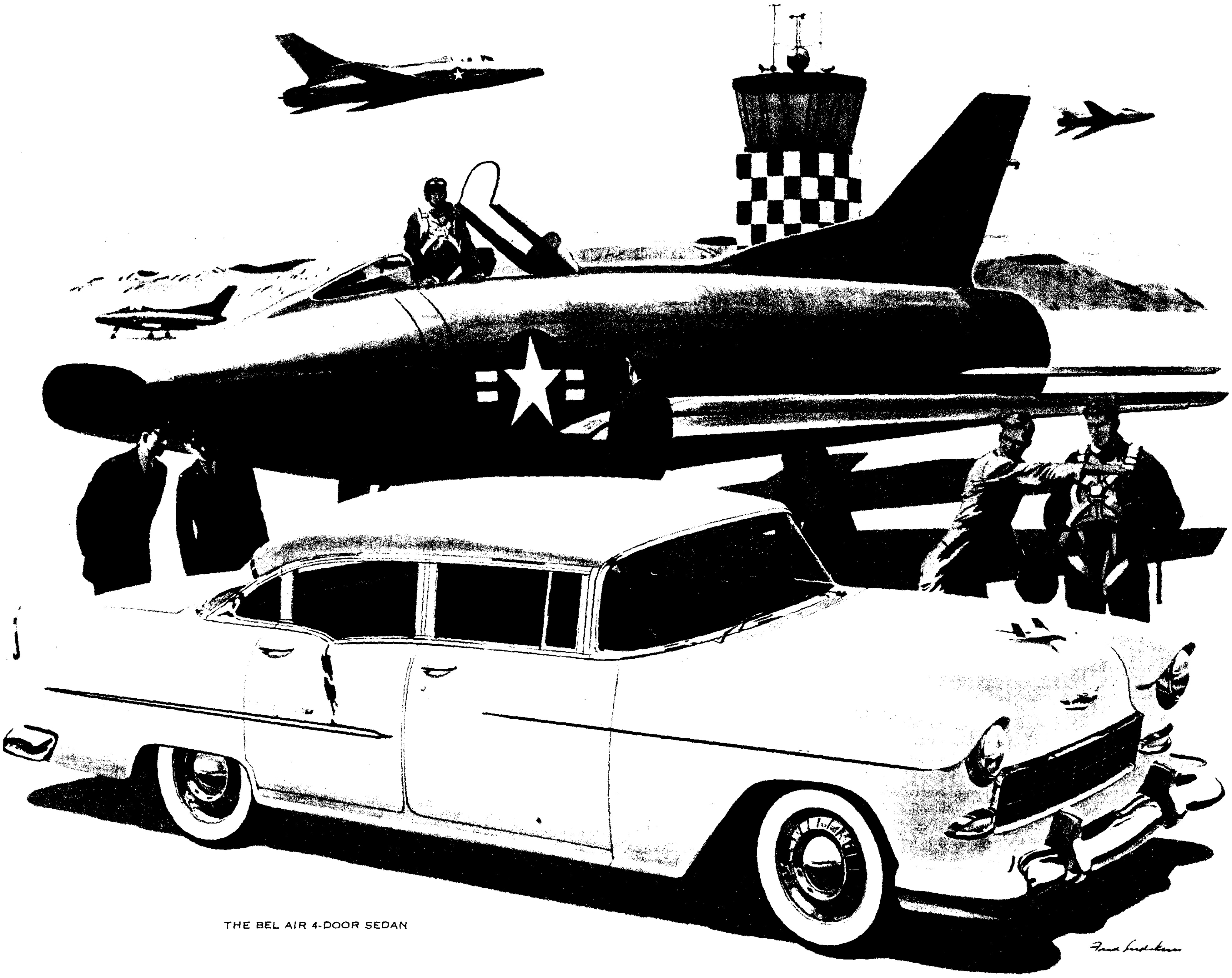
If she wore a new suit or a new hat, they were lost on Tom. While he might raise his head from the papers on his desk when she walked in, he would only say, "Now, about the Lewis case, Miss Tabor . . ."

And she would reply, "I'll get the papers, Mr. Smith." But her heart always said: Someday you'll notice me. You've got to, when I love you so much.

She had never quite dared call him Tom, except at night sometimes before she went to sleep. She would then hold her pillow close in her strong arms, pretending that it was Tom's head, and she would whisper his name and think: Someday, Tom, you'll know I'm here. You'll love me, and you'll regret the long years wasted.

DURING the last two years he had come to her apartment now and then for dinner. Away from the office, he sometimes called her Ann, and the name fell softly on her ears, as intimate as a heartbeat. While she cooked dinner, he would relax on her bright chintz divan. As she moved gracefully and efficiently between the kitchenette and the

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG



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perfectly appointed table in the living room, she would smile at his dark head bent over a magazine. He might sip a cocktail while they discussed their latest case, or contentedly listen to the radio, and she would think: He belongs in this room. I've built it around him, really. Someday, someday . . .

Once, raising his thick dark eyebrows, Tom had said suddenly, "Do you know, Ann, you remind me of a silver fox with your black-and-white hair and your quick gliding walk. A slender silver fox. That gray housecoat becomes you."

She had stood quite still beside the table set for two, savoring the fact that Tom had at last noticed her appearance. She had worn a great deal of gray from then on, and she had doubled her efforts to make her hands look better, spending far more than she could afford on lotions and creams and oils. And from that time on, when she saw her reflection in a shop window or a mirror, she would think: I'm a slender silver fox.

Long after their brandy and coffee, a long time after Tom had gone that night, Ann had sat reading about the habits of foxes. She had found little about the silver fox, except that it provided valuable furs—which made Tom's compliment the more endearing—but a paragraph at the bottom of the page interested her, and she read it carefully:

Foxes are noted for the cunning they evince in avoidance of traps . . . for the methods they adopt in breaking the line of scent left by their footfall on the soil, even by leaping on the back of sheep . . .

And it wasn't until she planned to murder Thelma Collins that this bit of data was taken carefully from an orderly drawer of her mind and used.

THELMA COLLINS had come to New York City five months ago. It had been a day in June, with clouds in the sky like big white fleecy powder puffs. Ann Tabor remembered it too well. It had been a laughing day, filled with bright sunshine and summer flowers. Above all, she remembered it because she had bought a new blue-gray dress and a daring gray hat that Tom must surely notice.

Thelma was from Ann's home town in New Hampshire. Ann had asked Thelma to live with her while getting organized, because Ann had known the girl's parents years before. The two of them could share expenses, Ann had said, and in the fall Thelma could get a place of her own if she wanted to.

It had all been a mistake. Ann knew this two weeks after the younger girl moved in. It had been a ghastly mistake, because Tom Smith had come for dinner one night and had met Thelma Collins. He had sat there in the candlelight bewitched, forgetting to eat Ann's excellent dinner, his gentle smile turned in the direction of the girl opposite him; and in quiet desperation, Ann had seen him fall in love with Thelma Collins. Thelma was twenty years old, small and slender, like a golden stalk of corn. Her cap of shining hair was straight and daffodil-yellow; and her skin, tanned by the sun, was the color of dark honey.

It was Thelma's hands that irritated Ann most of all. They were lovely hands, with long tapering fingers and perfect pink nails. Useless hands, Ann muttered grimly to herself, although they had got Thelma a job modeling for nail-polish advertisements.

Beside Thelma Collins's slender fingers, Ann's looked larger and rougher than ever, so that she began secretly massaging them with renewed effort. You've got to look nice, she would think in a kind of despair. Someday you'll wear Tom's ring.

Three months after Tom met Thelma he asked her to marry him, and Thelma said yes. Every time Ann saw them together, she was consumed with anger and frustrated pain. She began to hate Thelma Collins, with a poisonous hatred that grew insidiously inside her like a fatal mushrooming cancer. It was the day Tom and Thelma announced their engagement that Ann had decided to kill Thelma. She began slowly and carefully to plan.

ON THIS Friday morning in November, at nine o'clock, Ann Tabor entered her office as usual. She removed her expensive pigskin gloves and placed them beside her purse on her desk. From habit, she hid her red hands deep in the pockets of her gray suit as she said good morning to Miss Barton, the stenographer, and to Will, the office boy. Without removing her hat she walked swiftly across the room toward Tom Smith's private office and knocked on the door.

"Come in," he said.

Ann went inside. "Good morning," she said.

Tom didn't look up from the papers he was studying. "Good morning, Miss Tabor."

She stood quietly before his desk. "You said yesterday that you wanted me to do some shopping for you today," she said. "Shall I do it now or on my lunch hour?"

Tom raised his head. "Do it now if you like. Why spoil your luncheon?" His slow smile widened and he reached for a cigarette. "I'd like you to go to Benchley's and get me two or three ties and a dozen white handkerchiefs. And look"—the happiness in his eyes made him look much younger these days—"you know Thelma's taste, so get the kind of ties she likes."

Ann nodded and swallowed the rising bile in her throat. For years now she had chosen Tom's ties. At times she had picked out his shirts, even his pajamas. He had often complimented her on her good taste, and she had treasured those compliments as another woman might treasure words of love. Now, she waited until the sudden stabbing pain left her temples before she said, "Yes, I know Thelma's taste quite well by now."

Tom laughed the deep indulgent laugh of a man in love. "Thelma says I've been dressing like a man of fifty instead of thirty-five. Perhaps she's right. Here's fifty dollars." He gave Ann a crisp new bill. "Bring them back with you instead of having them delivered—I'd like to wear one of the ties tonight. It's nice of you to shop for me. Pretty soon Thelma will be doing it and you won't have to bother."

"I've always liked to," Ann said, but she knew that Tom didn't hear her. He had dismissed her by going back to his papers. She looked down at his dark head and she thought: Thelma Collins will never shop for you because I'm going to kill her. I'm going to kill her this morning.

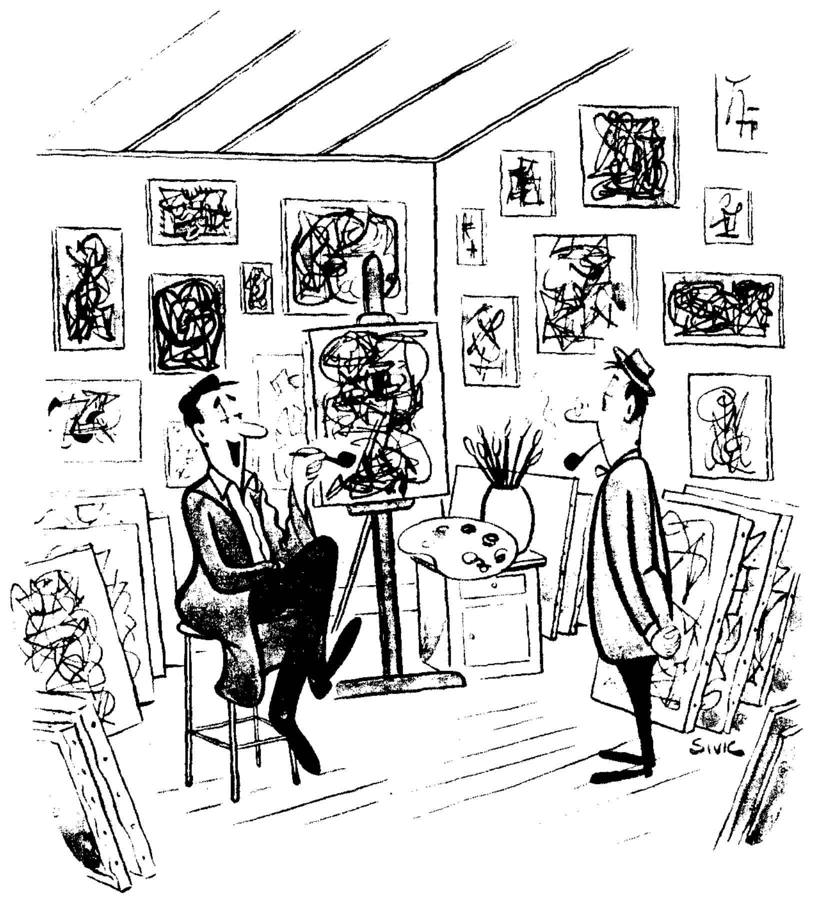
SHE turned abruptly and walked from the office. When she reached her desk, she put the fifty dollars in her purse. She pulled on her gloves, smoothed each finger carefully, and spoke clearly to the stenographer: "What time do you have, Miss Barton?"

The stenographer stopped typing and looked at her wrist watch. "Five minutes after nine, Miss Tabor."

"Five minutes after nine," Ann repeated. "I'm going shopping for Mr. Smith. I don't know how long I'll be gone. You'll take over for me?"

"Of course, Miss Tabor."

Ann picked up her purse and walked



COLLIER'S "I know what I'm giving for Christmas" SID GORDIN briskly from the outer office. Today was the day, and now that it was here, she was thinking, nothing must go wrong. If she kept a cool, clear head, everything would work as smoothly and as perfectly as she had planned.

Thelma was home asleep. When she didn't have an appointment for modeling, she often didn't wake up until noon. Today, Ann thought, Thelma would never awaken. Today was also the day when Rose, the maid, came to clean. She usually arrived at the apartment around one o'clock in the afternoon. This had figured in Ann's plans too: Rose would discover the body.

WHEN she was out on Lexington Avenue, she walked toward Benchley's, a men's store a few blocks away. Again she felt the stabbing pain in her temples. Hate could have a strange effect on a person, she decided.

Benchley's was uncrowded so early in the morning and Ann was waited on at once. Her expression was grim as she passed up the rather conservative ties she would have bought, moving on to the ones that Thelma would have chosen. She picked out three gaily patterned ties. She bought a dozen white hand-rolled handkerchiefs. The salesman knew her, and as he made out the sales slip, he asked pleasantly, "Shall I have them delivered?"

"No. I'll take them with me."

She watched the salesman wrap her purchases in heavy white paper and tie the package with a red cord. The back of his head reminded her of Tom's, and she thought: Tom Smith belongs to me. With Thelma out of the way, we'll go on as we always have. In time he'll forget her; I'll make him forget her.

Her lips twisted in a bitter smile as she thought of Thelma, small and soft and fragile. How could such a snip of a girl give Tom all the love he deserved? she thought. . . .

The salesman was coming toward her now, and she said, "Have you any nice silk shirts? White ones? Mr. Smith might like to know. He's getting married soon. And where's the sales slip, please? I always show it to Mr. Smith just to keep the record straight."

"The sales slip is inside your package, Miss Tabor." The clerk gave her the parcel and some change. "Our shirt department is now on the second floor," he said, "but I know we have a new shipment of silk ones in."

"Thank you. I didn't know the department had been moved," Ann lied. "I'll go up and look at them. Mr. Smith's marrying a lovely girl. She's from my home town in New Hampshire. I introduced them, as a matter of fact."

"Playing Cupid, I see."

"Have you the time?"

"Why, yes. It's just nine twenty, Miss Tabor."

"Nine twenty. Thanks so much," she said, and started toward the back of the store.

When she got to the elevators, she looked back over her shoulder. It was just as she had planned and timed it: the store was beginning to fill with shoppers. The salesman who had waited on her was busy with another customer; there was no need for her to make a show of going up to the second floor. Slyly, as a silver fox might, she slipped through a side door, rounded the corner and was again on Lexington Avenue.

Her headache was entirely gone as she hurried up the street, thinking: So far, so good. She had alibi number one, and a most important alibi. If he should ever be questioned, the salesman could swear that he knew Miss Tabor well and that she was in the store at nine twenty or thereabouts. He couldn't possibly swear how long it had taken her to look at the shirts on the second floor.

And the salesmen on the second floor of Benchley's? How could they prove that she hadn't spent some time up there just looking around? Ann was counting now on her theory that most people have poor memories, plus her belief that only one person in ten is keenly observant.

While waiting for a traffic light to change, she stood on a corner, mentally checking the contents of her purse. In it were several articles from the five-and-ten-cent store: emery boards, side combs for her black-and-white hair—this and that, trivia she had bought one day last week on her lunch hour. She had purchased them for this day, for this time of murder. Who, in New York City's teeming millions of people, could prove that she hadn't shopped in the dime store this morning for at least a half hour?

The traffic light changed and Ann crossed the street, still planning carefully. When she got back to the office, she'd show Tom the items in her purse. She'd tell him she had taken a few minutes of his time to do some shopping on her own. And he would smile at the trinkets a woman could manage to pick up in the five-and-dime. He'd done it before.

Clutching her package under one arm, her purse safely under the other, Ann hurried on up Lexington Avenue until she came to 51st Street. Poised at the subway entrance, tall and tailored in her gray suit, she glanced around; people were hurrying up and down the street, intent upon their own affairs. Ann walked quickly down the subway steps.

SHE had her token ready. She had planned this carefully, too. She wouldn't take the smallest risk that the man in the change booth might later be able to identify her. Taking the subway would throw the pack off the scent—the pack in this case being the police. I'm sly, I am, she thought wryly. I'm sly like the fox.

Ann usually rode a bus to and from work, but in the past few weeks she'd taken the Lexington Avenue subway four times, so that she might clock the ride to 59th Street, where she lived. That was another part of the data she had collected for the perfect crime. The ride from 51st to 59th Street sometimes took a minute and a half, sometimes two minutes, all depending upon the train's speed and the load of passengers it carried. Today the ride took a minute and a half.

She got off at 59th Street and went up the subway steps at 60th Street, her heart pounding hard and fast—for next came the element of chance! The most important consideration of all, Ann knew, was the chance that someone from her own neighborhood would see and recognize her.

She took a deep breath and plunged down the block toward her apartment building. She passed several people on the street, but got to her entrance without seeing anyone she knew. She hurried along the empty hallway toward the first-floor rear apartment.

For a long time she had quietly studied the movements of the tenants in the four-story building where she lived. All were business people like

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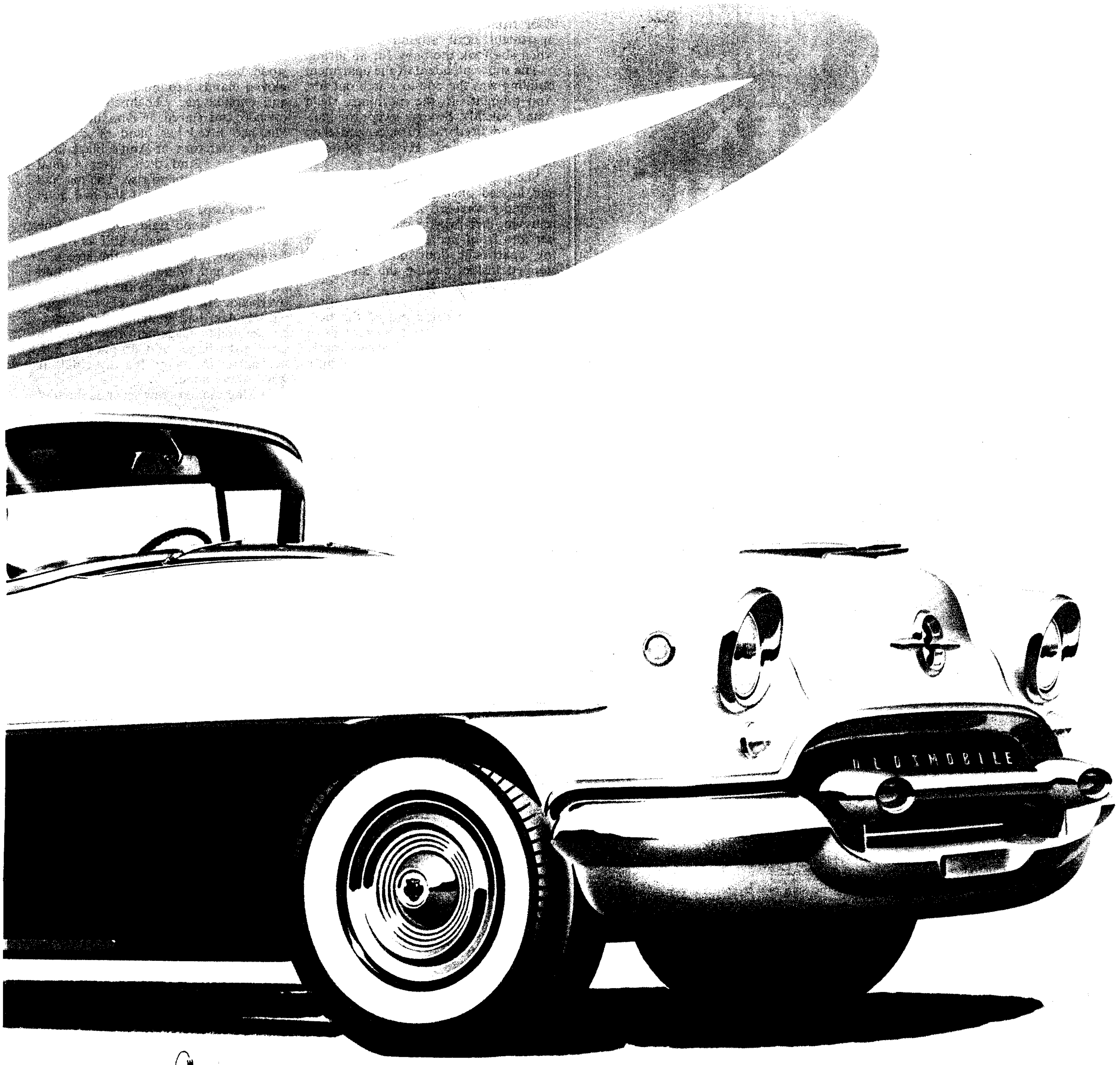

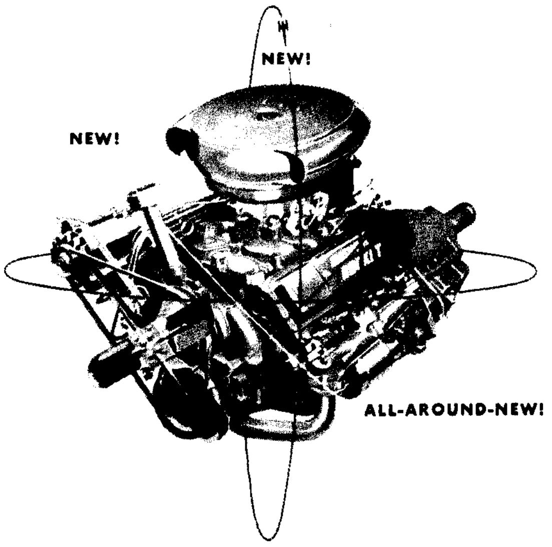
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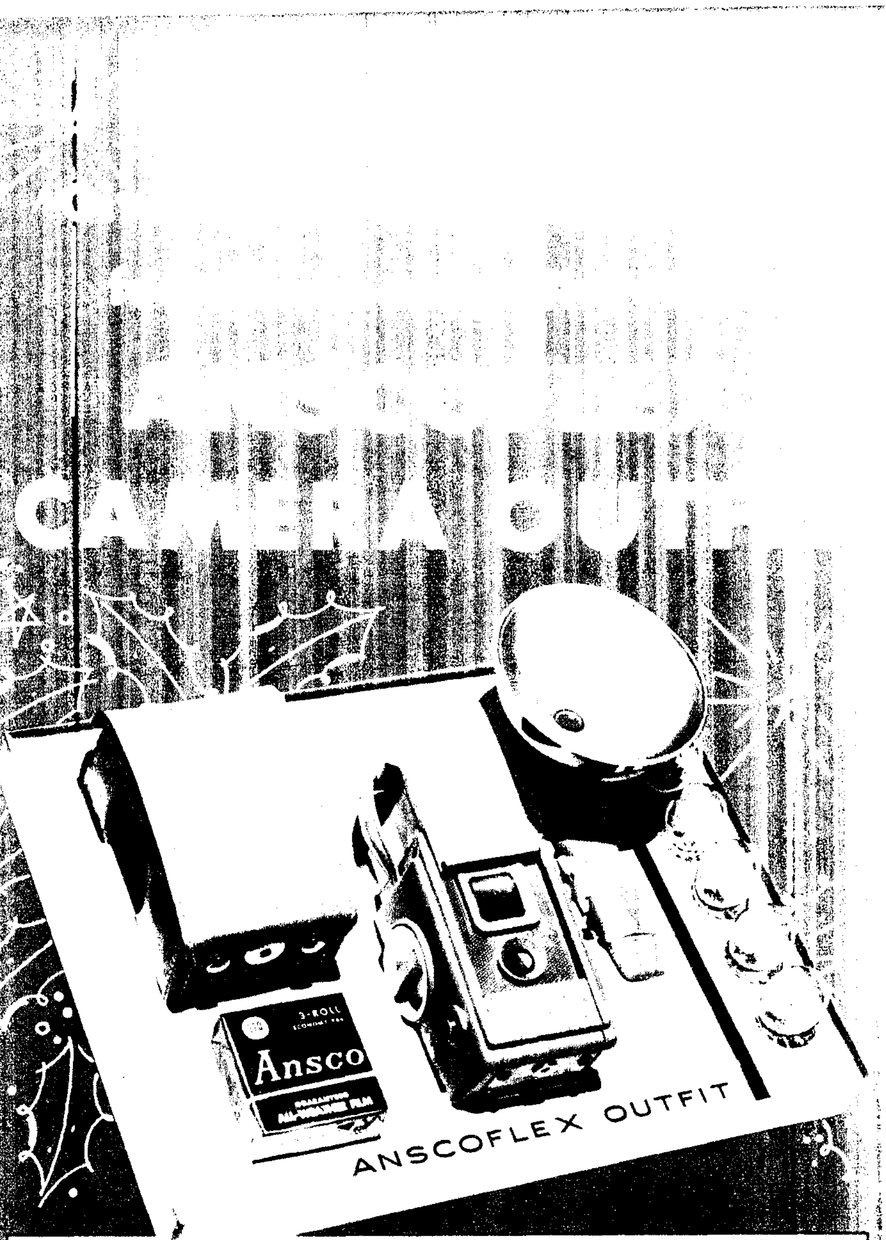

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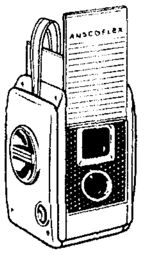

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herself who went to work at approximately the same time, with the exception of young Mrs. White, who had a small child and lived on the second-floor front. She never got out of her apartment until around 11:00 A.M. when she took the baby for an airing.

The superintendent of the apartment building was the one to watch out for, Ann thought. In the mornings, she'd found out, Mr. Sweeny swept the hallways and fired the furnace and then went back to bed. He had gout and needed rest.

She paused for a second at her door and looked once more up and down the empty corridor. And then, without removing her pigskin gloves, she took her key from her purse. She opened the apartment door noiselessly and stepped inside, closing the door ever so softly behind her.

WHEN she came out of the bedroom, there were loose strands of black-and-white hair floating gently about her face. Her hat was slightly awry. She didn't stop to fix her hair or straighten her hat. She walked silently across the living room into the foyer.

For an instant she stood with her ear against the outside door, listening. There still remained the element of chance: she still had to get back to the subway unrecognized.

There were no sounds in the outer hallway as she picked up the white-wrapped package from the foyer table and tucked it under her arm. It was then she saw that the red cord had come untied. The package gaped open suddenly, and Tom's silk ties slithered onto the floor like three brightly colored snakes.

Exasperated at this precious waste of time, Ann swore savagely under her breath at the stupid salesman who had slowed her in her flight from murder. She bent over to pick up the ties and suddenly stopped in terror, turning to stare at the door. Along the corridor outside she heard the slow thump-thump of the superintendent's cane, the slow drag of his gouty foot.

He had a key to her apartment, as did Rose, the maid. Ann had reported her faulty refrigerator a couple of days ago and had forgotten about it! Was Mr. Sweeny coming in this morning to check? In an agony of terror she waited, but evidently he somehow knew that Thelma was home today, for the thump-thump of his cane moved on past the door. With an explosive sigh of relief, Ann heard him going down the basement stairs toward his apartment.

Her gloved hands trembled as she snatched the ties from the floor. But even in her haste, she folded them, wrapped them neatly with the handkerchiefs and tied them securely once more with the red cord.

With her purse clutched tight under one arm, her package under the other, she went out and closed the door behind her, hearing the lock snap into place. She hurried down the empty hallway and stepped out into the November sunshine. Once again she passed dozens of people on the street, but she knew none of them; no one so much as glanced her way.

Yet it wasn't until she was on the subway, roaring toward 51st Street, that she breathed freely again. She looked at her wrist watch. The time was eight minutes until ten o'clock.

She reviewed her steps quite calmly now, feeling nothing except regret that she could never discuss with Tom Smith the perfect crime and how easy it had been, how smoothly it had worked. Standing in the lurching subway train, Ann thought about Thelma Collins.

Thelma had been asleep when Ann had entered the half-darkened bedroom. Without hesitating, Ann had stood beside the bed, put her strong gloved hands around the girl's neck and choked her. Thelma's eyes had opened and stared at Ann in horror. She had lifted her hand in a feeble gesture and torn at Ann's black-and-white hair. And then, after a final struggling attempt to rise, Thelma had lain perfectly still, as if she had gone back to sleep.

Ann had stood rigid, listening. The apartment house was as still as death. From somewhere out in the streets a car horn had sounded a warning and then was still. An airplane had roared overhead. In a frenzy of venomous hatred, Ann had snatched the square-cut diamond engagement ring from the dead girl's finger and dropped it into her purse, thinking: It's my ring! It was always mine!

During the next few seconds she had worked swiftly, silently. She had hurried around the room, pulling out bureau drawers and dumping their contents onto the floor. She had rifled two of Thelma's handbags and one of her own, and then tossed them onto the dressing table.

The wide window was open; the screen had been taken down. The window overlooked a cement courtyard with a wooden fence around it. Motive for the murder? Robbery, of course. The killer had entered through the open window, the police would say, and they would putter out there in the courtyard—putter and photograph and scratch their heads. Ann had smiled slyly at the thought. It had amused her that she would perhaps be standing by while they summed it up.

THE subway train ground to a stop. Ann got off, stopped for a moment in front of a chewing-gum-machine mirror and fixed her hair. She straightened her hat. She walked casually up the subway steps to Lexington Avenue and hurried on toward the office.

"Back so soon?" Miss Barton said and looked up from her typewriter.

"The stores weren't crowded." Ann hurried across the outer office. "I even did some shopping for myself while I was out." She knocked on Tom's door.

"Come in."

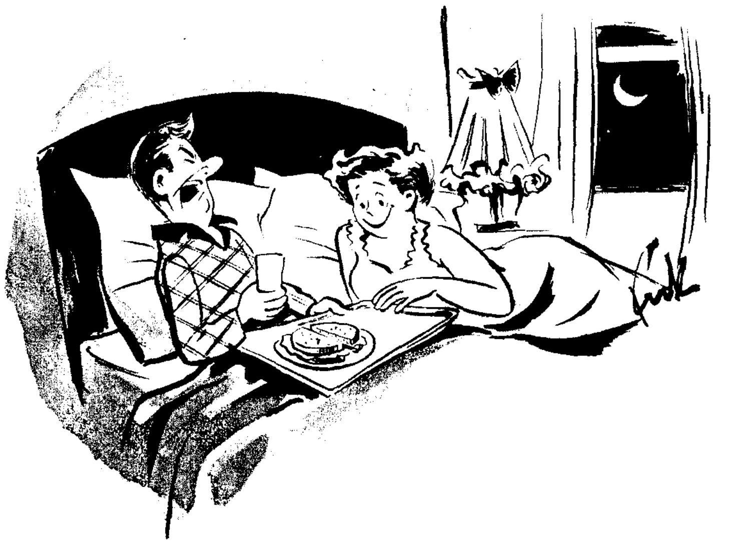
She went inside his office and walked over to his desk. "I picked out three very gay ties"—she smiled at Tom—"and I thought you might like to know that Benchley's have some nice white silk shirts. I also did a little shopping for myself. I must have spent a good half hour in the dime store. Trinkets, you'd call them." She dug the emery boards and the side combs from her purse and showed them to him. "I hope you don't mind."

"Of course not, Miss Tabor. Let me see the ties. Will Thelma like them?"

"Thelma?" Ann was alarmed to find her hands trembling. "Why—of course she'll like them." She put the package on Tom's desk and unwrapped it. "Here's your change. The sales slip is right here—" She broke off abruptly, and then said, "It's here somewhere!"

Tom was looking at the gaudy ties. He laughed and held one up. "Wait till she sees me in this one!"

"The sales slip!" Ann's voice rose slightly as she clawed frantically among the handkerchiefs. "It isn't here! But it's got to be here. The sales-



COLLIER'S "Helen, I *asked* you if you wanted anything! . . ." KIRK

man said he put it inside the package."

"It doesn't matter, Miss Tabor."

"It *does* matter," Ann cried. Her knees were trembling. "I remember asking for it specifically. I've lost it!"

"What difference does it make?" Tom went on inspecting his ties and Ann stood before his desk, trying to control the dreadful shaking inside her. Her thoughts backtracked wildly. In the foyer, when Tom's ties had fallen from the parcel, had the sales slip fallen out too? Had it perhaps fluttered behind a chair or the foyer table in that second of terror when she'd turned her eyes toward the door, when she'd heard Mr. Sweeny in the hallway outside?

Ann could feel her whole body trembling. What she ought to do, she thought wildly, was to call the salesman at Benchley's and check. She discarded this idea at once. Benchley's employees were reliable as a rule, and Tom might remember her concern over an insignificant piece of paper.

The sales slip must be in her apartment. Her number-one alibi had written her a neat ticket to prison and to the electric chair! She had to get it back. Yet she knew that to make another trip to her apartment would be to defy all laws of chance. Desperately she saw Tom put the ties aside and heard him say: "Why be so upset over a missing sales slip, Miss Tabor? It must be in your pocketbook." Smiling, he reached across the desk and picked up Ann's big purse. "I've often wondered what women carry in these overnight bags."

"No!" she cried out in panic. "Don't open that!" With the fury and the terror of a wounded animal she leaped around the side of Tom's desk, tearing the purse from his hands, holding it tightly against her thudding heart.

Tom leaned back in his swivel chair and looked at her quizzically. "I'm sorry," he said quietly. "You know I wouldn't open your purse."

Ann tried to smile, to make her voice normal. "I'm not hiding anything. I just don't like to have anyone go through my bag." The thought that Tom would have found the ring sent a convulsive tremor through her body. I've got to get back to the apartment, she thought. I've got to.

She backed away from his desk. The sharp pain began in her temples again as she groped for the doorknob.

Tom picked up some of the papers on his desk. "Don't leave yet, Miss Tabor. I'd like you to go over the Johnson case with me after I telephone Thelma." Lighting a cigarette, he reached for the telephone.

"But I must—" she began and then stopped. If only her head would stop throbbing, so she could think. "I mean," she went on desperately, "Thelma's asleep. She really doesn't like to be disturbed this early."

Very quietly Tom put the telephone back in its cradle. He took a puff of his cigarette, looking at Ann through the cloud of blue smoke. He said, "Miss Tabor, I've known you for years. There's something wrong. Very wrong. Is Thelma ill?" An expression of fear came into his face. "That's it!" He put out his cigarette in an ash tray, got up and strode across the room toward her. "Something's wrong with Thelma, and you're afraid to tell me!"

ANN'S nerves snapped like a violin string too tautly drawn. "Thelma! Thelma! Thelma!" she cried, her voice rising in a crescendo of hysteria. "Can't you think of anyone else? Dead or alive, all you think of is Thel—" Her shrieking voice cut off into sudden silence, a silence that screamed even louder in the small office. The silver fox had trapped herself. She bit her lips savagely and tasted blood on her tongue. And it seemed to steady her for the moment. She saw Tom's eyes narrow and become hypnotically demanding.

"What did you say, Miss Tabor?" Tom's question was soft-spoken, almost gentle. He reached out and took the big purse from her hands.

Ann slumped against the wall, shivering. She knew the hard ruthlessness that was behind that quiet voice. It would pound and beat at her until she told him everything there was to tell.

In the deadly silence there was a knock at the door, and Tom said automatically, "Come in!"

Miss Barton opened the door and stuck her head inside. "I knocked a couple of times, but I guess you didn't hear me. Miss Tabor"—the stenographer stared curiously at Ann's gray face—"I forgot to tell you when you came in. A clerk from Benchley's telephoned. He said to tell you he's dreadfully sorry, but he forgot to put the sales slip in your package this morning. He said you made a point of asking for it, so he's sending it over."

Ann Tabor began laughing—quite softly at first, then louder. She raised her hands to her mouth and bit into them in her effort to stifle the high, hysterical trill. —LOTTIE BELLE DAVIS

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A novel brain operation and follow-up electronic treatment offer new hope for thousands of "hopeless" sufferers from "split minds." The technique is helping doctors to penetrate the dream-world refuge of victims of . . .

Schizophrenia

By TONI TAYLOR

DANNY is seven. When I saw him, he was in full Hopalong Cassidy regalia—from broad-brimmed hat to boots. He wore a red kerchief, knotted under his ear, and a shiny toy gun was on either small hip.

Danny was sitting on the floor, but not in the relaxed sprawl of a small boy tired from play. He was stiff and silent and stared straight ahead, not even blinking as figures moved across his vision.

"Hiya, kid," someone called from the corridor—but Danny paid no attention.

At seven, Danny is a victim of schizophrenia. The room where he spends his long, silent days is the men's ward of a state mental hospital in southern Louisiana. His companions are of every social level—boys around his own age as well as senile oldsters.

Danny is only one of more than 300,000 Americans suffering from schizophrenia, the dread disease whose victims withdraw from the real world into a world of fantasy of their own creation.

Most medical experts now hold that schizophrenia is not curable, but sometimes can be arrested. In fact, a whole new horizon of hope for Danny and his fellow victims has been opened up by an operation and follow-up treatment developed at Tulane University School of Medicine in New Orleans.

Perfected after years of experimentation with animals, the operation helps doctors explore the deep areas of the brain where the emotions are controlled and where changes have been observed in schizophrenia. In effect, the technique enables doctors to establish communication with these areas—an enormous advance in a disease characterized by the victim's refusal to quit his own dream world.

But before we go into details of the operation and some of the promising results achieved, let's consider for a moment just what schizophrenia is. Literally, it is a "splitting of the mind." The schizophrenic's thoughts and emotions go in opposite, rather than parallel, directions. As a result of that inner turmoil, the victim finds the real world around him too difficult to cope with; his only recourse is to withdraw from it.

While no respecter of age, the disease takes its greatest toll during adolescence and early adulthood—years of physical maturing which are also a time of emotional instability. What causes it is obscure and still conjectural. Some doctors believe that one cause—though neither the sole nor possibly even primary cause—is the failure of the victim's very first relationship, with his mother.

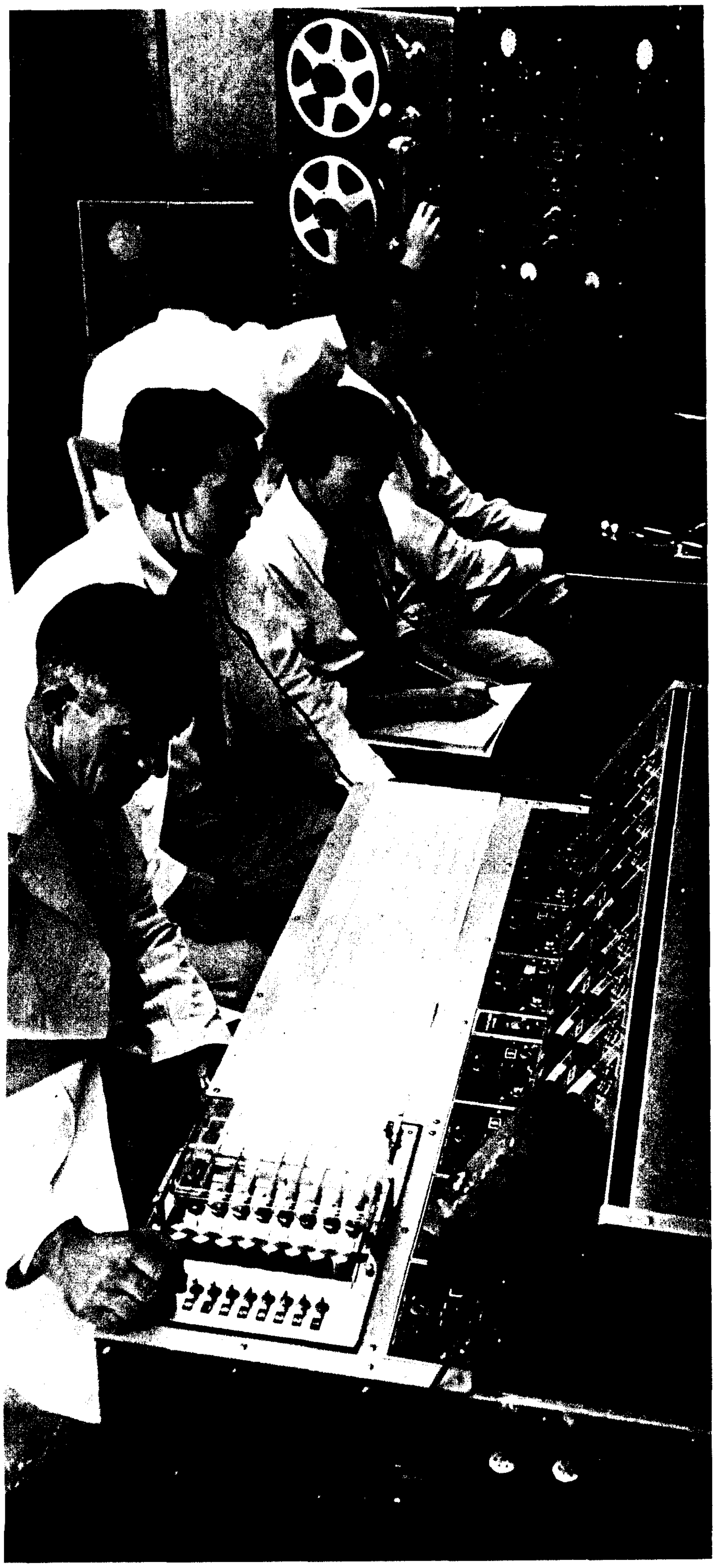
Whether attributable to the mother's behavior or something basically inherent in the child, difficulties in this first relationship with another person are basic and affect the individual's other relationships throughout life. Many doctors also believe that, associated with the psychological factors in schizophrenia, there is a physical-organic factor, with actual impairment of the nervous system.

If the victim gets no help, the disease progresses and his personality deteriorates. With help, many people may be rescued from life in a mental hospital; their energies can be redirected and the problems with which they cannot cope removed.

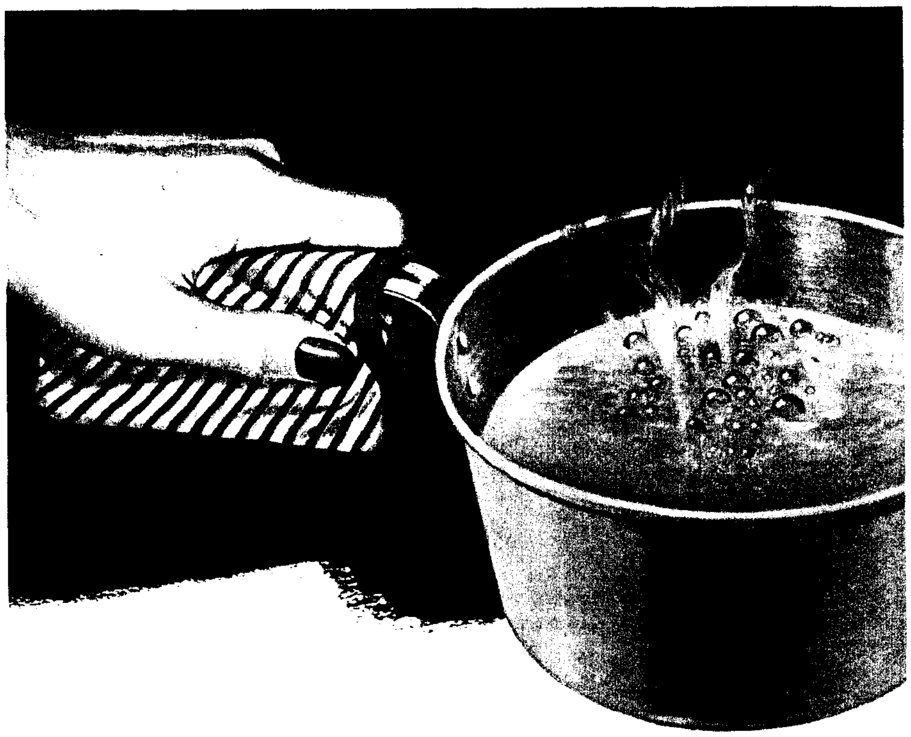
Until recently, there were only three principal treatments for schizophrenia: insulin therapy, electroconvulsive (shock) therapy, and various forms of brain surgery. All three have been successful, but not all with the same people and not all to the same degree. Often, in combination, they have arrested the disease for varying lengths of time, sometimes permanently.

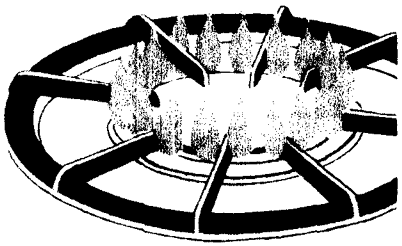
Despite these heartening advances, however, it was still true that for every schizophrenic who could

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ALFRED GESCHEIDT



Tulane School of Medicine researchers in control room regulate electrical stimulation delivered to a patient through wires embedded in his brain (see opposite page)





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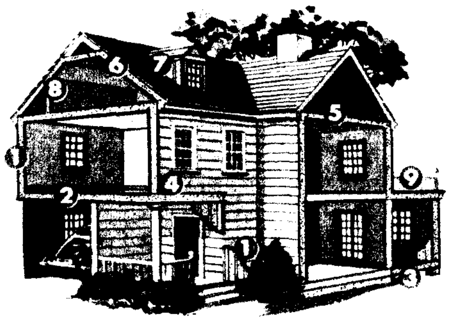

By Convection: See how bubbles of boiling water turn to steam and escape from the pan? In the same way warm air from the furnace in your home becomes lighter and rises too. That's how currents of air carry furnace heat up and outdoors through uninsulated walls and ceilings.

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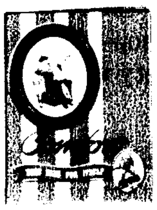

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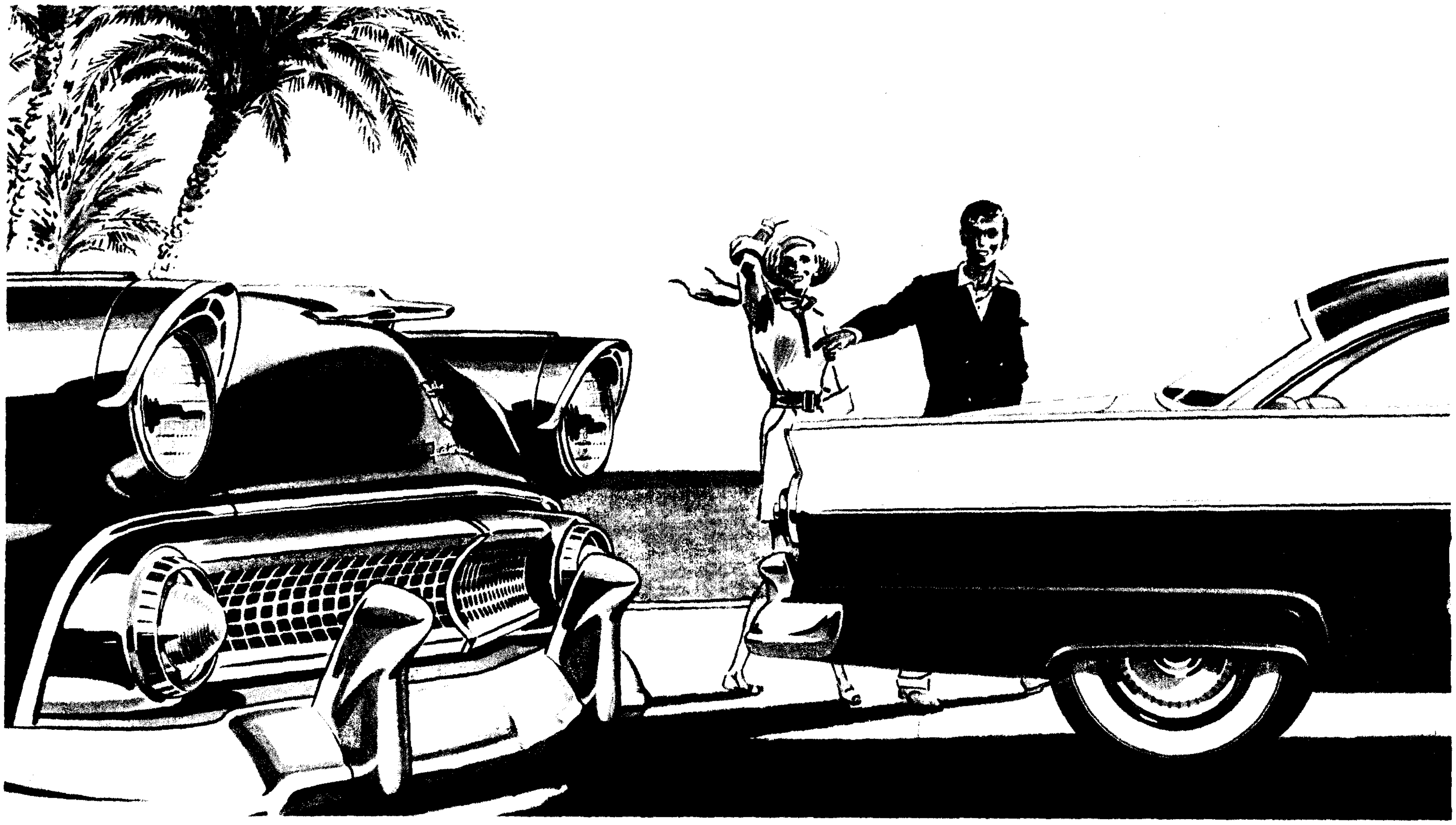

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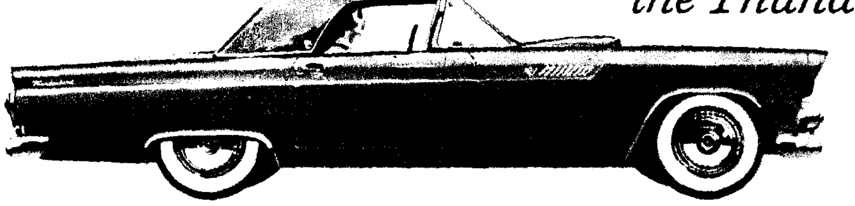
Four new lines with styling inspired by the Thunderbird



Wherever the Ford Thunderbird has been exhibited, it has created a veritable sensation. No personal car has ever offered such long, low, exciting lines, and such comfortable interiors. Quite naturally, the styling of America's sauciest personal car is reflected in each of the four brilliant new series of Fords for '55.

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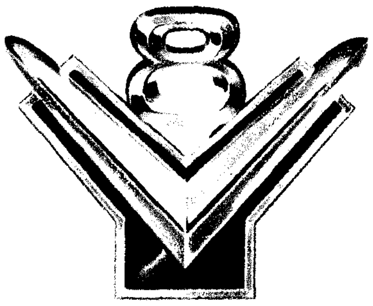
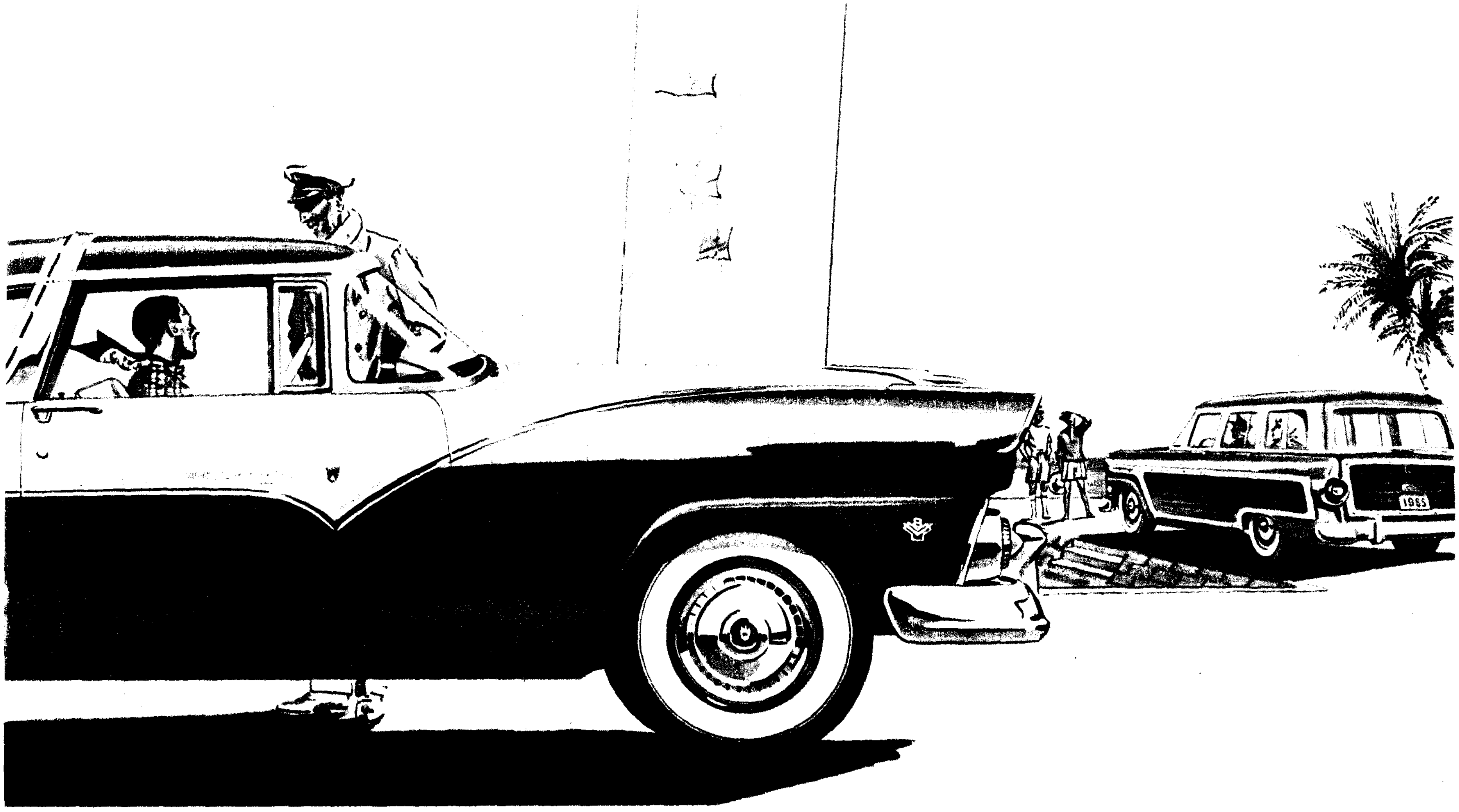
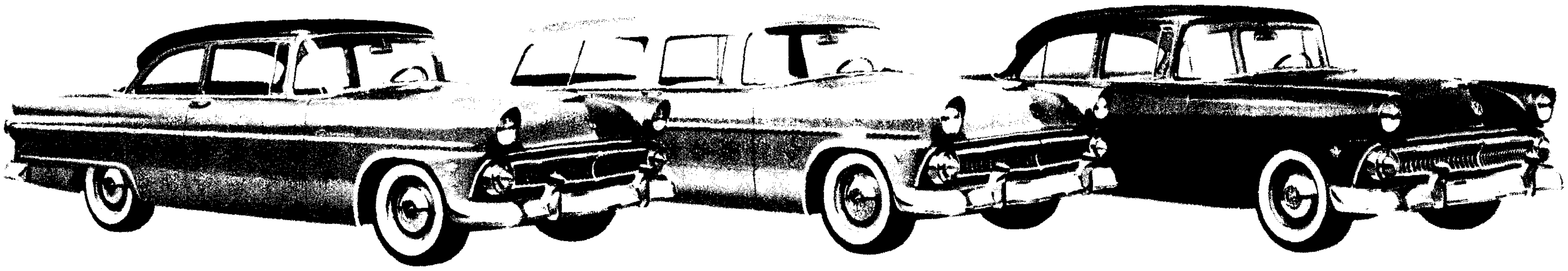




Fairlane Series. The new Crown Victoria features Ford's new all-around windshield, new luxurious interiors and a wide choice of jewel-like single and two-tone exterior colors. Five other smart new body styles complete the Fairlane Series.

new FORD for '55



Customline Series. The Tudor Sedan (shown above) and the Fordor Sedan, like all '55 Ford models, have a new wider grille, new visored headlights and sturdier, extra-narrow pillar-posts for better visibility.

Station Wagon Series. The Custom Ranch Wagon is one of five new do-it-all beauties. There's also a 6 and 8 passenger 4-door Country Sedan, an 8-passenger Country Squire and the popular 2-door Ranch Wagon.

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resume his place in society, many had to remain institutionalized, largely without hope. For these people, especially, the new techniques developed at Tulane hold promise.

In the Tulane operation, small holes are bored in the forepart of the skull. Through these, fine copper wires with silver ball electrodes at their tip are implanted in whatever part of the brain has been selected by the doctor for exploration. The wires are brought through the skin and soldered to an electrical outlet which rests on the head. This arrangement makes it possible to administer, as desired, a series of electrical stimulations of the brain area under study; it also makes possible the follow-up study of electrical recordings made.

The electrodes cause no discomfort to the patient, no extensive damage to brain tissue, and they do not interfere with the functioning of the brain. They can safely be left in place for many months. At intervals the doctors apply electrical stimulations, regulating them so that the patient's reactions can be charted and evaluated. Unlike electroconvulsive therapy, the stimulation sessions are neither violent nor disturbing to the patient. No more than four to eight milliamperes of electricity—the mildest of doses—are applied.

The Operation Is Not a Cure

This new attack upon schizophrenia was devised by Dr. Robert Galbraith Heath, forty-year-old head of Tulane's department of psychiatry and neurology, and a group of associates. Dr. Heath stresses that neither the operation nor postoperative stimulation is a cure for schizophrenia. "But," he told me, "a potent avenue for further investigation of the disease has been opened up. To date, the most significant and heartening result has been the extent to which our patients have been enabled to accept and benefit by other therapies—some of which had failed previously. Let me repeat, this operation is *not* a cure. But our results do warrant calling it a factor in retarding the disease.

"Schizophrenia is a highly complex disease," Dr. Heath went on. "Although it is a mental ailment, it is not of the mind alone. Mental activity is a reflection of activity of the central nervous system, and the nervous system is also the central integrator of all bodily functions. In looking for its causes and cure, we must attack it not from one direction, but from many—not just the mental aspects of the disease, but the cellular, chemical and endocrine structure as well. That's what we're doing here at Tulane. We have brought together scientists from many fields who, because of their special interests and abilities, are equipped to play a role in this fight."

Dr. Heath's team is impressive. It includes an internist, neurosurgeon, neurologist, physiologist, pathologist, psychiatrist, psychoanalyst, psychologist, radio and electronics engineers, biochemist, medical technician, social worker and nurse. I saw some of them in action when Dr. Heath invited me to sit in on a stimulation session—a rare opportunity for a layman.

The session began early in the morning in what resembled a small radio studio. It consisted of two rooms—an inner treatment room where the patient was to sit and be interviewed by his doctor, and an outer control room, in which were set up a number of delicate and intricate machines specifically constructed to control the stimulation, measure the amount of voltage being applied, and assess its effects. An amplifier and a glass wall separating the two rooms permitted those in the control room to see and hear the results of the stimulation.

As I walked into the control room, a young psychiatrist interested in electronics was discussing a machine with its engineer. A visiting doctor conversed with a secretary, who was sitting ready with her notebook and pencil to take down what the doctor and patient said to each other during the stimulation. Nurses and interns in starched white sat quietly waiting; they were student observers.

Then a wheel chair creaked. The patient was being brought in. He was a man of about thirty-five, clad in hospital pajamas and bathrobe. His head was covered by a white cap made of stockinet. Through an aperture in the cap wires protruded.

The patient's face was strained; his eyes, behind horn-rimmed glasses, seemed troubled and weary. He sat rigidly, but some of his stiffness was dissipated by the warmth with which he was greeted.

"Hi, Bill," a young doctor called out.

Bill responded with a half smile and a lift of a hand. "How's she working?" he asked the engineer as he was wheeled past one of the machines.

The engineer took off his earphones: "Couldn't be better."

The ward attendant who had pushed Bill in took the wheel chair away, and the patient settled himself in a comfortable chair in the inner room, facing his doctor across a desk. They chatted quietly while the wires from the stimulation machine were connected with those protruding from the patient's cap.

A Checkup in the Control Room

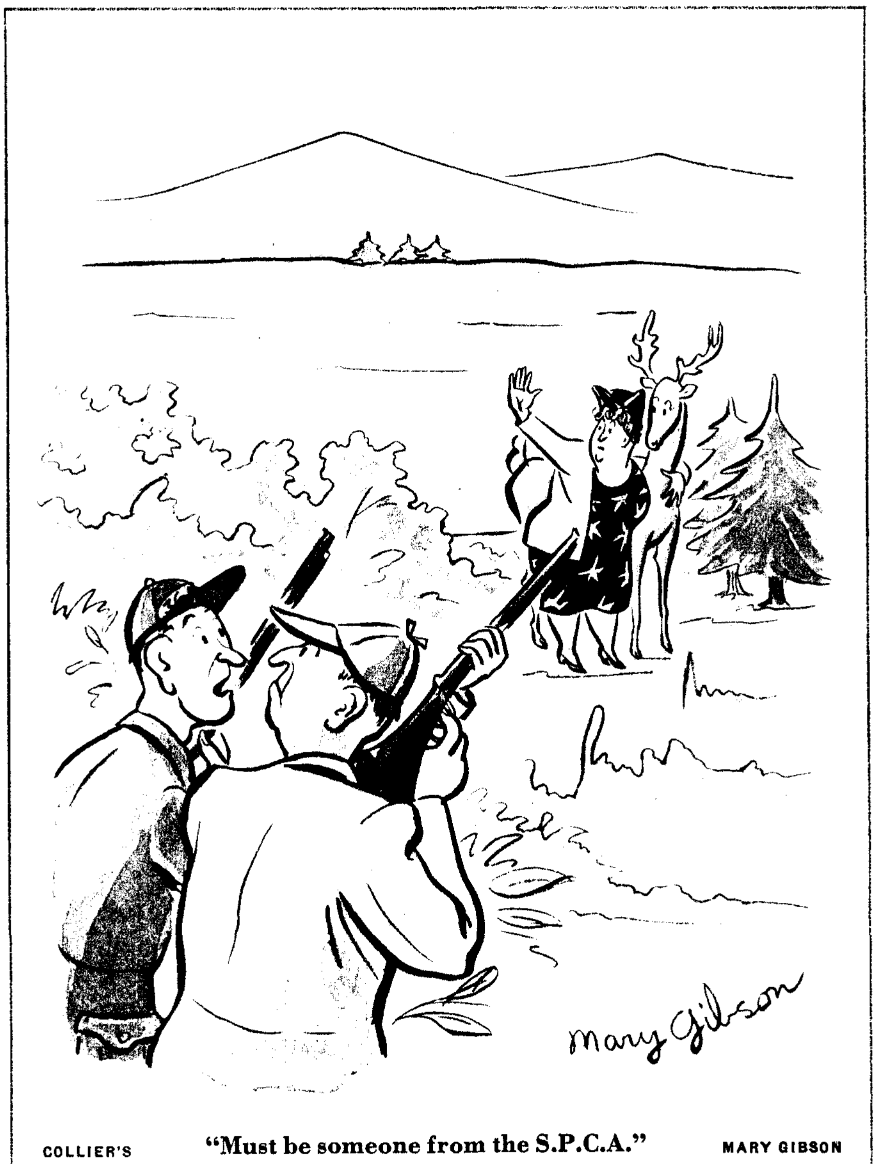
At this point Dr. Heath strode into the control room. He spoke to the engineer, frowned for a moment over the device that would record Bill's brain waves, then briefly stepped into the treatment room.

The haste was gone from his manner as he talked reassuringly to Bill. He had a word for the doctor, too. Then, closing the door, he said, "Let's go," and the machine was turned on.

Bill's immediate reaction was that he began to talk faster. Whereas he had just been chatting casually about objects around him, he now seemed deeply troubled. He sighed heavily from time to time.

"How do you feel, Bill?" his doctor asked quietly. Bill rubbed one hand against the other, grimaced slightly, and moved his head around uncomfortably. "I feel hot, doc, hot and unhappy."

"What makes you unhappy, Bill?"



COLLIER'S "Must be someone from the S.P.C.A." MARY GIBSON

"Oh, I keep thinking . . . remembering things I did . . . peeping in windows and things like that."

"And that makes you unhappy?"

The patient put his head on his arms and moaned. "I remember walking with my grandmother when I was just a little kid. There's something about that that makes me feel terrible."

The doctor leaned forward eagerly —we all did—but his tone remained quiet and reassuring. "What about that walk made you feel terrible, Bill?" he asked.

"I don't know; it's like a picture of something that happened." Bill's words were slow, his voice taut and agonized. "This picture . . . it makes me feel bad . . . I can almost see it."

We all tensed with Bill's doctor. If Bill could see that picture which so distressed him, if he could bring that early experience into the light, his confusion and terror might begin to lift. But he slumped back with a sound like a whimper. "Can't remember, doc. I can't see the picture."

No disappointment showed in the doctor's voice. "That's all right, Bill; next time, maybe."

The entire session went along in this tenor, as Bill's words hinted at feelings of fear and guilt about his relationship with his grandmother and about sex irregularities. Even though the patient could not recall the key traumatic incident, he had furnished his therapist with valuable material to work on, and the record of his brain waves, taken in the control room, would later show those who studied it at what points in the treatment there had been any unusual cerebral activity.

The session lasted nearly two hours. The length of a treatment, as well as the amount of voltage applied, varies according to a patient's reaction; it may last anywhere from an hour to two hours and a half.

Effects Vary in Many Patients

After Bill had been returned to his ward, seemingly little affected by the stimulation, Dr. Heath told me: "To date we have operated on more than half a hundred schizophrenics, men and women ranging in age from seventeen to sixty. In all of them the disease had reached a serious stage; none had responded to any other therapy.

"The results of stimulation have varied widely with different patients. In some cases we found changes in the body's cellular, chemical and endocrine elements, but no appreciable change in behavior. But in most cases there *was* a change in behavior and personality as well. An awakened quality was evidenced. Some who had not spoken at all began to talk—to me, to other doctors, to the nurses and ward attendants, even to other patients. Some who had spent most of their time immobile or in bed began to move around and take an interest in things around them. What was especially encouraging, some of them began to assume responsibility for their own cleanliness and ward routines, and showed a willingness to take part in hospital activities."

Dr. Heath turned me over to a young assistant, Dr. Arthur W. Epstein. "I want Dr. Epstein to tell you about Jane," Dr. Heath told me. "He was Jane's doctor, and her story is the story of thousands of young people."

We settled in Dr. Epstein's office, just big enough for a desk and chair, and he took up the story Dr. Heath had begun.

"Jane was one of the first schizophrenics we operated on here at Tulane. She was only seventeen when we first saw her. She was shockingly emaciated—weighed only 59 pounds. She alternated between refusing to talk at all and conversing in a silly fashion, accompanied by abrupt body movements and facial grimaces. She told us that she was afraid of 'voices' that kept accusing her of sexual sins."

Early Signs of the Disease

Jane's father was a farmer and very quiet, her mother deeply religious, stern and authoritative—very much head of the house. Jane was normally intelligent, although she had never used her mentality to capacity. She had always been shy and submissive. From the time she was a small child her mother had considered her "different," the least attractive of her four children. Jane didn't talk until she was past four; she continued to suck her thumb until she was ten. Her school marks were poor, not because she could not have learned, but because schizophrenia was already asserting itself and she was withdrawing from the world. Finally she left school in the ninth grade, when she was sixteen.

"Her family told us that Jane's behavior had always been queer," Dr. Epstein went on. "But about two years before she came to us here her symptoms got so serious that even the family could no longer ignore them. She refused to eat—sometimes for a week at a time. She became more and more silent, and avoided the slightest contact with people whenever she could. Sometimes, after great urging, she would help her mother with housework—not often, however, for Jane's hostility toward her mother grew greater as she tried to force her to eat. Eventually she became so emaciated from malnutrition that she had to be brought to the hospital.

"After her admittance we gave Jane electroconvulsive treatments, but they made practically no change in her condition. She was physically inert and very phlegmatic in her attitude toward us and the other people in the hospital. Finally we decided to operate on her and use the stimulation technique."

"How did she respond?" I asked.

"At first, only physically. Just 12 days after the operation, she was more active than I had ever seen her. She left her room without urging, moved freely around the ward, ate enthusiastically. She began to gain weight, and that pleased her greatly. By the second week after the operation, she was chatting with the other patients and obviously enjoying herself. She talked freely with me, too, but at times still expressed feelings of guilt and unworthiness about herself. She would say, 'I don't think I should get well, I don't deserve it.' Often her feelings about herself were mixed: 'I don't know how I should feel—sad or happy!'

"The best proof of the success of the operation and stimulation technique was the way she was able to respond to psychotherapy. Together we were able to bring to the surface and deal with

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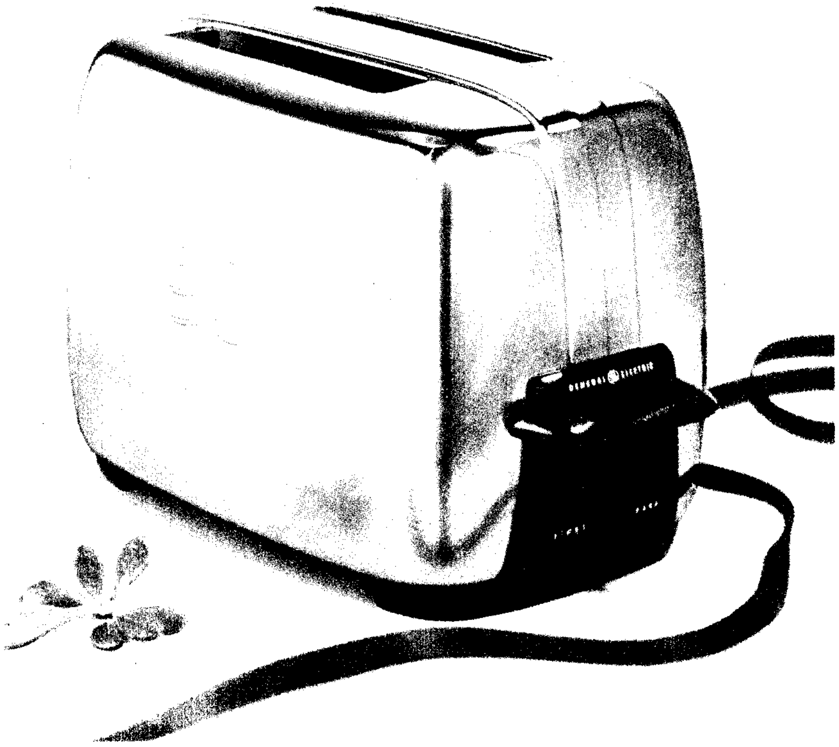

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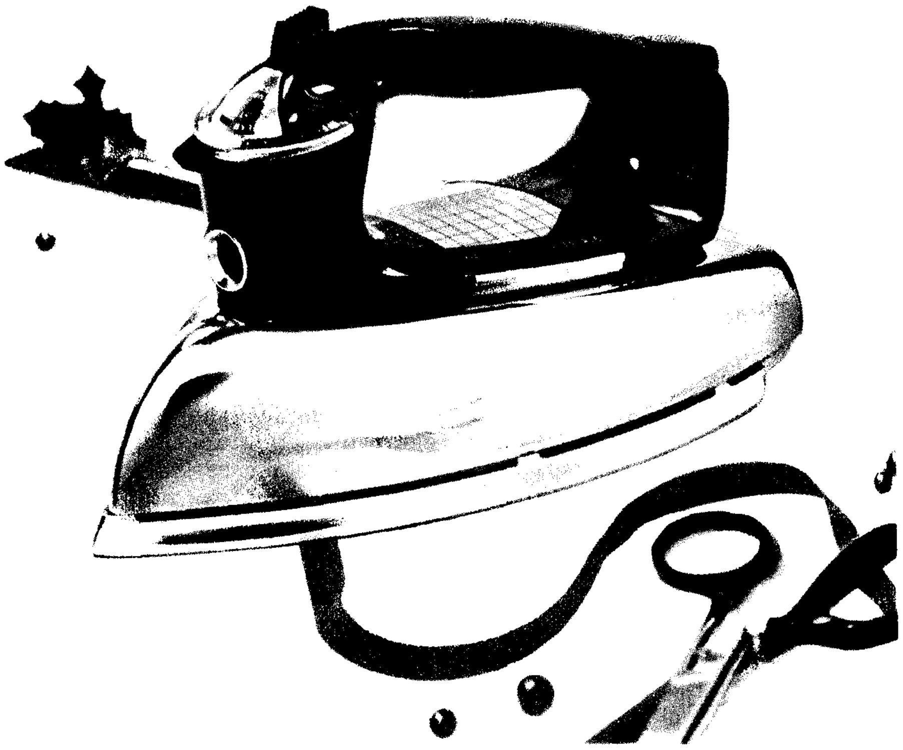

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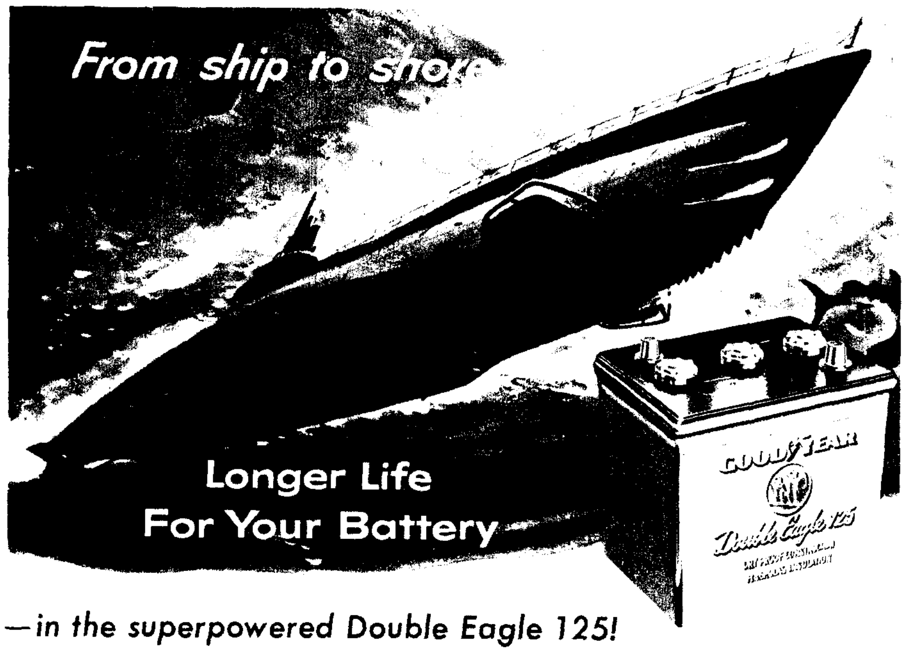

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some problems which had been buried deep within her since childhood—the problems that had caused her intense feelings of guilt. She began to see herself in a new light—discovered capacities in herself she had not known she possessed. She found she could reach out to other people and take part in life without fear."

During the next two months, Dr. Epstein said, Jane was even able to encourage some of the sicker patients. As she helped others, she began to have fewer deprecatory ideas about herself, and the "voices" stopped plaguing her. Then she began leaving the hospital for lunch or a trip to the movies. A few weeks later, she made her first trip home.

For every patient, the first trip home is a critical test. "We planned carefully for Jane's visit," Dr. Epstein said. "One of the social workers and I had long talks in advance with her family, especially her mother. I could not change her basic attitudes, but I was able to make her see that Jane had to have the love and approval she had lacked all her life. I made as sure as possible that her family would encourage every social effort she made, and keep the home atmosphere free of tension.

"Our concerted efforts made Jane's visit home an overwhelming success and a turning point in her illness. Her family and friends were all amazed at her changed looks and behavior and at the fact that she was friendlier and more cheerful than they'd ever seen her.

"Jane kept on improving. Only four months after the operation, she was discharged from the hospital in good physical health and eager to do things it would never before have occurred to her to try."

New Interests and Activities

At home, Jane continued to eat well. Six months after the operation, she weighed 116 pounds. She made new friends and even learned to drive a car. She returned to school, entered into studying with enthusiasm and did well. Though she lived on a farm out of town, she took part in many extracurricular activities.

"It's more than two years now since Jane's operation," Dr. Epstein said, "and she has not only held her own but has realized many of her hidden potentialities. I continue to see her periodically and I see no reason to believe that the disease will not continue to be arrested and that Jane will not live a long, happy and satisfying life."

To a question I posed later, Dr. Heath frankly replied: "We don't know *why* Jane recovered. We only know that what happened to her can happen and is happening to others. Her case has given us a new body of knowledge to study, just as every operation has produced material for every scientist engaged in this fight. The gains we make in the years ahead will be because Danny and Bill and Jane taught us things we did not know before."

The Tulane operation, although designed primarily to study schizophrenia and find more exact and less damaging operative procedures, has had some dramatic and unexpected side results. Some patients operated upon had physical ailments as well as schizophrenia. For several suffering intractable pain from terminal cancer and tuberculosis, the stimulation which followed the operation acted as a pain deterrent.

One elderly man had spent many years in a wheel chair, helpless from rheumatoid arthritis. One knee was swollen to a grotesque mass. Under stimulation, the swelling receded along with the pain, and the patient was able to walk about by himself and climb unaided on and off wooden blocks.

Breaking an Eight-Year Silence

Another schizophrenic who had not spoken for eight years was brought in suffering from advanced inoperable cancer of the breast. The electrodes were implanted in her brain. Under stimulation, she began to talk. Moreover, she was obviously relieved of intractable pain and was able to express her gratitude.

Dr. Heath and his associates do not know why these results occurred, but they are planning to test further the theories which seem worthy of pursuit.

Can we laymen do anything about schizophrenia? Very definitely, the Tulane doctors feel. Because its early detection offers the best chance for retarding the disease, they say that we all ought to learn to recognize its symptoms.

One of the first to appear may be extreme preoccupation, coupled with an aloof, superior air which makes the victim seem "high hat." He concentrates on himself, showing little concern for what goes on among other people or in the world. He seems emotionless and lacking in compassion.

Next, what at first seems only a lack of interest turns into suspicion of other people, then active hostility. Delusions and hallucinations develop; the victim may be plagued by "voices" accusing him of sex offenses or other crimes. He may refuse food and become careless about his personal habits. He may imagine that he has physical ailments, or direct his hostility toward the organs of his own body, like the patient who had to be restrained from gouging out her eardrums to still the "voices" she heard.

In further flight from the real world, the schizophrenic may deny his own identity and substitute another, usually related to some of his repressed desires. He may talk and write a high-flown jargon, using words he makes up. At last he distorts the world to conform to his own fantasies; he can no longer tell the difference between fact and fancy.

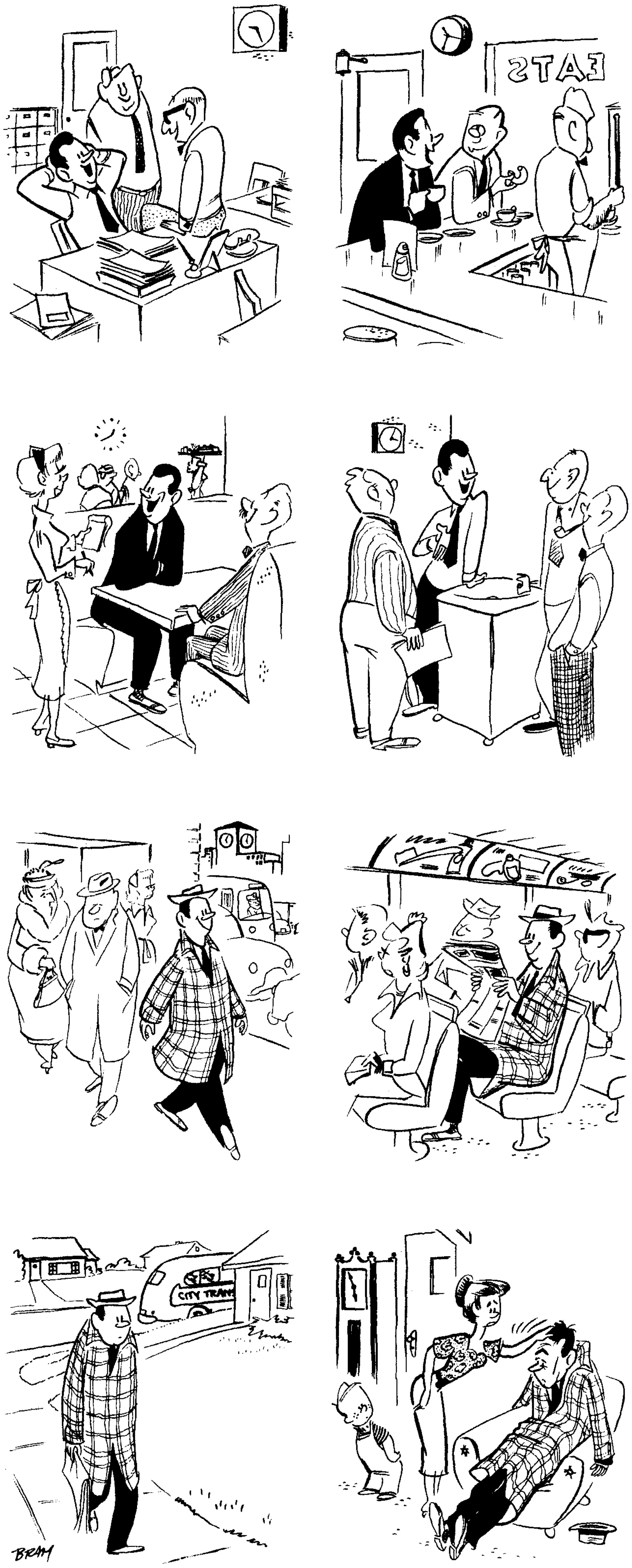
Because schizophrenia chiefly attacks the young, Dr. Heath believes that parents can be medicine's best ally. "To be vigilant about spotting the disease," he says, "may mean changing some of our ideas about child behavior. Mothers and fathers must learn to look twice at the child who is 'seen but not heard,' and to be concerned about the youngster who buries himself in books to the exclusion of playmates.

"Your eardrums may take a beating, but count yourself lucky if the neighborhood gang whoops it up in your house. Be glad if your child loves everybody and wants to be loved in return. Give him that love; it's as essential to him as the food you provide. Build up his belief in himself.

"This is one fight we can all get into —and for the best of all reasons, self-interest. More hospital beds today are occupied by patients with schizophrenia than with any other illness. But modern research offers hope. If everyone gets behind the fight, and if funds are made available for vitally needed further research, we may yet defeat this implacable disease." ▲▲▲

Hard Day at the Office

By HERBRAM



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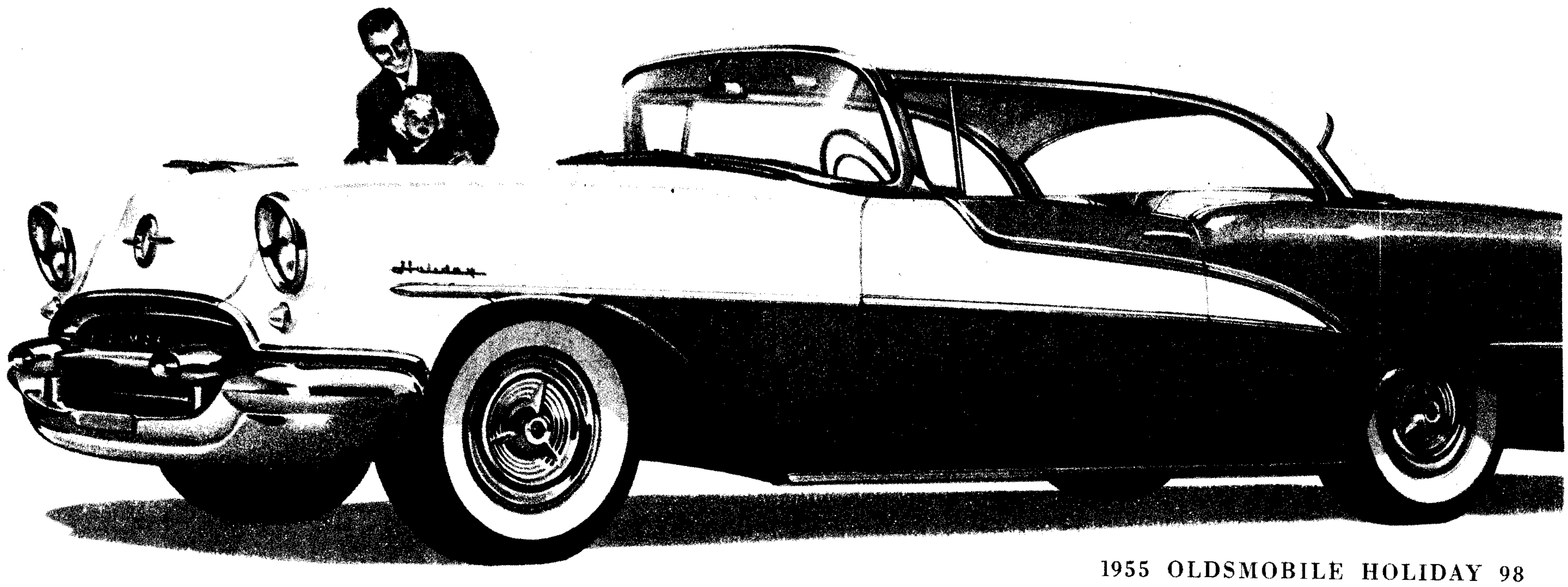

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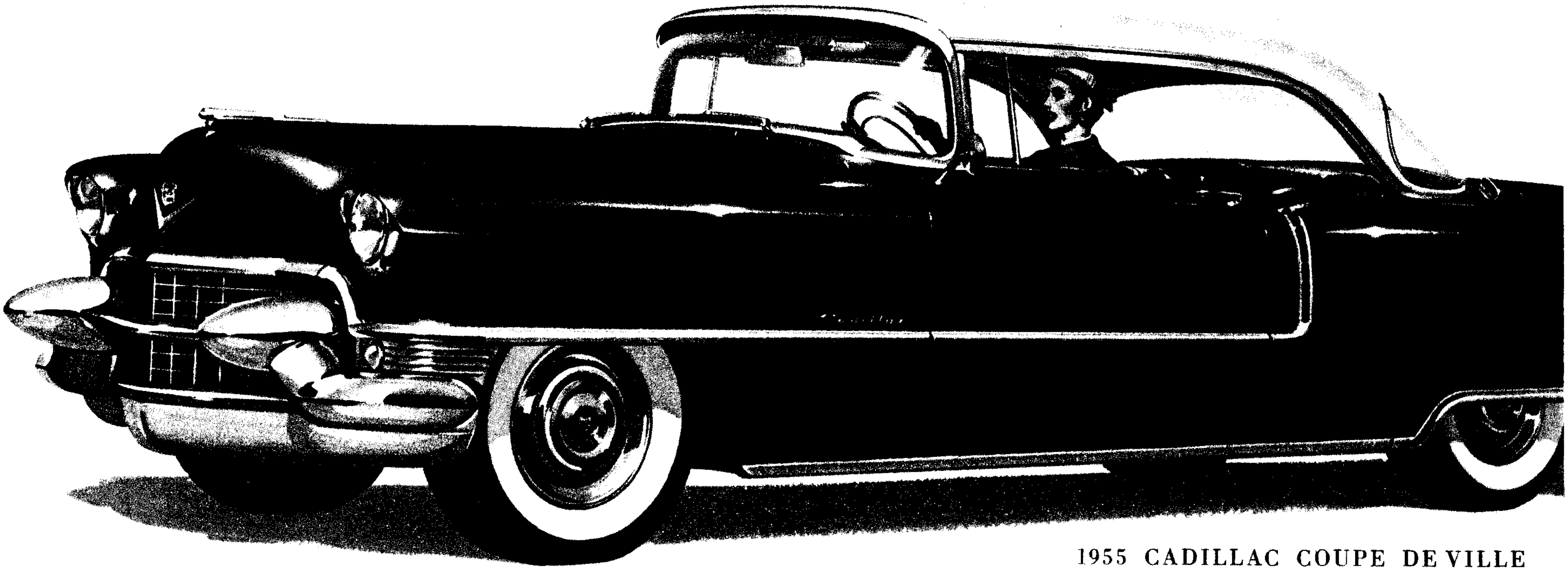

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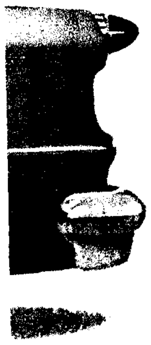

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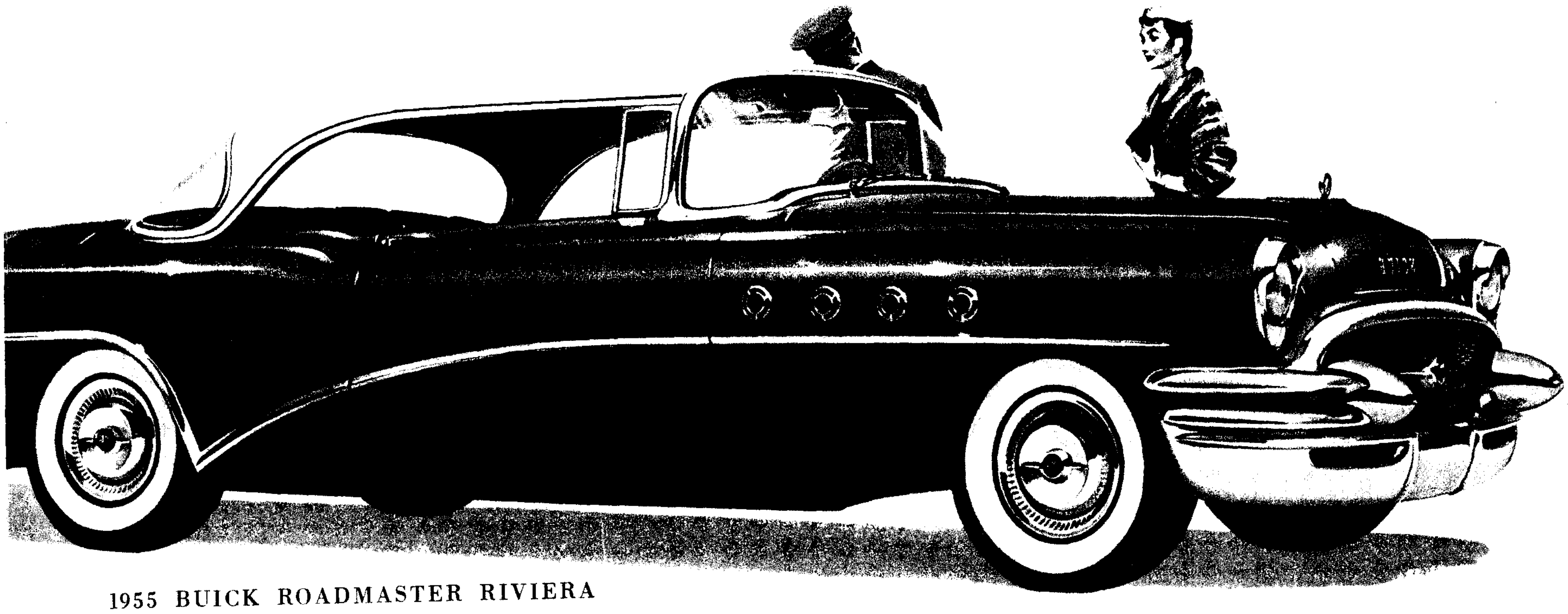

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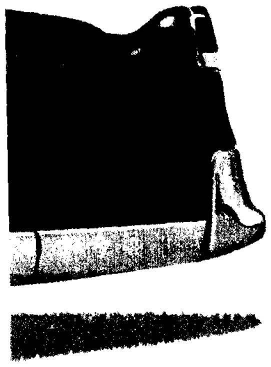

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You Don't Hunt Bears

That's what the old man on the train said, but our two heroes wanted proof. They got it—and a bear—after two rugged weeks

By ALFRED M. LANSING

WE WERE out to get a black bear. Not a rare blue glacier bear, or a giant Kodiak bear, or even a fierce grizzly—just a plain garden-variety black bear such as thousands of people all over the country hunt every year.

It seemed a modest enough undertaking. After all, we—photographer Willie Vandivert and I—knew quite a lot about bears. Or so we thought. As it turned out, we had the self-assurance that only the naïve can have. After two exhausting frustrating weeks, both of us were ready to admit we hadn't known anything about bears—nothing at all. But we learned—the hard way.

When we set out, we considered ourselves bear hunters of a sort because, like most people who go out for deer every season, we had always kept a wary eye open for any bear that might straggle into sight. But to be truthful about it, neither of us had ever actually come across a bear in the woods. We decided to make it as easy as possible on ourselves, so our first step was to find a place where the critters were plentiful.

We wound up taking a Canadian Pacific train from North Bay, Ontario, for Chapleau, about 250 miles to the northwest and—we had been assured—a great gathering place for black bears. As we settled down for the seven-hour trip, Willie turned to me.

"We can't miss, huh?" he said. Willie is skeptical by nature.

"Let's not go over all that again," I replied. "Anything can miss—you know that. All I can say is, I went to the Canadian government and asked them to recommend the best possible place to hunt bears."

"And this is it, huh?" Willie said. "This Chapleau place?"

"That's what the man said. He claimed there were so many bears around Chapleau that they're a civic problem. They're sneaking into town at night and raiding people's garbage cans. You can't ask much more than that."

"Don't press me," Willie said wryly, then picked up a magazine and began to read.

I had just started to read, too, when I felt a tug at my knee. It was the gray-haired passenger seated opposite us. A man of the outdoors, judging by his ruddy face, his woolen shirt and heavy boots.

"See you're going hunting," he said, gesturing toward our gun cases on the rack overhead.

"Yes," I said. "Up near Chapleau."

"What for?"

"Bears," I told him. "Black bears."

He looked at the ceiling and frowned, apparently pinpointing Chapleau in his mind, then evaluating it as a bear-hunting area.

A bear's a clever animal, but

—They Hunt You

"Yep," he said finally. "Ought be good up that way." Then he looked directly at me. "Ever been bear hunting?"

"Well . . . no. Not exactly."

"I thought as much," he said without giving me a chance to explain. "Yessir. I thought as much or you wouldn't be draggin' those things along." Again he gestured toward the guns. "Only thing to go after bears with is a trap. Only thing in the world."

"Oh," I said.

"You betcha," he continued, warming to his subject. "Know why? 'Cause you can't hunt black bears."

The pronouncement brought Willie into the discussion. "What do you mean, you can't hunt black bears?" he asked.

"Just that," the old fellow said smugly. "I suppose you fellows think you can hunt bears like you would a deer or a moose—get on their track and stalk 'em down. Well, you can't. Ain't nothin' smarter 'n all the world than a bear when he's being tracked. He'll take right off across the roughest ground he can find. And don't forget, the oldest, tiredest bear alive is in twice as good shape as you are. Sure, you can run a bear until he's outta breath, but it takes a heap of runnin', and you won't still be chasin' him when that time comes.

"Don't think you can sneak up on 'em, either. It's true they can't see too good—nearsighted, they say—but they can smell you a half mile away if the wind is right. And if you snap a twig, your bear is gone, mister. He's in the next county before you quit cussin'."

Not So Smart When They're Hungry

"If they're so smart," I asked, "how can you trap 'em?"

"That's the funny thing," the old fellow replied. "A bear that's bein' chased is the smartest, scariest critter on four legs. But if he ain't scared, if he doesn't suspect there's danger around, I guess he's the dumbest animal alive, almost. It's his appetite. Must be. A bear just can't pass up a bite o' grub.

"Eats anything, too. Grapes, acorns, leaves, skunk cabbage, wild flowers, seeds, fish, mice, apples, roots, ants. Just anything at all. You name it. A bear'll eat it. So if you're going to trap one, all you got to do is put a little grub out for bait. Don't even have to hide the trap. Just go away. The bear'll come around all right."

The old fellow paused to take a battered pipe from his pocket. He lighted it, then resumed: "It's funny what crazy ideas people have about bears. Like they say that they hibernate every winter. Ain't so."

Willie was skeptical again. He cocked his head. "Really?" he said.

"Nope," the old fellow said. "They don't hibernate; they sleep."

"What's the difference?"

"Lots of difference," he replied firmly. "Any animal that really hibernates is just about dead, you might say. Its breathing slows down; its heart almost stops beating; its temperature drops. All that sort of thing. And besides, it's almost impossible to wake up an animal that's really hibernating. In the wintertime, I'll bet you could use a woodchuck for a football and he wouldn't wake up. But you find a bear that's denned up—what most people call hibernating—and poke him with

author Lansing outsmarted one

Tracking down a bear is a tough job—unless, of course, he's drunk

a stick and you'd better be ready to move fast. That bear'll be outta there in ten seconds. And he may not appreciate being woke up."

I was convinced that the old boy knew what he was talking about, but I was puzzled about one point. "You said before that it'd be impossible to hunt a bear," I said. "How does anybody ever get one, then, unless he traps him?"

Explaining the Bear's Behavior Pattern

"What I said was you couldn't trail a bear like you would stalk a deer. You either gotta make the bear come to you, or be in a place that the bear comes to of his own accord. Then you can shoot him.

"Mind you, I ain't sayin' it's impossible to track down a bear. I'm sure it must've been done. But I've been in this country 40 years and I ain't never heard of anybody doin' it. Oh, I've seen dozens of black bears when I was just sittin' around. Come right up to camp and eat out of the garbage can with you watchin' them, if they don't know you're there. And I've seen 'em along creeks in the springtime when they come moseyin' along to catch a load of fish. But only twice in my life have I seen one when I've been goin' through the bush. Once I surprised one takin' a nap on a ledge of rock, and the other time I came up on one that was sweet-apple drunk. But that's . . ."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "What the devil is 'sweet-apple drunk'?"

The old fellow chuckled. "Didn't you ever know that bears get drunk? Bears'll eat apples until they can't hold no more and then they'll lie down and go to sleep. The apples inside of them will ferment, and they'll get drunk while they're snoozin' there. You can walk right up to them, just like I did.

"Anyhow, you see what I mean. Your chances of sneakin' up on a bear are mighty slim. So if you're dead set about usin' them guns up there, I think you'd best find someplace where bears are comin' regular to eat and stake yourself out and wait for 'em."

The train was slowing down, and the old fellow looked out. "Comin' into Sudbury," he said. "This is the end of the line for me."

He stood up and took a faded cloth bag off the rack overhead, then turned and shook hands with Willie and me. We thanked him and he hurried down the aisle.

Willie and I didn't talk much during the remainder of the trip, but we were both thinking a good deal. It was almost dark when we pulled into Chapleau, a frontier-type town with a single main street and a number of false-front buildings, like in the Old West. We were met by the two guides we had arranged for, Loren McWatch and Don Jeffries, both Crow Indians. They took us out to camp about 15 miles from town.

That night, sitting around the fire, I told them briefly what the old fellow on the train had advised us. They listened thoughtfully, then allowed that what he'd said was true. It would be much easier to get a bear, they said, if we set up housekeeping at a place bears visited at regular intervals to eat.

During the discussion, Willie had sat silent and frowning. "I don't care," he suddenly blurted out. "We came up here to hunt a bear. Maybe it can't be done, but let's at least give it a whirl and prove it to ourselves, huh?"

We agreed—but it was a decision we were to regret.

When we got up before dawn next morning, it was cold and snowy. We split up. Willie and Don went together to hunt overland through the woods. Loren and I took the canoe and portaged two miles to Henderson Lake, which Loren said was a red-hot bear hangout.

The portage itself deserves mention. Here is a sport which I nominate for the world's most rugged. I doubt if there is any activity more back-breaking than carrying a pack on your shoulders, a rifle over one arm and an 85-pound canoe over your head while you trudge uphill along a deer trail through a forest so thick you keep crashing into trees and staggering backward. (With the canoe over your head, you can't see very well where you're going.)

Garbage dump near Chapleau, Ontario, though admittedly not very scenic, proved to be a sure-fire bear hangout. Lansing and photographer Vandivert check area for bear evidence

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM VANDIVERT

Somehow we made it to Henderson Lake. There we thankfully lowered the canoe into the water, climbed in and began paddling silently along the shore line, hoping to glimpse a bear getting a drink or maybe catching fish.

We didn't. I still think we might have—if Loren hadn't been seized with a fit of coughing. He must have coughed for six hours straight, and on that grave-silent lake each cough sounded like a trailer truck backfiring. However, we stuck it out till dusk. Then we shouldered our load again and staggered back through the forest to camp.

Willie and Don had had no better luck, and they said their trek had been really rough. We spent the rest of the evening arguing over who'd had the toughest day. The only decision reached was to trade places the following day.

Next morning I chuckled as I watched Willie and Don muscle the canoe onto their backs and head off into the trees. But I quit laughing when Loren and I started into the bush. Here was first-growth timber. No man had ever touched an ax to these trees. On the ridges it was fairly easy going, but in the valleys it was rough, really rough. There grew 10-foot-high alder thickets as dense as weeds and nearly as tough as steel rods. To get through, you had to put your head down and drive with your whole body. Speed was as impossible as stealth; progress was all you could hope for. Sometimes we would plunge into a thicket only to be thrown back by the resilient alders.

During the day I managed to (1) rip a pocket off my hunting jacket which (2) spilled all the cigarettes I had into a swamp, ruining them, and (3) tear the iron peep sight from my rifle. The loss of the sight, however, was no real catastrophe, because in the bush you couldn't see more than about 20 yards; at that range, sights on a rifle are about as necessary as power steering on a motor scooter. (Incidentally, if you ever find yourself in the far north, always remember to refer to the woods as "the bush." It'll mark you as an old-timer, right off.)

Of course, Loren and I drew a blank for our day's efforts. So did Willie and Don. But we had agreed to try to hunt a bear, so for the next nine days we continued to fight through the bush and portage to lakes farther and farther away. We saw fresh bear tracks and old dens; we saw trails and clawings and hundreds of places where bears had been. But we never saw a bear.

Our Heroes Decide on a New Approach

On the night of the tenth day, Willie and I took stock of our situation as we sat before the fire.

"I'm for giving in," I said.

"I've *given* in," he replied.

"What about the guides?"

"I think they wish they'd never heard of us."

"Okay. Starting tomorrow we try to get the bears to come to us. Agreed?"

"This defeat is the greatest happiness I've ever known," Willie said.

The following morning we split up again. We got hold of two trucks, and set out to look for places bears had been frequenting. The area was thick with lumber camps, most of them operated by French Canadians. Willie and Don went in one direction, Loren and I in the other. One by one, we visited the camps, asking the lumberjacks whether they had seen any bears in the area. At some camps, they said the bear population was scant. At others it was good. And a few said that bears regularly visited their garbage dumps.

That night we pooled our information. Our best bet seemed to be a camp about five miles north, whose French foreman claimed to have "one beeg bear who came round most every night, you bet."

"When we asked the foreman about bears, he got real excited," Willie said. "He told us that this bear was a real troublemaker. The darned thing's frightened the cook so badly he won't take his

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"Now the bear was really close—so close I could hear him breathe"

Guide Loren McWatch (foreground) leads way through dense brush trailed by tired Lansing

Success. After 14 days of woodland toil, struggling through the bush, portaging to distant lakes and waiting in the cold of night, a wiser Lansing finally drags his bear back to camp

garbage out to the dump after dark any more, and now the foreman's afraid that some night the bear's gonna break into the cookshack. They put out traps, but this bear apparently is a smart cooky. He hasn't gone near 'em."

"Sounds good, huh?"

"I'll say," Willie continued. "And just as Don and I were about to leave the camp, the foreman came up to me and said he'd like to join us. He said he'd wanted to wait for the bear at night ever since this big fellow'd been coming around, but he didn't like the idea of doing it alone. I said sure, come along."

Next morning we checked the area and, sure enough, there were signs of bear everywhere around the dump. The paw marks were immense, too. Then we found an ideal place for another stakeout. About a mile from the garbage dump, a skidding horse—a draft animal used to drag felled trees—had died and been buried in a small clearing. The carcass had since been partially dug up —by a bear, possibly the same one that was bothering the lumber camp. There were tracks all around.

That night we prepared an elaborate setup at both places. Willie and Don took a high-powered electric lantern and established themselves on the rim of the clearing where the horse was buried. They were to stand what we came to call the "Dead Horse Watch." Loren, the foreman and I staked out at the garbage dump. We parked a jeep so that its headlights would shine into the dump when they were turned on. Then we attached a length of clothesline to the steering wheel as a signal cord. Loren, whose post was in the jeep, was to switch on the lights the instant the clothesline was yanked. The foreman and I stretched out on the ground just in front of the vehicle. I wrapped the other end of the signal cord around my wrist.

We began our vigil at dusk. As the sunlight faded, a numbing cold gripped us. Beneath me, the ground became a block of icy marble. But we waited, there in the dark and the silence and the cold. We waited more than four hours. An occasional rat would rattle an empty tin can and set our hearts to pounding. Otherwise, nothing. At 11:00 P.M. we called a halt for the night.

The following evening, the teams traded places. Willie and Don had the Garbage Dump Watch, and Loren, the foreman and I drew the Dead Horse Watch. This time we waited until eleven thirty—but again, nothing.

On the fourteenth day of our hunt, Loren and I went back to the garbage dump, along with the foreman. We were in position at sunset—about 7:00 P.M. For two hours and 15 minutes we waited in silence, just as we had the previous two nights. At precisely nine fifteen by my watch, there was a resounding "crack" of a broken branch off to my right—how far away I couldn't tell. Then came another crack, closer this time.

As the Victim Approached the Ambush

The garbage dump was a U-shaped area at the rear of the camp. In clearing the ground, a bulldozer had piled up a hillock at the far end about 10 feet above the level of the ground. For the next 15 minutes, it was obvious the bear was approaching this rise of ground directly toward me. And it was a bear. There was no mistaking that. He wasn't making the least effort to be quiet. You could hear his every footfall now. Some were loud, when he trod heavily on dry twigs. Some were almost noiseless, as his paws touched down on the grass or barren ground.

At the snap of the first twig I had pulled back the hammer on my Winchester. A round of .348 ammunition was already in the chamber. I swung around and pointed the rifle in the direction of the noise.

Now the bear was really close—so close I could hear him breathe. It was obvious he was sniffing the wind. Would he climb the ridge? I waited. It was as long a moment as I can remember.

Then I could hear him moving again. Out into the bush. Not fast, just sort of casually and cautiously. He was moving gradually to the left around the end of the garbage dump. There were long periods when he didn't move, and I'd think that he'd taken fright. But then I'd hear him move on again.

At last the bear reached a point apparently directly opposite me on the other side of the dump. There was complete silence. I glanced at my watch. It was ten thirty. The bear had been moving around the dump for 90 minutes. My finger had been on the trigger of my rifle all that time. Now it was almost rigid with cold from the icy steel of the chamber. But gradually I had swung around to keep the muzzle always pointed in his direction. I was cold—but I was ready for him.

The darkness was a problem. I had strained my eyes so long peering into the black void that I imagined all kinds of shapes rising up over the ridge of land. But none of them had any real substance and they faded as quickly as they had appeared.

My eyes were fixed on the corner of the dump where the last noise had come from. Then, suddenly, I saw him. I hadn't seen or heard him climb the ridge, but there he was. As I watched, he straightened up. Higher and higher, until he was on his hind feet standing straight up.

"The lights! The lights!" the foreman whispered hoarsely.

I pulled the clothesline. The lights went on, flooding the whole dump. The bear dropped to all fours and spurted for the other side of the dump.

He never made it. My finger, aching with cold, finally closed on the trigger and a bullet tore loose from the rifle. A twinkling later, the foreman's ancient .30-30 let go.

Had we hit him? The muzzle blast of the rifles, after we'd sat so long in the utter blackness, was blinding. By the time the orange-red flash of light had cleared from my eyes, we were surrounded by men, some in their underwear, some in pajamas, and one old man in a flowing nightshirt.

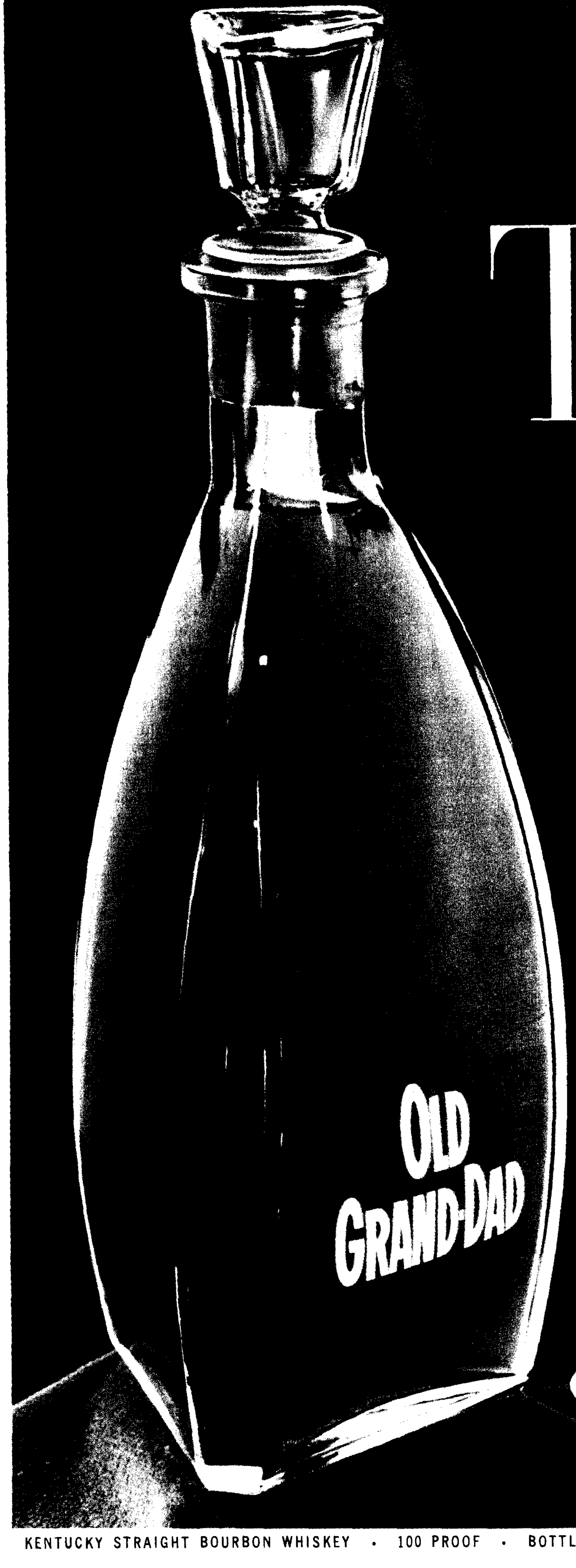
"Tu l'as attrapé! Il est mort!" the old man exclaimed. "You got him. He's dead."

It was true. The bear lay in a heap in the middle of the dump, and all the loggers were dancing around him and shouting in French. I was so excited I was shaking.

Willie and Don came roaring up in their truck. They skidded to a stop, and Willie leaped out and came over and began pounding me on the back.

"You did it! You did it!" he shouted in my ear. Then abruptly he drew back, and looked at me with an enormous grin.

"But you gotta admit," he said, "you didn't go to him—he came to you." ▲▲▲



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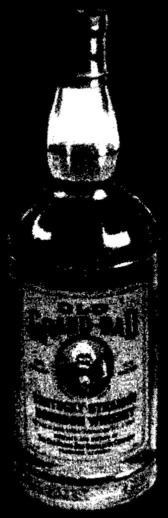

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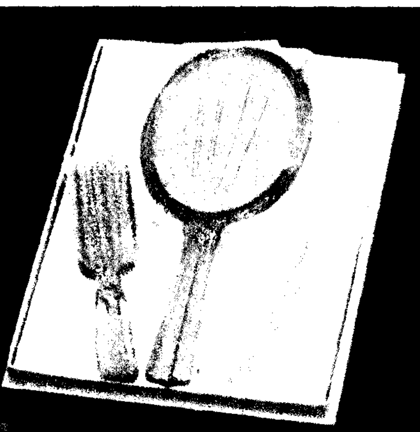

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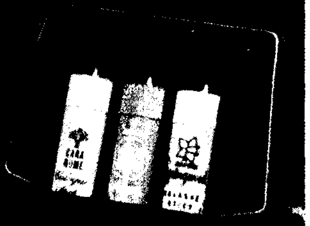

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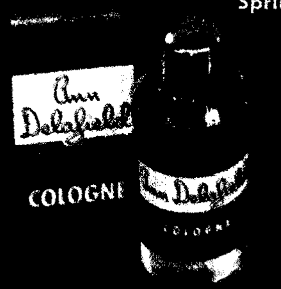

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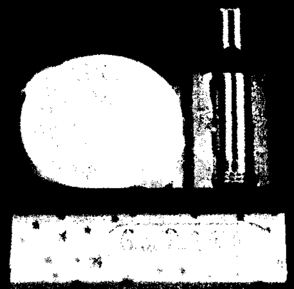

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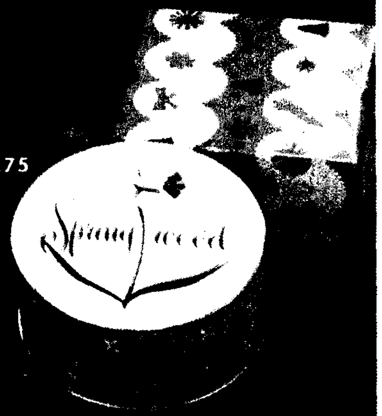

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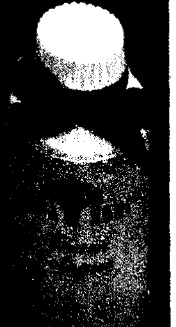

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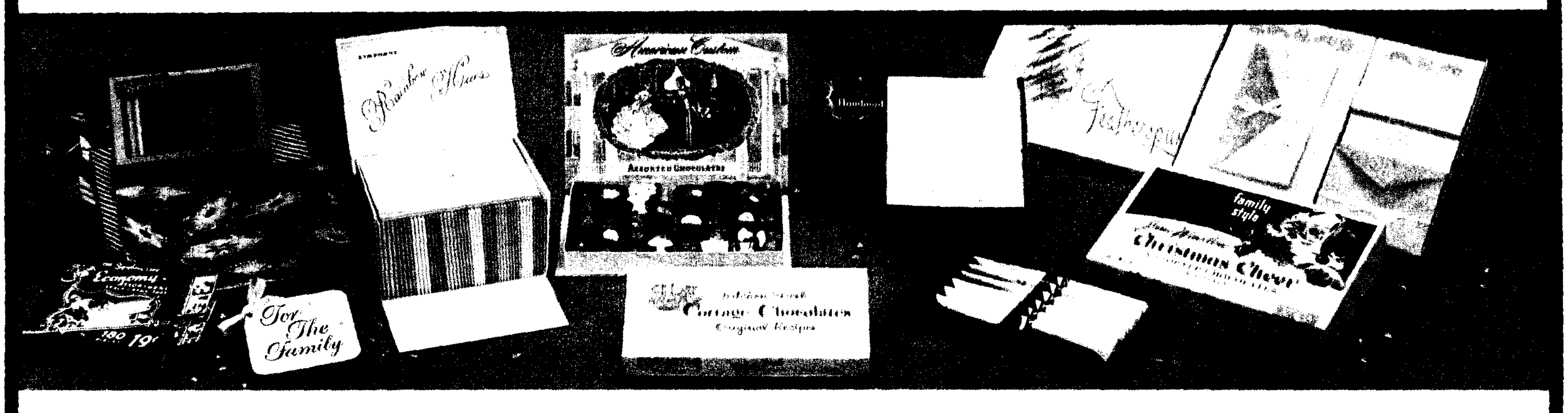

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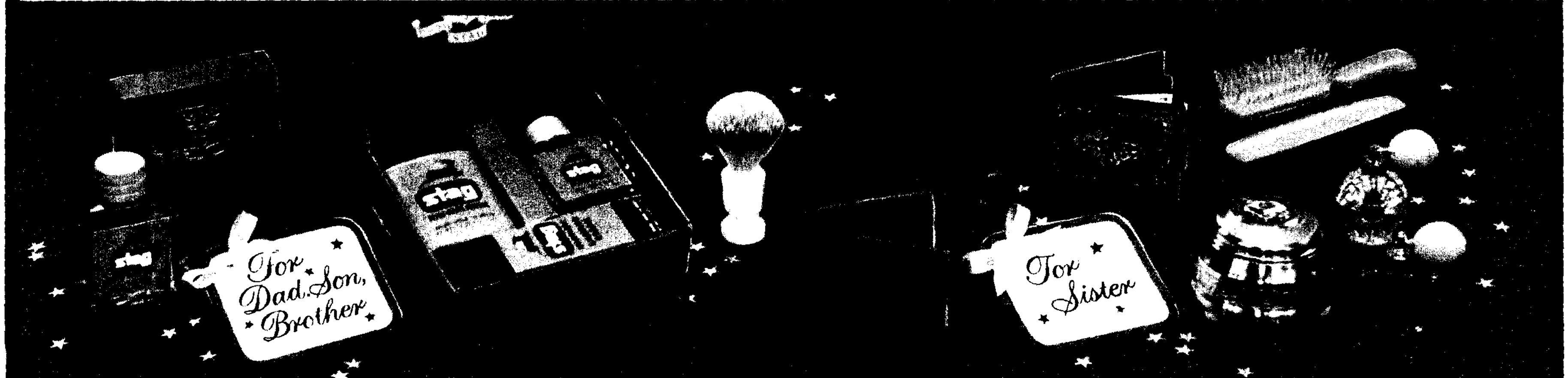

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A New Life of Winston Churchill

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

Soon after he was posted from Sandhurst to the Fourth Hussars he managed to get permission to visit the Spanish expeditionary forces which were struggling against a rebellion in Cuba, and he sailed for New York and Havana. On his twenty-first birthday, November 30, 1895, he came under hostile rifle fire for the first time in the jungle outside Arroyo Blanco. In his English uniform he sat his horse very straightly as the bullets flew past, and that was one more stage that was passed on the journey to find himself.

To India with His Regiment

He returned, elatedly one imagines, to an agreeable six months' vacation in England. Then in the autumn of 1896 he sailed with his regiment for India—into a tradition that was half Pompeian and half public school. For a young cavalry officer it had delights that will not easily be known again.

Before dawn each morning one was woken by a servant gently lathering one's face in bed, and then, when one had been dressed, there followed several hours' drill in the open. By eleven o'clock, when the sun was reaching its zenith, everyone was under the punkah fans (huge canvas fans suspended from the ceiling) in his house again. Then lunch in the mess and the siesta.

At five, when the sun was cooling at last, the real justification of the day began—polo. In a really enthusiastic regiment, polo was played not as a game but as the object of life itself, and all other occasions, even the day's work, were simply an interruption to the training for the inevitable interregimental competition that lay ahead.

The interesting thing about Churchill is not that he should have taken to this life at once and succeeded in it so well (he was one of the best horsemen in his regiment), but that, loving it so much, he should have begun so soon to turn away from it. At the age of twenty-two he began for the first time in his life to take to serious reading.

Outwardly there was nothing dramatic about this; it was simply a matter of sending for the books and reading them as many a soldier had belatedly done before. But in Churchill's case the impact of these studies altered the course of his life; now for the first time he really began to outdistance his contemporaries. He read in the way that only an empty, hungry mind can do when there is no specific object or examination in view but simply an overmastering absorption in the subject; and after so many arid intellectual years he was able to learn, no doubt, at a tremendous rate.

Through the four or five hot hours of the day at Bangalore, when his companions were sleeping or playing whist, he read first Gibbon and Macaulay and then advanced upon Schopenhauer, Darwin, Plato and Aristotle. For a time he passed through "a violent and aggressive antireligious phase," which as Miss Virginia Cowles says in her excellent study of Churchill, was almost feminine: he would believe what he wanted to believe.

Meanwhile his own writing had begun. When he was with the North-West Frontier forces he had sent back a series of letters which were published in the London Daily Telegraph, and these he now reshaped into his first book, The Story of the Malakand Field Force. Then in the space of two months, under the eye of his brother officers, he rattled off Savrola, his first and only novel. (It was a story about a revolt against an arbitrary government in an imaginary republic.) One glance at either of these two productions makes it clear that underneath the borrowed style a professional writer was at work.

But at this time, Churchill had three very active years of soldiering ahead of him, the years that were to turn him from a private into a public figure and make his name famous throughout the world. General Sir Herbert Kitchener was in Egypt, mounting an expedition which was to proceed up the Nile Valley and avenge the death of General Gordon by attacking the khalifa in the Sudan. Directly Churchill heard of these plans he used every influence to get himself attached to the expedition. But The Story of the Malakand Field Force had contained certain criticisms of the high command, and the generals not unreasonably disliked it. In the end, however, a place was made for him in the 21st Lancers. Before he left he made arrangements with the Morning Post to supply a series of letters at £15 (about $73) a column.

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COLLIER'S "That's too expensive. How much would a mug something like yours cost me?" W. F. BROWN

The Sudan campaign has always been overshadowed in public memory by one incident—the charge of the 21st Lancers in the battle outside Omdurman. This was the last of the classic cavalry charges before the machine gun took control.

As a military operation it could scarcely be accounted an unqualified success. Some 300 horsemen took part, launching themselves and their lances at full gallop upon a mass of several thousand Dervishes, and it was all over in three minutes.

When the British retired, it was found that nearly a quarter of their number had been cut down, and 120 horses destroyed, while but 40 or 50 Dervishes lay on the ground.

Churchill was just twenty-four at the time, and he was in the thick of it. He had dislocated his shoulder, but he carried a pistol, and finding himself alone among the Dervishes at the end of the charge he somehow managed to shoot his way back into the British lines.

Churchill's adventures at Omdurman brought him to a series of clear decisions. First he must get out of the army and into a wider life. Second he must make money—and the obvious way to do this was by writing. And third he would follow his father into politics. Even now, half a century away, one feels a certain sense of awe at the complete determination with which, against every obstacle, he accomplished these objectives within the space of the next two years.

First he returned to the army in India with the express object of rounding out his career as a polo player by taking part in the interregimental competition at Meerut, an event he accomplished very satisfactorily by hitting three of the winning goals in the final match despite the fact that his dislocated shoulder was strapped to his side. Then having completed The River War, his splendid account of the Sudan campaign, he resigned from the army and fought his first election as a Tory at Oldham. Here he was defeated, but he appears to have wasted no time in regrets.

Almost at once, in October, 1899, he set off for the Boer War as a civilian correspondent. Even by present standards the arrangements he made with the Morning Post were exceptionally good: he was to have $1,215 a month and all expenses paid.

Within a fortnight of arriving at Capetown he was captured by the Boers. Within a month he had escaped from Pretoria into Portuguese East Africa. And within a year, having attended nearly all the major actions, he was triumphantly back in England.

Very few escape stories either in their literary quality or in their excitement can compare with Churchill's own account of his adventures on the African veldt. He climbs the prison wall when the sentries' backs are turned, he walks boldly down the center of the road through the enemy capital, he leaps on the first moving train and by a special Providence it carries him in the right direction. Fearing that he will be discovered he leaves the train in the morning and wanders about, still hundreds of miles behind the enemy's lines, until at last, made desperate by hunger and despair, he gives himself up to the one householder in the whole countryside who, it happens, is English and willing to help him.

The Boers naturally are on the outlook for him on every road and railway and in every kraal. A reward of $122 is offered for the capture, dead or alive, of Winston Churchill, "Englishman, 25 years old, about five feet eight inches tall, indifferent build, walks with a forward stoop, pale appearance, red-brownish hair, small and hardly noticeable moustache, talks through his nose, and cannot pronounce the letter 's' properly."

Meanwhile Churchill lies low in the disused gallery of a coal mine reading Stevenson's Kidnapped. There is a particularly unpleasant episode with white rats down there in the darkness before he finally gets away.

The escape made a sensation in England. The war then was going badly and public imagination was in need of a hero. It seized on Churchill, and when instead of coming home at once he continued to send a stream of absorbing dispatches to the Morning Post from the most dangerous places, his reputation grew.

When finally on the fall of Pretoria he came home to contest the election of 1900, eleven different constituencies were offered him by the Conservative party. He chose, however, to go back to the scene of his earlier defeat, Oldham—and this time Oldham, with the bands playing, hung itself with banners: "The Conquering Hero." He won the election by a slight margin.

There were still some months to go before he took his seat in this last of Queen Victoria's Parliaments, and he set off on a lecture tour through England. The proceeds of this tour, together with his earnings from his books and the Morning Post, brought him $22,000. Then, crossing to New York, he earned a further $40,000 on a tour through the U.S.

When at last, in February, 1901, he came down to the House of Commons to take his father's old seat on the back benches, every one of the objects he had set himself had been completed.

A Frustrated Career in Politics

Now, aged twenty-six, he was filled with an entirely different ambition: to re-create and vindicate his father's political life. (Lord Randolph Churchill had risen to Chancellor of the Exchequer, number two post in the British government, and leader of the House of Commons, only to resign both posts in 1886 in a dispute over military expenditures; he never again held a prominent political position.)

Churchill had never really known his father. Always at those moments when they might have talked the boy was away at school or with the army. More and more, until his illness gained on him, Lord Randolph was immersed in his own career. He remained to his son an awesome figure, splendid, incorruptible, wrongfully abused, and remote. Then, in 1895, Lord Randolph died at the age of forty-five.

Now, six years later, Churchill was possessed by memories of his father. He set up his father's old desk and chair in his study, dipped his pen in his father's brass inkpot, and hung his father's picture on the wall before him. One after another he sought out his father's friends, learning and relearning his father's policies; and presently he launched himself upon a major work, a full-length biography of Lord

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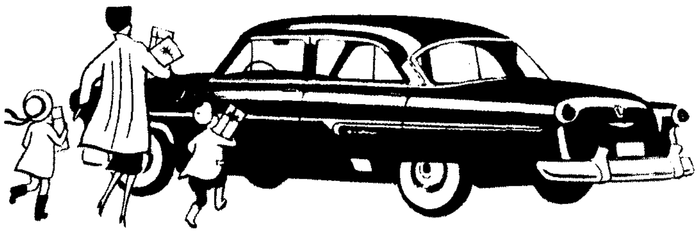

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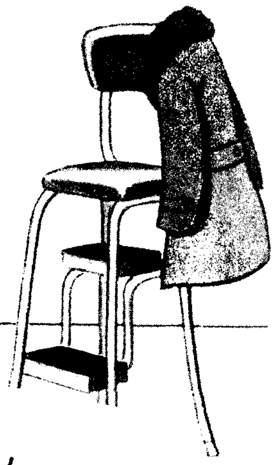

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Randolph's stormy life. And while this mental image was being steadily built up in the privacy of his rooms, he proceeded in public to re-create his father in the flesh. Lord Randolph's enemies would be his enemies. Lord Randolph had been a rebel and he would be one too. In the House, members began to see the father's gestures and mannerisms consciously repeated when the son got up to speak; and the words he uttered contained the same measured defiance.

In a speech, delivered on May 13, 1901, Churchill opened his campaign. He deliberately placed himself in his father's old corner seat and deliberately seized on the very issue, the army budget estimates, which had ruined his father's career.

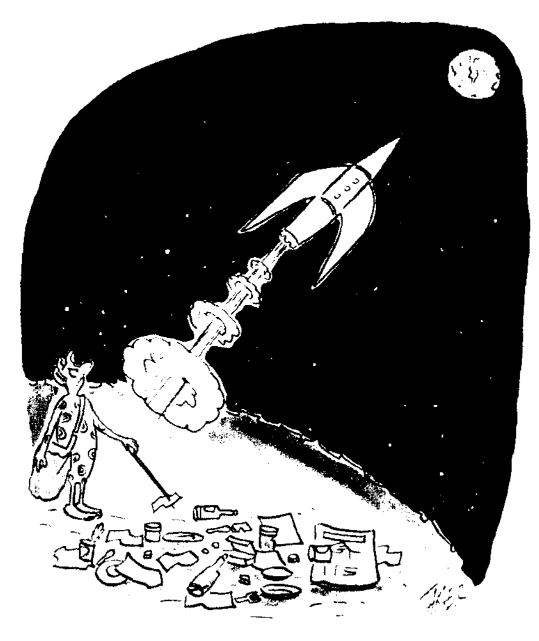
Phrases With a Fateful Sound

William St. John Brodrick, the Secretary for War, had brought in a scheme for the creation of three new army corps which would be available for service abroad. Churchill's argument was that the government would do much better to build up a navy which, in a European war, would keep the enemy at bay while the country put itself on a war footing at home. Across half a century some of his phrases have a strangely fateful sound.

". . . In former days, when wars arose from individual causes, it was possible to limit the liabilities of the combatants. But now, when mighty populations are impelled against each other . . . a European war can only end in the ruin of the vanquished and the scarcely less fatal commercial dislocation and exhaustion of the conquerors. . . . Sir, if this vast expenditure on the army were going to make us absolutely secure—much though I hate unproductive expenditure—I would not complain. But it will do no such thing. The Secretary for War knows —none better than he—that it will not make us secure, and that if we went to war with any great power his three army corps would scarcely serve as a vanguard. If we are hated, they will not make us loved. If we are in danger, they will not make us safe. . . ."

To the Liberals, this speech was something of a sensation. Churchill had spoken as a Tory backbencher, and this was a calculated attack upon his own leaders; having gone so far so early in his career it was not inconceivable that he would yet seriously embarrass the government by forming a progressive splinter group among the Tories, as his father had done before him. And this in fact was precisely what happened.

Churchill spoke on the average once or twice a month, sniping persistently at the unfortunate Brodrick, constantly leading a small group of rebels against the accepted party line. The final break came in 1903. Joseph Chamberlain as Secretary for Colonies was determined upon the abandonment of free trade, and this to Churchill was anathema. Free trade to the Churchills—and to many other Conservatives as well—was more than a policy: it was almost an article of faith.



COLLIER'S SCOTT TABER

Young Churchill embarked on a full-scale attack on the government and, when the House rose for recess, continued his personal campaign on Chamberlain all through the summer. It was remembered now that Chamberlain had been one of the chief opponents of his father.

When the House reassembled in 1904, Churchill became the center of a series of scenes of extreme bitterness. Once he was shouted down by his own party. On another occasion almost all the Conservatives walked out when he got up to speak. At Oldham his own electors disowned him. Clearly this false position could continue no longer, and in May, 1904, amid the contempt and derision of his own people, Churchill crossed the House to the Liberal side.

In the election that followed two years later the Liberals came in on a landslide and Churchill was even less endeared to the defeated Conservatives when it was learned that his new friends had given him the post of Undersecretary for Colonies. Now finally, it was said, the truth was out: here was the renegade who changed his party to obtain office, the political adventurer who would do anything for his own advancement.

"He was," one of his contemporaries wrote, "the most hated man in the House of Commons."

It is a curious aspect of Churchill's story that for a man who has been more constantly in the public eye than perhaps any other individual in the present century, so little importance should be attached to his private life. It seems to flow on in a calm backwater of its own. At no point does it impinge on his public career. No matter how tumultuous the public scene, everything here appears to remain serene, well ordered and detached. No breath of scandal ever touches it. The doubts, and the occasional backslidings that bedevil most men at some time or another appear to have no place with Churchill at all.

The remarkable solidity of his life stems from the enormous strength he has gained from his family and his traditions. He makes all his forays out into the world from a sure base at home. Politics are not for him a matter of personal life or death or of revolutionary causes; they are something added to life, a technique, a means for a man to express his talents and beliefs in the most responsible way, and even sometimes no more than a game.

It was from 1906 onward, when outwardly his fortunes seemed most controversial, that Churchill began to arrange his private life. When he was still only thirty he published his life of Lord Randolph, and even his opponents could hardly refrain from applause. With his savings and his income from this and other books he still had ample means to live a bachelor's life.

At this time he shared a flat in Mayfair with his brother, John, and even then he kept a good table and an interesting wardrobe. His habits were regular; the time other men spend in gambling or in society he devoted to the House, to the polishing of his speeches (sometimes as much as six weeks' work on a single speech), and to reading.

At this stage he had no hobbies; he was beset with a sense of urgency, a feeling that there was not much time left, that he might die in his forties as his father had done before him.

A Wedding in St. Margaret's

It was while he was fighting a by-election in Scotland in 1908 that he met Clementine Hozier, the only woman who ever seriously attracted him. She was a daughter of Colonel Sir Henry Hozier and Lady Blanche Hozier, and a granddaughter of the Countess of Airlie, a strong supporter of the Liberal cause. Clementine Hozier was a beautiful girl, aged twenty-three—11 years younger than Churchill. She had finished her education at the Sorbonne in Paris, and was herself interested in politics. Her family was not wealthy, and it was evident from the beginning that the couple would have to make their way together without family help. Their marriage in St. Margaret's, Westminster, was one of the social events of the 1908 season, and for this moment, at least, there was a pause in the political hostility of the Tories.

Their first child, Diana (now the wife of Duncan Sandys, Britain's present Minister of Housing), was born the following year. There followed Randolph (1911); Sarah (1914), who early in her career on the stage married Vic Oliver, the comedian, and is now the wife of Antony Beauchamp, a photographer; Marigold (1918), who died as a small child, and Mary (1922), who married Christopher Soames, now Churchill's parliamentary private secretary.

The early years of the marriage cannot have been particularly easy for Mrs. Churchill. Although from time to time Churchill visited his cousin, the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, most of the other Tory houses were closed to him. He was openly regarded as "a traitor to his own class," and it was felt that he should stew in his own juice among the cranks and radicals of the Liberal left. Nevertheless, there

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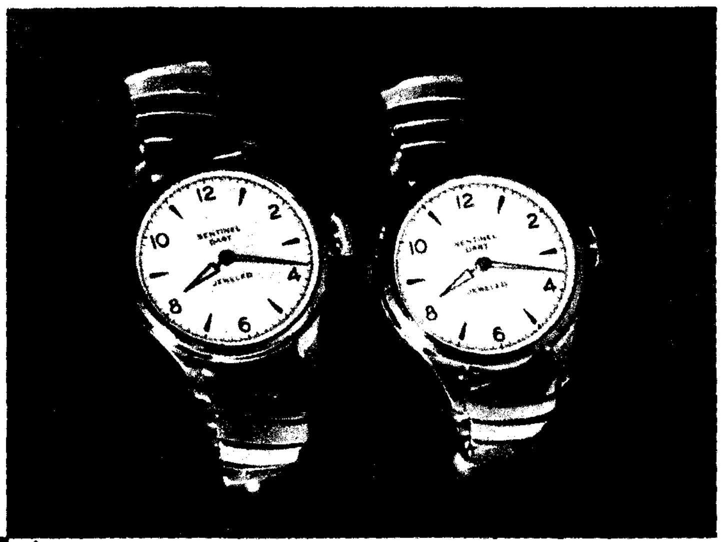

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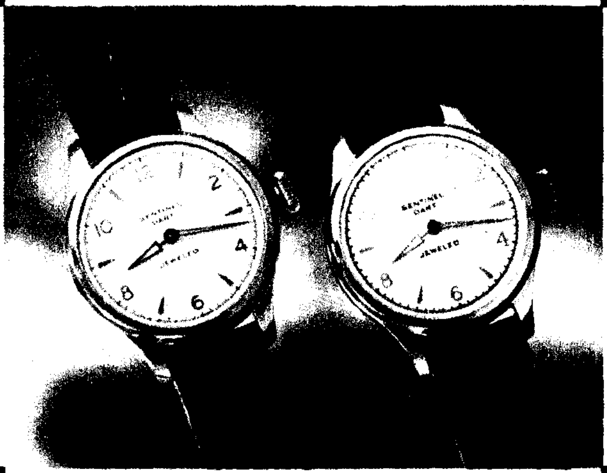

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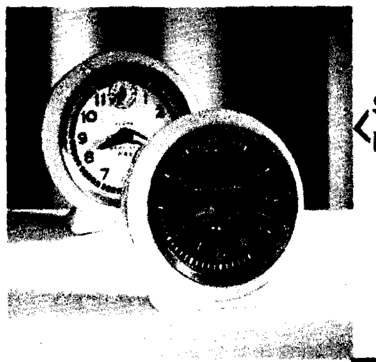

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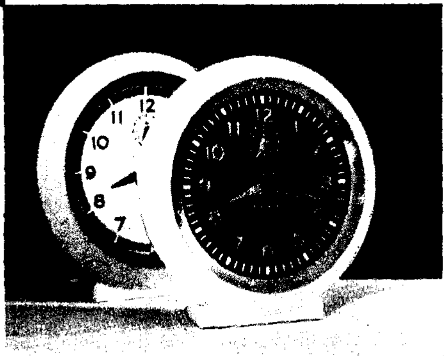

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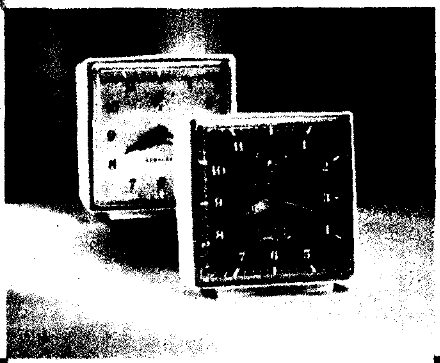

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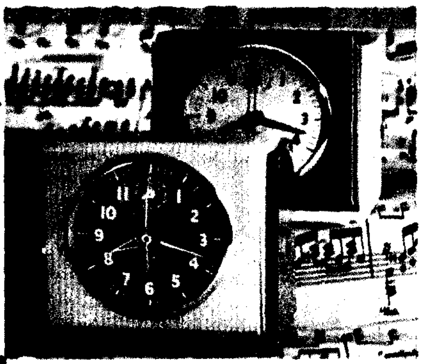

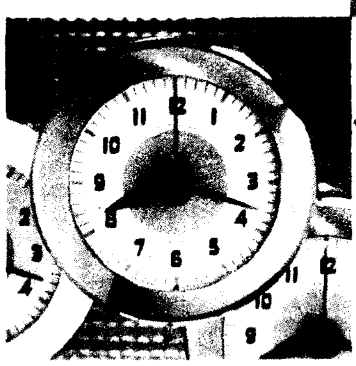

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In 1906, Churchill was called the most hated man in Commons

were plenty of other friends who were very ready to welcome the Churchills, and it is against the background of a thriving and more than usually united family that one has to consider the next nine years that carried him in a crescendo of publicity to the first of the two great heights of his career.

As Undersecretary for the Colonies, Churchill had the job of putting through a bill that was very much to his liking: the granting of self-government to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State in South Africa. This was an immediate success, and Churchill moved very quickly into the top ranks of the Liberal party. When Herbert Henry Asquith took over the Prime Ministership in 1908, Churchill was given the Board of Trade with a seat in cabinet. It was then he began his close association with Lloyd George, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The association of Churchill and Lloyd George seems to have sprung from an immediate recognition of ability on either side, for there was precious little similarity in their background, their training or their personalities. Lloyd George undoubtedly did more than anyone else to bring liberal principles to life in Churchill's mind, to enthuse him and reveal the horizons that lay ahead; more important still, it was through him that Churchill about this time began to discover the working class.

As a young man Churchill had regarded the poor through very blue spectacles indeed. In the Fourth Hussars he and his brother officers had strongly agreed upon the value of the Christian religion for the lower orders—"Nothing can give them a good time here, but it makes them more contented to think that they will get one hereafter." Later, as a young candidate for election, he was able to remark rather grandly: "I like the British workingman, and so did my father before me."

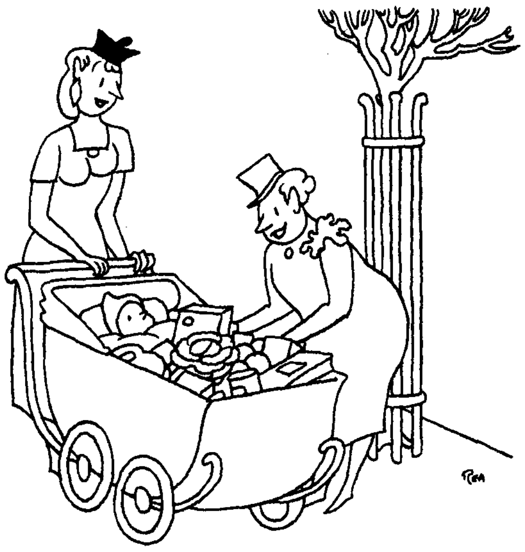
But now under Lloyd George's tutelage and out of his own awakened interest in the workers' conditions he was aflame to put things to rights; and at the Board of Trade he had the means at his disposal. The social legislation he accomplished between 1908 and 1911 is part of the social fabric of the country now. Old-age pensions, sickness insurance, labor exchanges and impartial trade boards which fixed fairer rates of pay and hours of work—in the establishment of all these Churchill took a hand, and the speeches he made at the time would have caused no uneasiness among the Labor party now.

But when he moved from the Board of Trade to the Home Office (corresponding to the Ministry of Interior in other countries) in 1910 there was some evidence that his liberal course was slowing down. Strikes occurred in the Welsh coal mines and on the docks and railways, and Churchill, with an instinctive sense of opposition toward any mass action against the law, moved regular army troops and special police into the affected areas.

It was true that the local authorities had called for help, but the action was a little too precipitate. It affronted the strikers where possibly no need for affront had arisen. It was the beginning, in fact, of a deep-seated distrust of Churchill in his handling of domestic issues which has continued in the trade-union movement ever since. The workers never felt that his desire for reform came from himself or his own life. Their feelings could only be comprehended by someone who had grown up among them and knew hunger not as an abstract evil but as a physical pain.

In 1911, when he was just thirty-seven years of age, Churchill moved on from the Home Office to the Admiralty and the last chapter of his youth. In the face of a continuously mounting threat from Germany his job was to prepare the navy for war.

The manner in which Churchill rose to this emergency is certainly one of the most creditable and inspiring things of his whole career. He had made friends long before with Lord Fisher, the retired First Sea Lord, one of the most intractable of men, and he carried through Fisher's program with the utmost determination. Fisher wanted the fleet to burn oil instead of coal; Churchill pushed through a deal by which the government obtained a controlling interest in the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and first call on all its oil in time of war. Fisher wanted more speed and faster ships. Churchill, no longer an apostle of retrenchment, forced the cabinet to grant the money.



"And what a beautiful head of cabbage, too!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

In the midst of this, Churchill found time to promote a few pet interests of his own. Having taken to flying himself in 1913, he set up the Royal Naval Air Service, and a year later gave instructions to the naval engineers to look into the possibility of constructing an armored car which would go over trenches. When later they produced a weird contrivance on caterpillar wheels he approved the design at once and, without waiting for the authority of the Army Council, placed orders for 18 of them. This was the beginning of the tank, which was known at that time as "Winston's folly."

Then, too, the very events of the time appeared to conspire in Churchill's favor. Early in 1914, before the war was regarded as a definite possibility, he canceled the usual maneuvers and instead ordered a test mobilization of the fleet. On Saturday, August 1st, the day that Germany declared war on Russia, Churchill had the ships steaming to their war stations in the North Sea.

Churchill moved in these days with an enormous gusto. He was perfectly at home with the navy, and when in November he brought back Fisher as First Sea Lord the fleet came under the most spirited control it had known since the days of Nelson.

Of Churchill's own activities it was barely possible for Asquith or anyone else to keep track. Within the first few weeks of the opening of hostilities he was off to Dunkirk to take part personally in an action on the left flank of the advancing German army. Then in October, when all Belgium was collapsing and it was vital to hold Antwerp, if only for a few days, he presented himself in the city in uniform and took charge of the resistance. For a time he would not come home, and even pleaded—in vain—with Asquith to be allowed to resign the Admiralty and take up a military command.

For the moment the First Lord was flying his flag high, wide and handsome. He was forty. He had not died as he had once imagined he would. He had advanced to the command of the greatest battle fleet in history, and Lord Randolph's name was vindicated at last.

Churchill went back to the Admiralty and began at once to embark upon an adventure which was bolder than anything that had yet been dreamed of: the conquest of the Dardanelles, the vital straits which divide European and Asiatic Turkey.

The Dardanelles campaign was to prove the turning point of Churchill's career. It was not entirely his plan, but he was the chief sponsor of the naval attack; he kept arguing inside the cabinet until he got his way, and in the end he staked his reputation upon the outcome.

To Churchill the issues were clear. The trench warfare in France was getting nowhere, and the German navy was refusing to come out and fight. Meanwhile, the British navy, the most powerful striking weapon in the world, was lying virtually idle. Using it to blast through the Dardanelles to Constantinople (Istanbul) would throw Turkey out of the war, bring the Balkans in on the side of the Allies, and relieve the awful pressure which the German armies just then were bringing to bear on Russia.

But first there were two formidable men to persuade: Lord Kitchener, the Secretary of State for War, and Lord Fisher, the First Sea Lord.

Fisher at first was reluctant, but little by little Churchill brought him round until in the end he was positively enthusiastic. Lord Kitchener, who was wholly engrossed in the battle in France, was inclined to think the campaign could never be more than a side show, but if the navy wished to "go it alone," well, then, good luck to them; he might be able to spare them a few soldiers to make a landing later on.

In the months that followed, Churchill came to be regarded as the interfering amateur who seduced the admirals and the generals against their better judgment; he was the reckless adventurer, equally indifferent to the loss of ships and of human life, who persisted in his mad plans long after all hope had gone. After 40 years, an echo of that impression remains, faint but insistent, and it is interesting to look briefly into what actually happened.

Review of the Gallipoli Story

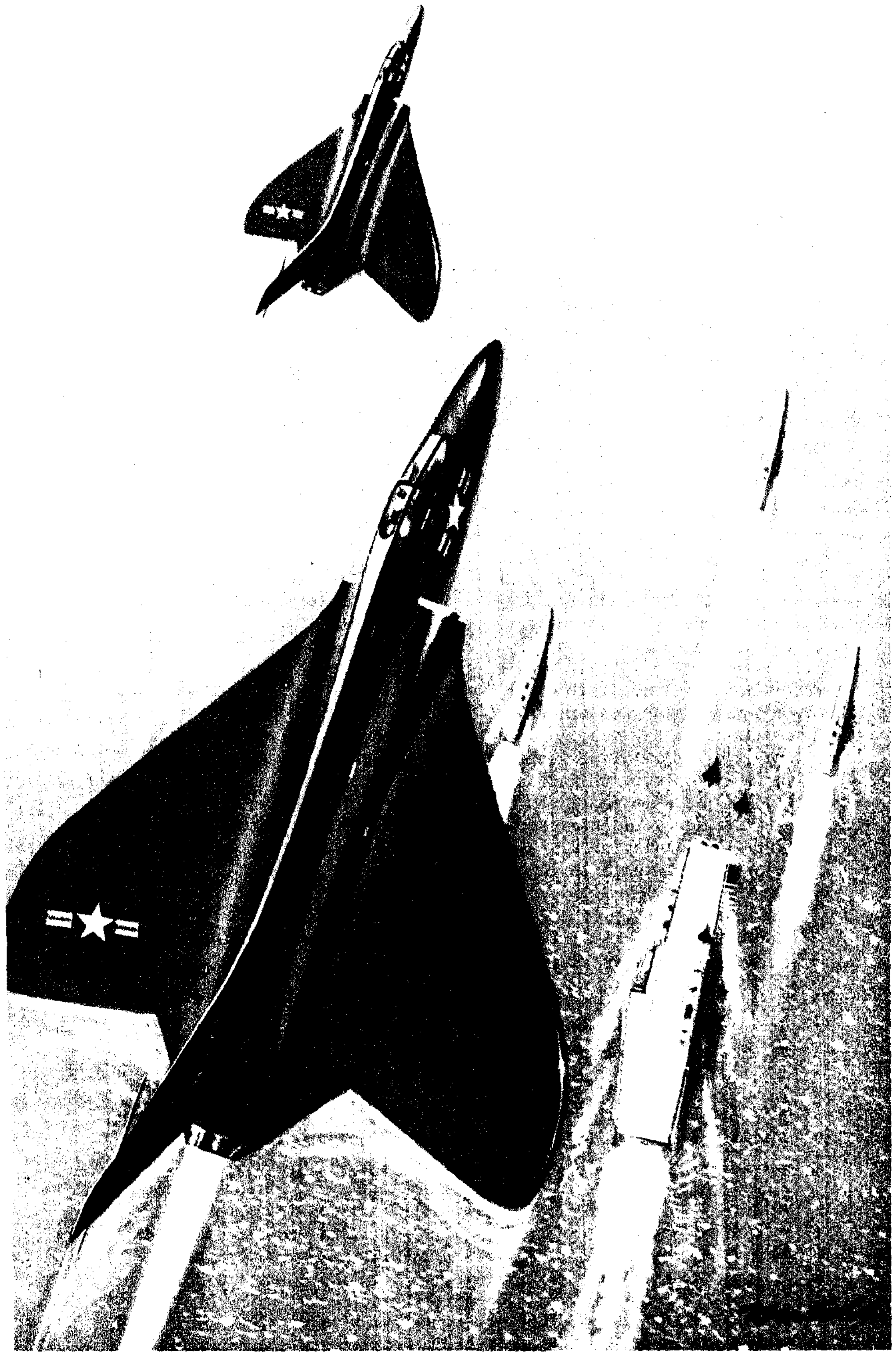
A few days after Turkey entered the war on the side of the Central Powers, Admiral Carden, in command of the British and French fleets in the eastern Mediterranean, made an exploratory bombardment of the outer forts of the Dardanelles without encountering serious opposition. On January 3, 1915, Churchill sent him the following message: "Do you consider the forcing of the Dardanelles by ships alone a practical proposition? . . ." Carden replied that it could be done, and on January 13th, the cabinet formally consented to the dispatch of a naval expedition "to bombard and take the Gallipoli Peninsula [on the north shore of the straits] with Constantinople as its objective."

At 9:51 A.M. on February 19th, a combined British and French fleet went into action with 178 guns. The reply from the Turkish batteries was so feeble that the ships might have continued into the straits had not the weather broken. Five days of storm intervened. Then on February 25th, while the entire fleet concentrated a very heavy fire on the outer forts, shore parties of sailors and marines were landed by night on both the European and Asiatic sides of the straits. They blew up 48 Turkish guns and returned to their ships. There were no casualties of any consequence; most of the Turkish gunners had run away. The fleet was now able to steam six miles up the straits, and Admiral Carden sent a signal to London saying that he hoped to get to Constantinople in about 14 days.

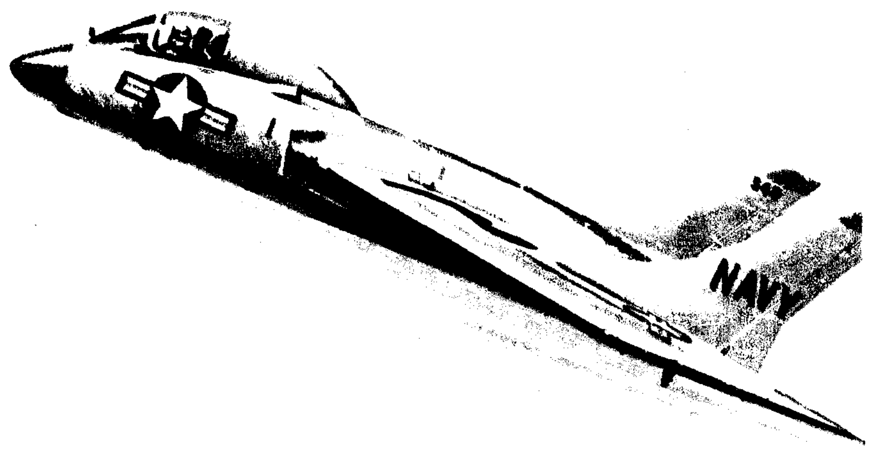
But now delays occurred. Carden fell ill. The opposition stiffened as the expedition advanced, and it was not until the morning of March 18th that another full-scale attack developed. In the meantime, unknown to the Allies, 20 new mines had been laid—and these 20 mines have a place in history. At 1:54 P.M. an immense explosion was seen on board the French battleship Bouvet, and she sank within two minutes. Soon afterward Britain's Inflexible was struck, and there followed in rapid succession the loss of the Irresistible, the Ocean and the Gaulois. No one could make out what was happening; that area had already been swept by British mine sweepers and the main Turkish batteries on either side of the straits had been silenced. It was concluded then that either torpedoes were causing this destruction or that the Turks were floating mines down on the fleet.

In this uncertainty Admiral de Robeck, who had succeeded Carden, ordered a withdrawal, intending, however, to attack again on the following day. But to veterans like Fisher it was appalling that so many battleships

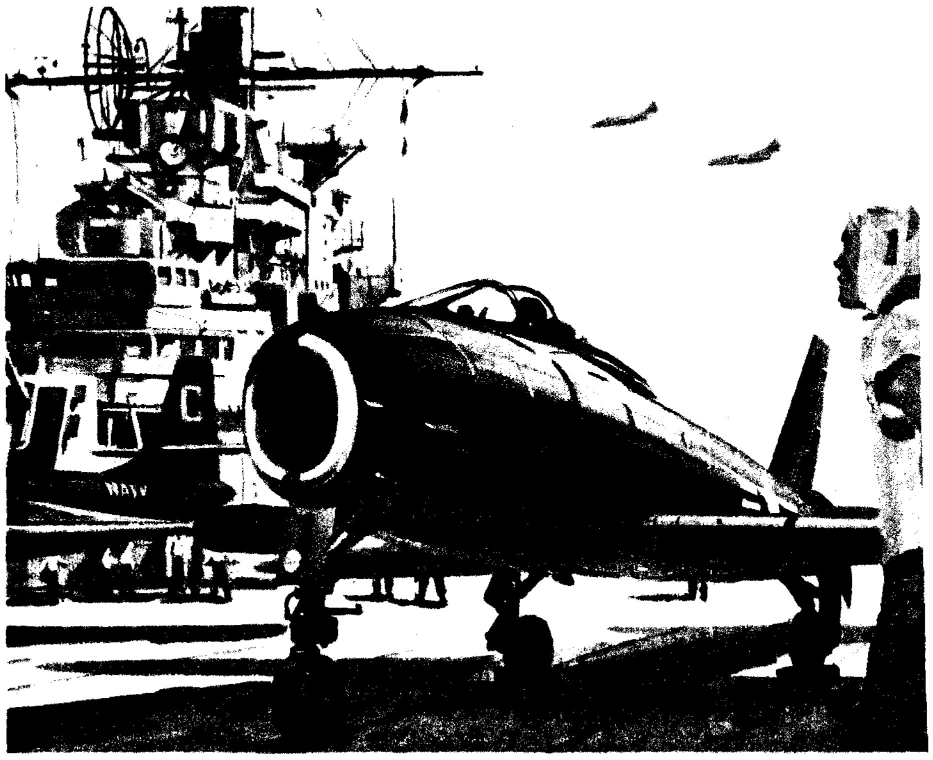
A NEW GENERATION



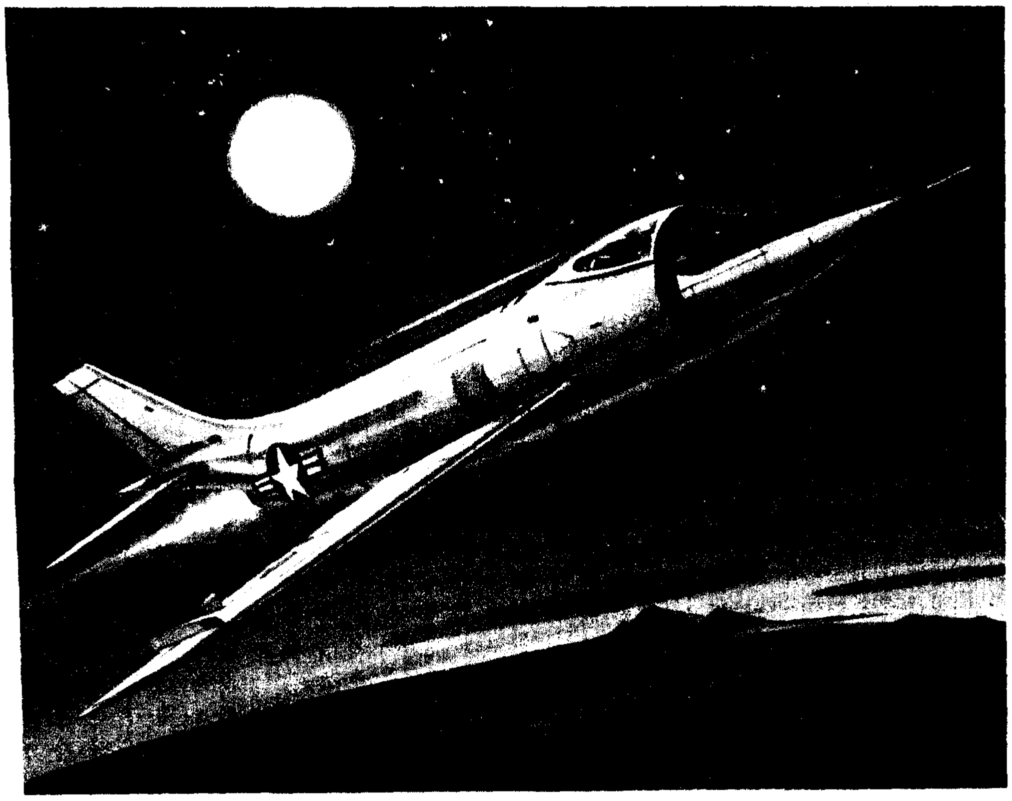
MODIFIED DELTA WING marks the Navy's first supersonic combat airplane, the Douglas F4D Skyray. It is powered by one 10,000-pound thrust Pratt & Whitney Aircraft J-57 jet engine.



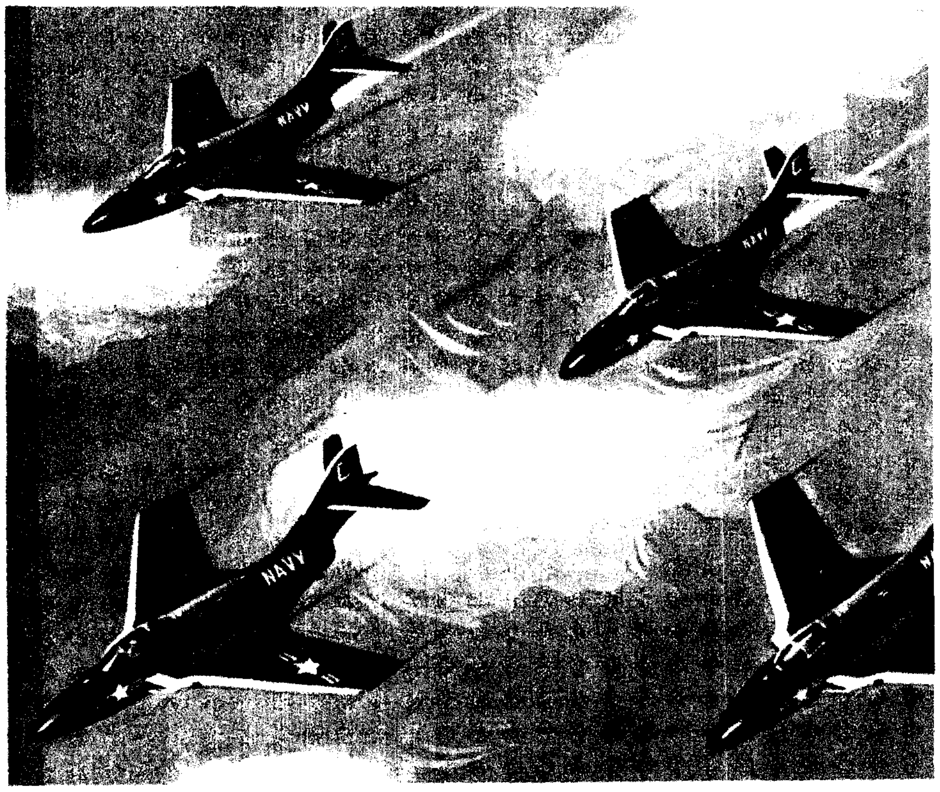
TRIPLE THREAT F7U-3 Cutlass is latest of Chance Vought's Navy aircraft. Two Westinghouse J-46 jets power this 12-ton fighter. Cannons, rockets or guided missiles are its weapons.



NEW AIR SUPERIORITY fighter, North American Aviation's FJ-3 Fury, is seagoing relative of the Sabre Jet. This fast, hard-hitting airplane has one Wright 7200-pound thrust J-65 jet engine.



SHARP-NOSED DEMON, McDonnell Aircraft's F3H, gives the Navy another high-performance fighter for carrier service. One 9500-pound thrust Allison J-71 jet engine will power it.



SLEEK F9F-8 COUGARS are swept-wing, 700-m.p.h. versions of Grumman Aircraft's Korea-famed Panther. They are powered by Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's 7250-pound thrust J-48 jet engines.

OF NAVY FIGHTERS

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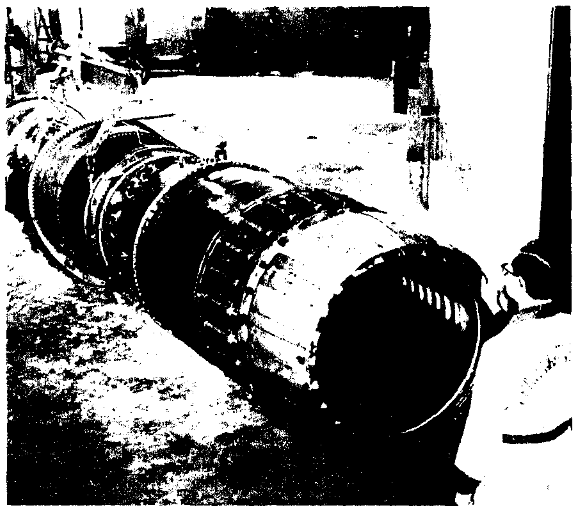
Through the combined efforts of your armed forces and the aviation industry, improved airplanes of every category are rolling from production lines. Typical are the Navy fighters shown on the opposite page. They are second to none in quality and in performance. These and other aircraft are being produced today at more than four times the rate when war broke out in Korea in June, 1950.

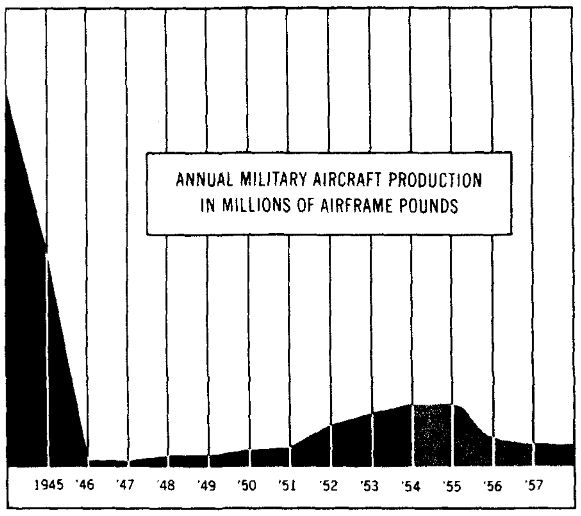
Despite this progress, a vast amount of work remains to be done. To meet the continuing challenge from behind the Iron Curtain, research and development for new generations of U. S. fighting planes must be continuous year to year, while production must be high enough to keep your Navy and Air Force supplied with the most modern and most effective combat planes.

Such a program has been given a vigorous start. If carried forward on the basis of a long-range plan, without costly stop-and-go interruptions, it can achieve and maintain—at the lowest possible cost to taxpayers—the kind of air strength under which lasting peace may one day be attained.

CONTINUING RESEARCH is the key to America's continued air leadership. In the jet age, especially, every advance in airplane or missile performance depends on more knowledge, or new materials, developed by aviation's research scientists. From their laboratories, test cells, and wind tunnels, comes the data needed to improve the design of fighting aircraft, to increase engine power and to produce equipment like this small but vital Hamilton Standard air refrigeration unit.



CONTINUING DEVELOPMENT of aircraft or engines, by design or material improvement, increases performance, safety and operating effectiveness. Jet engines of 1944, for example, produced about 4000-lbs. thrust and had to be rebuilt after only a few hours running. Top engines today, like Pratt & Whitney Aircraft's J-57, turn out 10,000-lbs. thrust, and much more when equipped with an afterburner, as above. Some jets now run over 1000 hours before overhaul.



CONTINUING PRODUCTION of the most modern aircraft and weapons is rebuilding U. S. Air Power from the weak level of 1947 to a position of major strength, as this graph shows. Today's rate will give America modern Air Power by 1957. Estimated future production can provide continuing air strength at minimum cost to taxpayers. With far fewer planes, 1957 Air Power will be far more powerful than World War II's giant Army and Navy air forces.

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should have been lost, and when, on the following day, De Robeck failed to get promptly under way again he was forbidden to move. For the next month not a single shot was fired.

Not until nearly four years later, when the war was over, was it learned that the Turkish garrison had been at its last extremity, its stocks of mines and ammunition all but exhausted, and its gunners demoralized by this, the heaviest naval bombardment in history. In Constantinople the sultan and the government were preparing to decamp with the treasury into Asia Minor, and it was feared that a revolution would break out in the city.

Unaware of the true state of the Turkish defenders, Fisher announced immediately after the March 18th engagement that he was opposed to any further operations. The whole campaign, he said, had better be abandoned.

With Lord Kitchener, however, things were working in precisely the opposite direction. He decided that the army must now tackle the job and ordered General Ian Hamilton, an experienced but perhaps not a dynamic man, to go off posthaste and organize a full-scale landing on the enemy fortress. Hamilton was given no plan—and there were no plans because this was the first that anyone in the War Office had heard about a Gallipoli landing. Kitchener did not discuss his plans: he announced them.

The Turks, meantime, began to fortify the peninsula with all possible speed. They got guns from the Skoda works. They sent down 60,000 men to dig themselves in behind barbed wire and machine guns.

All this was thoroughly known or guessed in Egypt, where Hamilton was assembling his force; but still the decision was taken to go ahead.

Faith in Navy Was Unshaken

Churchill's course through these bemused events was clearer than most. He was never a great enthusiast for the land operation. He always believed that the navy could have done the job alone, at any rate in the early stages. But now with this new enthusiasm of Kitchener's, events were very largely taken out of his hands.

In public and to a great extent in the semiprivacy of Whitehall he was still regarded as the minister who was primarily responsible for the undertaking, and he was still eager for it, provided only that the army acted quickly and with a sufficient number of men. But the campaign became a classic example of too little and too late. Where one division could have won the whole Gallipoli Peninsula in March, six were not enough in April; when in June another army corps could have done the job, a whole new army in August was not enough. In the end, half a million men were committed piecemeal to the battle.

This being said, the rest of the story is marvelous. The fleet that steamed out of its base at Mudros Island on the night of April 24, 1915, against the background of Mount Athos and the Grecian Islands, must have been one of the most majestic sights of all maritime warfare. Both sailors and soldiers were possessed with that kind of reckless confidence that can come only through inexperience and the emotion of sharing a tremendous risk together.

By dawn, the English, the Anzacs (Australians and New Zealanders) and the French were ashore at three places, but they ran headlong into machine-gun fire, and their losses were considerably more than at the D-Day landing in Normandy, 30 years later.

Never on this first day, nor in any of the Homeric battles ahead, did they succeed in advancing more than a few thousand yards inland.

The losses on either side soon were being numbered in tens of thousands, and by the middle of May all impetus was lost; Hamilton wrote home to Kitchener that unless he was reinforced he could do no more.

On May 14th there was a despondent cabinet meeting in London. Fisher announced that in no circumstances would he agree to the renewal of the naval attack until the army had won the peninsula. On the following day he resigned.

Churchill wrote a conciliatory letter to Fisher asking him to come back. Fisher's reply was not unkind, but he stuck firmly to his decision, using capital letters: "YOU ARE BENT ON FORCING THE DARDANELLES AND NOTHING WILL TURN YOU FROM IT—NOTHING. I know you so well! . . . *You will remain* and I SHALL GO—It is better so."

The admiral's resignation was not something which the Liberal government could pass over. Coming on top of so many other troubles it made Asquith's position impossible, and on May 18th he began conversations with Bonar Law, the leader of the Conservative opposition, with the object of setting up a coalition government.

The Conservatives were perfectly willing to come in, but upon one point they were adamant: under no conditions whatever would they have Churchill back at the Admiralty or in any other senior ministry. He agreed eventually to take the Duchy of Lancaster (a portfolio with no specific traditional responsibilities) in the coalition government. It was the worst setback of Churchill's career up to that time.

There is a nightmarish quality about the rest of the Gallipoli story, and it need not be examined here in any detail as Churchill ceased to exert a major influence upon it. He was in the maddening position of being held to blame for every reverse without having the power to affect the decisions that were taken.

In October the campaign was abandoned and the evacuation of the peninsula was completed by January, 1916.

The failure condemned Europe to senseless years of slaughter in the trenches, from which it has not yet recovered, and in the east there followed the long campaigns in the Mesopotamian desert, the collapse of Russia, the revolution, and the setting up of the Soviet Republic as we know it today.

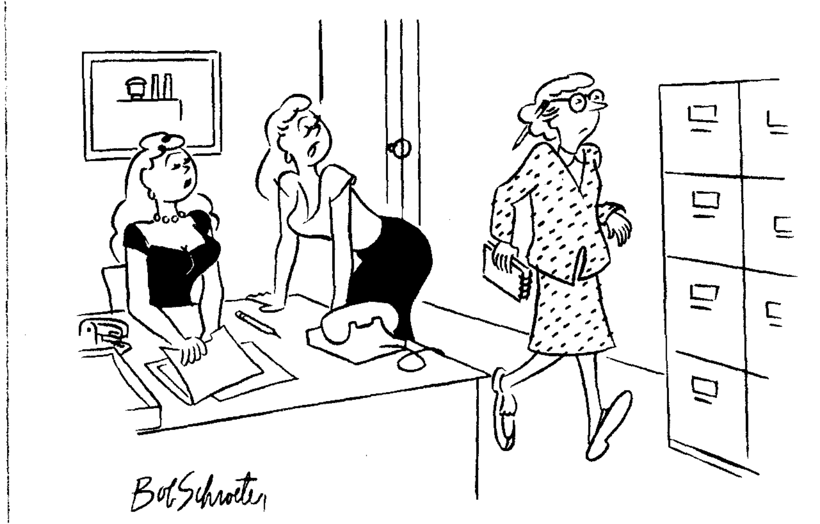
Where the Real Mistake Lay

Could the Gallipoli campaign ever have succeeded? In the 40-odd years that have elapsed since then, Churchill's view seems in the main to have been vindicated. His own summing up of the affair is that he made the mistake of committing himself to the enterprise when he did not have the personal authority to push it through. One feels there is something in this. Had he then been Prime Minister, or even had Fisher and Kitchener gone from the scene a few months earlier, the British might have had Constantinople.

As it happened, however, Churchill's reputation sank steadily with the news of every fresh setback on the peninsula. He was already disliked by the Tories for his politics, and now he was generally despised for his judgment. To Lord Riddell, who saw him at this time, he said, "I am finished." "Not at forty," Riddell said. But yes, Churchill insisted, he was the victim of a political intrigue and everything he cared for was gone.

Now, we have the curious picture of Churchill meandering about without power and apparently without ideas. Picking up a child's box of colors in the country one day he started painting; but there was really very little for him to do. By November, 1915, he could not stand it any longer. The House listened coldly and accepted, without much feeling, the news that he was off to France to fight in the trenches.

A few days later, in a cold November rain, Major Churchill presented himself to his colonel in the Grenadier Guards. For half an hour he was ignored. The colonel then felt himself permitted to make an observation.



COLLIER'S

"I guess you could call her a stenographer's stenographer"

BOB SCHROETER

"I think I ought to tell you," he said, "that we were not consulted at all on the matter of your coming to join us."

Churchill spent six months in the trenches in France in 1916, and it was not until a year later—a year in which he was at a very low ebb, defending his name before the Commission of Inquiry into the Dardanelles—that Lloyd George felt that his reputation was sufficiently restored for him to be reinstated in office. The post that was found for him—the Ministry of Munitions—was one of the best. It was a vast organization, charged not only with supplying the British forces with weapons and ammunition, but the recently arrived American Army as well.

New Tanks No Longer Derided

It must have been a particular satisfaction for Churchill to produce the new tanks—the Big Willies, which had been so derided when he first pressed for their manufacture in the early days of the war.

On November 20, 1917, at Cambrai, 378 of these tanks were sent into attack without a preliminary artillery bombardment which would have destroyed the element of surprise. The Germans broke on a six-mile front, and 10,000 prisoners were taken. It was the first decisive victory in France, the beginning of the ending of the war.

Besides the Big Willies Churchill's other special interest was in the air. In the later days of the war he developed a habit of rising early, completing his work at the ministry in the morning and then flying over to France to see how things were going at the front. He was back in time to resume work again in England in the evening. At the present time this would be eccentric; in 1918 it was very nearly suicidal.

Once his plane caught fire over the Channel, on another occasion it somersaulted at the take-off. Then a little later, when he was piloting himself, the guiding stick failed and the plane dropped 100 feet onto Croydon aerodrome. Stepping out of the debris, he was addressing the House of Commons two hours later. He was already in his mid-forties.

In the four years following the war Churchill served under Lloyd George in two cabinet posts, first at the War Office and then as Minister for Colonies. But in 1922 the Conservatives returned to power and Churchill was out. When the votes were counted it was found that he was at the bottom of the poll with the Communist candidate, William Gallacher. Churchill was recuperating from an appendicitis operation at the time, and he remarked a little ruefully that he found himself "without an office, without a seat, without a party and without an appendix." It was the first time he had been out of the House for more than 20 years.

But it was the weakening of his ties with the Liberal party, or rather the weakening of the Liberal party itself, which was the really serious issue for Churchill. He was committed now to the belief that a strong opposition force must be formed against the Labor party and the Communists (whom he lumped together), and that function was rapidly being taken over from the Liberals by his old party, the Conservatives.

The break finally came in 1924, when the Liberals coalesced with Labor and thus set up under Ramsay MacDonald the first Labor government in British history. Churchill parted from the Liberals for the last time. Laborites were his opponents; there was no choice now but to return to the Conservatives.

Why Some Voters Mistrusted Him

Meanwhile, far from influencing these changes of government he was finding it extremely difficult to get back into the House at all. In 1923 and again in 1924 he was defeated; he had now been out of the House for nearly two years. In retrospect Churchill's changes of party do not appear as illogical or irresponsible actions. But they represented to many voters instability and opportunism, and his military adventures were seen only as failures causing terrible losses of men. Only his courage and known brilliance were unquestioned, and even these might not have been enough had he not also been tenacious. He stood for election again in 1924 when the MacDonald administration fell, and this time he was returned on the Conservative landslide with a solid majority.

Stanley Baldwin, now firmly in power with a majority of 211, saw with some shrewdness that if he was going to have Churchill at all he had better have him where he belonged—at the top. For the next five years Churchill served as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

However, when the Baldwin-MacDonald coalition took over, there was no place for a man who was always at his best in action and determined to possess a cause. For 10 years Churchill remained in the back benches, a restless and independent one-man opposition. To the public he presented a picture of the promising politician who had lost his chance, the brilliant speaker who was never quite sound enough.

So now at the beginning of the 1930s, when it is apparent that there is no place for him in any public office, Churchill turns back naturally to his private life at home; and there he sets the dynamo running as it has never run before. Churchill had never been financially secure like so many of his Conservative contemporaries; he had to work and fight for almost everything he achieved. Nevertheless, he was already prosperous at this time. The $80,000 or so he had made from his lectures and books early in the century had been wisely invested and, with the addition of his parliamentary salary, had carried him through until the end of the war. In 1919 he unexpectedly inherited a legacy from his great-grandmother, the Marchioness of Londonderry. His income rose to some $20,000 a year.

Then in the early 1920s, after a spell of nearly fifteen years, he returned to his writing; between 1923 and 1929 four volumes of The World Crisis ap-

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peared. This was his personal narrative of the first World War and the events leading up to it, and it was staggering that he could have produced so clear and so authoritative a work while he was still in office. It had then and still has an immense success. The $80,000 he obtained from it was invested in Chartwell Manor at Westerham in Kent, where he still lives.

More a Village Than a Home

Chartwell seems to have been more of a village than a family home, and its activity was never-ending. Apart from the children there was a considerable population of cats, dogs, geese, chickens and goldfish; and hardly a day went by that Mrs. Churchill was not entertaining. Many of the leading political figures came down from London, and a stream of information and ideas was constantly flowing into the house, so that it became in a way a kind of private cabinet of its own.

The painting went steadily forward: five landscapes were offered for sale under the name of Charles Morin in Paris, and were bought at $120 each. Then, taking out a union card as a bricklayer, Churchill constructed two large cottages and a swimming pool at Chartwell. His rate of work was a brick a minute.

But the center of his life was his writing. Churchill wrote as few authors care to do: he dictated through the morning to a secretary, producing 3,000 to 4,000 words a day, an astonishing quantity. In 1930, well within a year of losing office, he brought out My Early Life, a simple and delightful account of his first 26 years. There followed one or two volumes of collected essays, and then he embarked on a major work, his four-volume study of his ancestor Marlborough.

Historians and military experts were brought in to advise and gather the facts; he toured Marlborough's battlefields on the continent of Europe, and a painstaking search was made of all contemporary documents at Blenheim and elsewhere. For half a dozen years the intense labor went on, and it resulted in one of the major historical works of the first half of the present century. One can only note again with awe that so great a project was carried through despite all his other activities, for he was constantly in the House of Commons, entering into every major debate.

He was at odds with almost everyone over the abdication crisis. Already it is becoming a little difficult to remember the curious sickroom hush that settled over England when it was first learned in December, 1936, that King Edward VIII was determined to abdicate in order to marry Mrs. Simpson, an American divorcee, then the wife of a British shipping broker. There was great sympathy for the king, but the sense of the proprieties personified by Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury was even greater. It was thought that Baldwin had conducted the negotiations on the highest level of decency and restraint, and when finally the abdication was announced on December 10th, there was a feeling of gratitude toward the Prime Minister.

Churchill went wildly against the grain in all this. He saw the king and tendered him advice. He took up the king's cause in the House, asking mildly enough that no decision should be taken until Parliament had discussed the matter. The only effect of this was to foment the idea that he was attempting to create an independent king's party; and he was hissed into silence. In some vague way it was felt that Churchill had been disloyal.

For the rest, his gloomy thunderings against the rising power of Germany were not very popular. Churchill stood almost alone in his campaign for rearmament, and not even Hitler's march into the Rhineland in 1936, nor Mussolini's conquest of Ethiopia, nor the Japanese advances in Manchuria, nor even the Nazi annexation of Austria brought many people to his side. A program of expanding the armed services was indeed begun, but it was small, tepid and slowed down by an immense foreboding that bombing and poison gas would mean the end of civilization anyway.

There was one more act of delusion to be committed, the last and the greatest in this decade of delusions, and when it came at Munich, Churchill made a curiously prophetic speech, perhaps one of the most statesmanlike speeches he ever delivered.

We had sustained, he said, "a total and unmitigated defeat." France even more than Britain. Instead of snatching the victuals off the table, Hitler had been content to have them served to him by Prime Minister Chamberlain course by course. Czechoslovakia might really have done better if she had been left to negotiate with Germany by herself; she could scarcely have had worse terms.

There was no possibility of friendship with Germany, he continued. The only hope now was for Britain to start rearming, especially in the air, on a scale which had never been attempted before. He concluded: "This is only the beginning of the reckoning. This is only the first sip, the first foretaste of a bitter cup which will be proffered to us year by year unless, by a supreme recovery of moral health and martial vigor, we arise again and take our stand for freedom, as in the olden time."

Aggression by Two Dictators

There remained still 11 months of peace. Within this period, stage by stage, each one of Churchill's warnings was fulfilled. In March, 1939, the last of Czechoslovakia was gobbled up. During Easter, the following month, Mussolini seized Albania. Then having signed a nonaggression pact with Russia, Hitler advanced to the conquest of Poland on September 1st.

On September 3d, Britain and France declared war. That same day, under the awful pressure of the crisis, Chamberlain turned back to the man who had predicted it from the beginning; he invited Churchill into his War Cabinet as First Lord of the Admiralty. "I felt," Churchill wrote later, "as if I were walking with Destiny and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial."

Churchill was sixty-four when he came to the Admiralty in 1939, and he was over seventy when the war ended in 1945. By that time Roosevelt, Mussolini and Hitler were dead, and Stalin, the only other great figure of the time, had very few years to live.

verage of 3,000-4,000 words daily

Yet Churchill was older than any of them, and he alone among these contemporary friends and enemies was not in office when the war began. In every case the others had their own nominees in all the high offices, they were the commanders in chief of their armed forces, and each of them had a strong system of government under his direct control.

Churchill had to create this position for himself in great haste and in time of war, and he had to do it in such a way that he never absolutely overrode the voice of Parliament. In effect, with the consent of the House of Commons, he did become a dictator and he was given powers with which he would never have been entrusted for two minutes at any other time.

So it is against this background of power taken up very quickly, and very unexpectedly toward the end of a long parliamentary career, that one has to consider these six astonishing years in Churchill's life.

The Navy Was Britain's Ace

The prelude at the Admiralty lasted just eight months, from September, 1939, to May, 1940. This was almost exactly the period of the cold war, and Churchill as First Lord was fortunate in that the navy not only was the one really effective fighting force at the time, but that it was also in action. Then, too, both he and the British love the sea, and from the very beginning he had some tragic and wonderful things to report.

There was the first U-boat strike at the liner Athenia off the west coast of Ireland, a few days after hostilities had begun, and many other frightful sinkings followed very rapidly. But there was also the Battle of the River Plate, when the cruisers Exeter and Ajax ran down the Graf Spee and forced her to scuttle in South American waters.

Then, when the destroyer Cossack steamed into the Norwegian fiords and plucked 299 British prisoners off the German steamer Altmark, it really began to seem that we had arisen, as Churchill had urged us to do at the time of Munich, and had taken "our stand for freedom as in the olden time."

It was this tense atmosphere of determined risk and exhilaration surrounding Churchill which swept him into the Prime Ministership when, within the next few weeks, the abortive Norwegian campaign collapsed and the German panzer onslaught fell on the Low Countries and France. Perhaps it was Chamberlain's absurd cry of a few days before, "Hitler missed the bus," which set the blaze alight; in any event, on May 10th, when the Germans were streaming into France in the most spectacular offensive of modern times, he resigned. The king sent for Churchill that night and asked him to form a government.

In the 14 years that have elapsed since then, the words of Churchill's great speeches have rumbled so often in our ears that we tend to remember them as we remember some epic poem, some passage from a classic tragedy that we were asked to learn at school. Someone has only to start us off and the words come back with their familiar rhythm; the scene rises again, the mood of the time and the exaltation, and no matter how often the phrases are repeated it is still sometimes difficult to refrain from tears.

It was in his first address as Prime Minister that he said: "I would say to the House and I have said to those who have joined this government: 'I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.' "

It was in the speech on the evacuation of Dunkirk, which followed with such bewildering rapidity barely three weeks later, that he said:

"We shall not flag or fail, we shall go on to the end, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender."

Such words had hardly been heard in England since Shakespeare's time; in fact, in the following years they became everybody's words in every democracy and perhaps did as much to bring Hitler down as any other weapon. Under this leader there was no alternative, indeed there was no wish to do anything but to fight on.

The second World War was not a war of men but of weapons. Fewer and fewer men were needed at the actual striking point until, in the end, it required only one man to pull the lever that dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

From the very beginning, it was not a war which was led by generals at the front; it was controlled by politicians at home. They and they alone had the means to build the factories and organize the manpower. Victories were very necessary to them for propaganda purposes, but the real issues were not decided, at any rate in the later stages, by the courage and determination of the masses; it was their skill in making weapons that turned the balance.

Churchill grasped this situation from the beginning. His first act was to bring the Labor leaders in and create a small war council of just five members—in effect, a supreme headquarters. The commanders in the field no longer reported only to their service ministers, but directly to Churchill himself as well, and directly from him they often received their instructions. He acted, of course, with the consent of Parliament and with the advice of the chiefs of staff and others; nevertheless, by this new arrangement he became the effective commander in chief of the three services in the day-to-day conduct of the war.

Domestic Affairs Deputed

On the other hand, he divested himself almost entirely of domestic affairs. These were turned over to the Labor leaders, chiefly Ernest Bevin, and a team of administrators and businessmen, all of whom were very ready to accept his over-all control.

Having thus fixed his power at home, Churchill turned to the outward scene and at once concentrated upon the only issue that really mattered: the organization of allies and supplies. He saw that England alone had not a hope of winning the war and very little chance of survival unless help was obtained from outside; and from Dunkirk onward, he devoted all his chief efforts to the getting of this outside help. He journeys tirelessly from America to Russia, to the Mediterra-

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nean and back again, with this one object in view—to bring the allies into line, to borrow and exchange weapons and forces, to bend everybody's mind to the great persuader, and in almost every case his real victories are not the military events which are known to everybody, but those achieved in private months beforehand by his persuasion at the conference table.

Conversations That Were Agony

Churchill never asked for any applause for the agony of his long conversations with Stalin, with the Americans, with De Gaulle and the other exiled leaders in London, with Chiang Kai-shek and the Dominion Prime Ministers; for the wearisome journeys and conferences; for the endless correspondence and the telephonings. He may even have enjoyed some of these experiences at times (except perhaps in his association with De Gaulle: "Of all the crosses I have to bear," he once remarked, "the Cross of Lorraine is the worst"). But whether he enjoyed them or not he never faltered in this matter. He put up with the slights of the Russians, the occasional frets of the minor powers, and he accepted the not always congenial role of playing second fiddle to the Americans.

Compared to these exhausting dealings, the physical dangers of the war and the leadership of the country at home were a release and a positive joy. He was always stimulated by danger, and politically he was always at his best in a crisis. Now for the first time in his life he had complete control. There would be no more Gallipolis, no more Admiral Fishers and Lord Kitcheners to hold him back. On taking over the Prime Ministership he was conscious, he said, "of a profound sense of relief." And so it went on through the rest of the war, and even beyond it.

In 1940, Churchill turned desperately to America. No doubt he was greatly helped by his personal friendship with Roosevelt, and by the moving spectacle that Britain presented just then under the falling bombs, but the arrangements he made in Washington must certainly be accounted as a major British victory. Fifty American destroyers were handed over to the British Fleet, and the Americans began to patrol their own ships bound, across the Atlantic, for England. Lease-lend was put through, and finally the two leaders, meeting at sea "in some lonely bay or other," drew up the Atlantic Charter, which proclaimed a doctrine of freedom to the world. It fixed, in however tenuous a way, some sort of spiritual aim before the two countries to match the death-and-glory creed of the Nazis; and in all the difficulties of the succeeding negotiations between the British and the Americans it made a bond that nobody wanted to untie. It demonstrated that in our instincts at least we were the same, however we might differ in our methods.

But there was another matter which was absolutely vital to Britain, and which might well have gone wrong had Churchill not exerted himself. When the United States came into the war in December, 1941, there was a very strong case for her to turn the full weight of her counterattack upon Japan, while England was left to fend for herself in Europe. From Churchill's point of view this would have been disastrous, and he countered it in the only possible way. He declared war on Japan, as he had promised he would, "within the hour," and went directly to Washington. On arrival he pledged his word—and Roosevelt said he wanted nothing more than his word—that directly Germany had been defeated Britain would turn all her energies into the attack on Japan. Roosevelt in reply agreed that Germany should be treated as number one enemy, and Japan as number two; and the Americans landed in North Africa later in the year.

GLASS BLOWING FACTORY # 10
gerry marcus

COLLIER'S **"Unless he sneezes again, we're not likely to get another one like this"** JERRY MARCUS

There remained one other major issue between the United States and Britain which came up toward the end of the war, and in this Churchill did not have his way. In 1944, he wished to abandon the attack on the south of France and instead push through the Balkans to the relief of Czechoslovakia and Vienna. Once again he was thinking ahead upon lines which the Americans did not care for very much and which the Russians absolutely hated. Roosevelt in those days saw no evil in the Russian advance across Europe—it was bad faith to suspect them—and Churchill could not press the point. The consequences followed much later.

With Russia, Churchill's relations were more simple than they were with the Americans, perhaps for the very reason that they were so much more difficult. Churchill made no attempt whatever to deny his past hatred of the Bolsheviks. His thesis was very direct: anyone who strikes Hitler is for the time being my friend, and he remarked pleasantly in private, "If Hitler invaded Hell I would make at least a favorable reference to the Devil in the House of Commons." And off he went to Moscow to see what he could do with Stalin.

Heaven knows what the relationship between the two men was really like. No one, not even Churchill himself, has quite succeeded in describing the atmosphere, even though there were stories of the two of them sitting up all night together; and Stalin himself never uttered on this subject. One is simply left with an impression of massive wariness and brittle bonhomie. Perhaps there was even a measure of mutual respect and liking as they made their way along the difficult tightrope of their affairs.

Through these years Churchill's life at home—whether at the Prime Minister's official country residence at Chequers, or at 10 Downing Street—ceased to be a private life at all. He woke at eight, and the night's dispatches were at once brought to him in bed. For a couple of hours then, he read and dictated to his secretaries. He covered a fantastic range of subjects, and his memoranda, thousands upon thousands of them, often beginning with the famous "Pray . . .," flowed out in a constant stream. Midway through the morning he got up, and presently emerged in his siren suit to meet the luncheon guests. After luncheon there followed a siesta of an hour or more, and by the late afternoon he was ready for more work and the new group of guests assembling for dinner. Dinner in the country was often followed by a movie, and then toward half past ten the business of the night began. This was when he liked to see people, and often they were kept at work until three in the morning. At these late sessions he expanded, and an endless flow of ideas was explored. "He has at least a hundred ideas a day," Roosevelt said, "of which four are good."

The good ones included nothing quite so spectacular as the tank which he had first conceived in 1914, but still there was "Pluto," the pipe line-under-the-ocean that carried gasoline across the Channel to France; "Fido," the system of dispersing fog from landing fields; and the "Mulberry," the artificial harbor which was towed across the Channel after the D-Day landing in Normandy.

There was an immense love for Churchill in England in these days. No other figures except the king and queen and the queen mother ever approached his popularity or exerted the same emotional hold upon crowds wherever he went. They knew every one of his uniforms and his hats, the siren suits, the bow tie, the shoes with the zip fasteners, the walking stick, the watch chain, the gloves and the keys dangling from his pocket. Nothing apparently could ever weary them of the V-sign or the cigar, and the first sounds of the grumpy, reassuring voice on the radio silenced all conversation in any pub or public place.

It was not an unblemished record. He had made many mistakes and miscalculations. Like everyone else he had underrated the Soviet fighting strength in the beginning, and his mistrust of the Russian leaders was not so great that it could prevent him from assuring the House that he was certain they would respect Poland. "I feel that their word is their bond," he said. In Greece he had allowed a dangerous situation to develop to the point of civil war, and it was only settled when he himself appeared upon the scene; and his handling of the dominions, notably India and Australia, had not always been successful.

But all this was nothing compared to the intense gratitude which the country felt toward him. When finally he got up in the House on May 8, 1945, to announce that there was peace in Europe, it seemed that England itself was personified in this one indomitable man. That night a vast crowd gathered in Whitehall and looked up, cheering wildly, to the balcony where he was standing. It was Ernie Bevin who beat time for them as they sang, "For he's a jolly good fellow," a curiously inadequate song, with inadequate words, since for many people there, and indeed for people all over the world, the moment was almost too much to be borne.

Eleven weeks later Churchill was removed from office in one of the worst defeats the Conservatives had suffered since the beginning of the century.

Churchill never has been exactly predictable, but in the first postwar election campaign he confounded even those friends who thought they knew him best. His prestige was so high, and his name was now so firmly identified with the political life of England, that nothing was required of him but the "great statesman" approach, a series of formal speeches in the Augustan manner, a few good-humored thrusts at his opponents. Instead he chose to fight the campaign as though he himself were making a desperate stand for his political existence.

Attlee and Bevin Denounced

In his opening speech on the radio he denounced socialism as "some form of Gestapo"—a word that had a particularly active meaning just then. He went on to attack his wartime colleagues like Clement Attlee and Bevin. To people who only knew Attlee and the other Labor leaders to be honorable men who had loyally and unobtrusively supported Churchill in the war, these insinuations seemed misplaced, even an affront.

Also, compared to the precise though drastic programs offered by the Socialists, the Conservative five-year plan seemed a little anemic—and in any case Churchill did not give the impression that he was overmuch interested in it. His references to milk for babies and built-in cupboards for housewives sounded a little unreal—rather like some society hostess talking about bottling plums for the parish poor.

Nevertheless, with all these factors at work the actual result of the election was a staggering surprise. It was a Labor landslide.

For some months Churchill gave the appearance of going about his affairs as though he were too shocked and stunned to credit what had happened. He declined a high honor from the king, and angrily denounced the elec-

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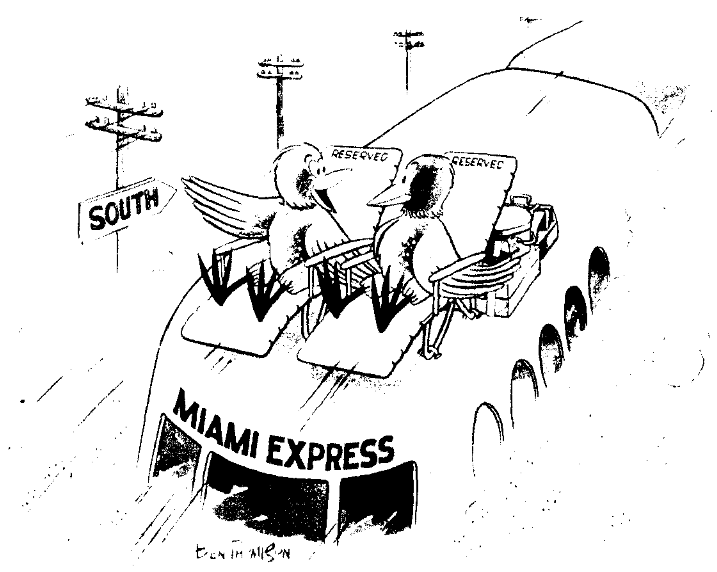

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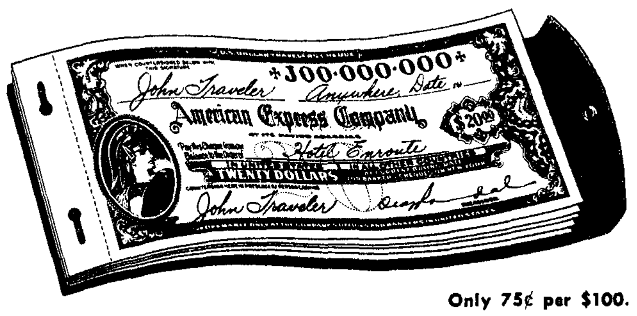

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tion as "one of the greatest disasters that has smitten us in our long and checkered history." No one wished to gloat over this brutal, almost unbelievable, reversal of his fortunes, but it was thought now that it would be best for all concerned if the old man retired with his glory to his books and his paintings in the role of the honored elder statesman.

An Emphatic Refusal to Retire

But Churchill at length emerged and announced that he would not retire. He would not give up the leadership of the Conservative party, and he would not even step down from the subordinate position of leader of the opposition in the House. He would not abandon any of his policies or unsay anything that he had said. Even the golden sense of humor returned. When someone suggested that he should make a tour of the cities of England so that they could do him honor he said: "I refuse to be exhibited like a prize bull whose chief attraction is its past prowess."

Before a year was out very definite proof was given that these things were not an old man's *intransigeance*. On receiving an honorary degree at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri, on March 5, 1946, he made a speech which dotted all the *i's* of his wartime predictions, and added a few more. The speech, which was given under the chairmanship of President Truman, provoked an outcry at the time—here was Churchill, the professional Russian-hater stirring up war again—but its ideas are the basis of the foreign policy of all the Western democracies today. He said:

"From Stettin in the Baltic to Trieste in the Adriatic, an iron curtain has descended across the continent. Behind that line lie all the capitals of the ancient states of central and eastern Europe. . . . [They] lie in what I must call the Soviet sphere, and are all subject . . . not only to Soviet influence but to . . . control from Moscow. . . .

"The Communist parties, which were very small in these Eastern States of Europe, have been raised to preeminence and power far beyond their numbers, and are seeking everywhere to obtain totalitarian control. Police governments are prevailing in nearly every case. . . . Except in the British Commonwealth and in the United States, where Communism is in its infancy, the Communist parties or fifth columns constitute a growing challenge and peril to Christian civilization."

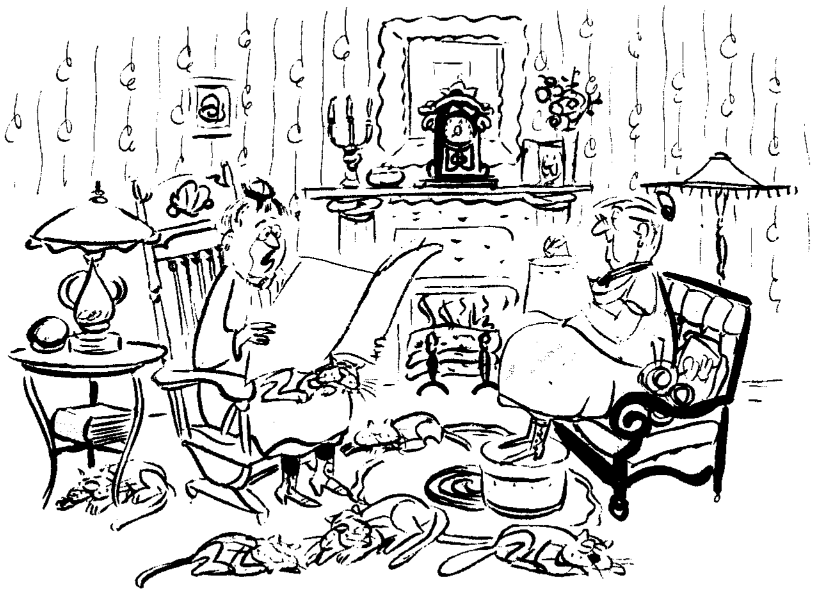
This was long before the days of Senator McCarthy and the Korean war, before even Czechoslovakia was overrun by the Reds. The world was still wandering along in a pro-Yalta miasma when Churchill got up at Fulton and cried a halt. It was a most unpopular thing to do; and it continued to be unpopular with the Labor party in England and with progressive thinking everywhere until the Berlin blockade and the Korean war made such unpopularity grotesque.

It was this speech, and another he made at Zurich in September of the same year, that first began to bring Churchill back into the political scene, at any rate so far as foreign affairs were concerned.

On domestic issues he still predicted that dire ruin would fall on the country so long as Labor was in power, but in the election campaign of 1950 he dropped all reference to the Gestapo and the bad faith of his opponents. This time the Conservatives did not make the mistake of going to the country on the strength of Churchill's reputation alone; they had also a social program of their own and, although Churchill was reputed to have shown very little interest in it, he at least offered no opposition.

The actual election was, as Churchill himself described it, "positively demure," but the results were almost as startling as in 1945. The huge Labor vote was all but reversed; the party had a bare majority of six, and it was patent that before long there was bound to be another election. It was clear, moreover, that far from having been diminished by his earlier defeat, Churchill was coming in with the tide. There was now no further talk of Eden replacing him as head of the party. "When I want to tease Anthony," he remarked blithely, "I remind him that Gladstone formed his last administration at the age of eighty-four."

Meanwhile, through these five years



COLLIER'S "What in the world has become of the good old-fashioned ax murders?" REAMER KELLER in opposition, Churchill's private life was filled with a spate of activity which would have exhausted any ordinary man who was half his age and with twice the time at his disposal. Five hundred acres were purchased near his home at Chartwell Manor so that he could engage in farming, and at the same time he established a racing stable.

The painting went on; hundreds of unsigned and untitled pictures piled up on the walls and in the back rooms of Chartwell. With one exception none of these later paintings has ever been offered for sale, but some idea of their value can be gained by that exception. The Blue Sitting Room at Trent Park went for $3,675.

But these things were the relaxations of his seventies. The real work was his writing and that was enormous. There are something like a million and a half words in his five volumes on the second World War, and for the production of this vast compilation—one can scarcely call it an ordinary book—he again assembled a team of secretaries, historians, technical experts, research workers and editorial assistants. They rolled forward through forests and prairies of wartime documents like a large reaping and binding machine, rejecting, codifying and sorting, and it is a miracle that in so short a time such a staggering quantity of material should have passed through one mind, and from Churchill's own hand. For the syndication rights alone Churchill is said to have received over a million dollars, and the total income from the work must amount eventually to a good deal more. It also won him the Nobel prize for literature in 1953.

There was a notable photograph taken of Churchill when he was in the middle of these labors. There he sits on a horse, riding crop in his hand, square black hat on his head, aged seventy-five or thereabouts, the most unauthorlike author that ever was.

Causes of Labor's Defeat

In the autumn of 1951, after barely eighteen months in office, the Labor government fell. Perhaps it might have survived a little longer, even with its slender majority of six, but by now the Korean war was taking its effect. Also, to many people, all initiative in life was being lost in a welter of prohibitions and heavy taxation.

All this was in Churchill's favor, and he conducted a skillful campaign. Where before his personal appearances had been triumphant while his policies seemed unreal, the situation was almost reversed; he was listened to now more for his wisdom than for his personality and his record. It was the future and not the past prowess of the bull that counted. The country went to the polls in October and returned him with a majority of 22.

To Churchill, who had now been more than 50 years in Parliament, this was something more than another victory in an election. He had been brought into power not as the result of a crisis, nor through any exceptional circumstances, but because he was now the accepted head of his party in both peace and war. He was no longer a dangerous man, only useful among storms and gales; the sailor was home from the sea.

It is not likely that Churchill will be best remembered for the warmth and glow of this Indian summer of his old age; nor is his mere longevity so remarkable as the actual timing of his life in history. His career almost exactly spans the period from the industrial revolution to its ultimate conclusion in atomic energy, from the age of privilege to the age of the mass-produced common man, from the era of separate sovereign states to the present pattern of grand alliances.

Watching the Course of Empire

Through six reigns—that of Queen Victoria and her son Edward VII, and his son George V, and his son Edward VIII, and his brother George VI, and his daughter Queen Elizabeth II—Churchill has watched the slow and difficult metamorphosis of the greatest empire the world has ever seen into a commonwealth of self-governing states, and it has been a process that has always found him somewhat hanging back. He never believed that self-government was an immediate panacea for social discontent, and he was never wholly willing to sacrifice tradition for a political theory. His methods were very British: to fight all changes tooth and nail, and then having won or lost, to settle a handsome and magnanimous peace. Change has been the enemy in Churchill's life, and he has never had anything but change; consequently he has almost always been in opposition.

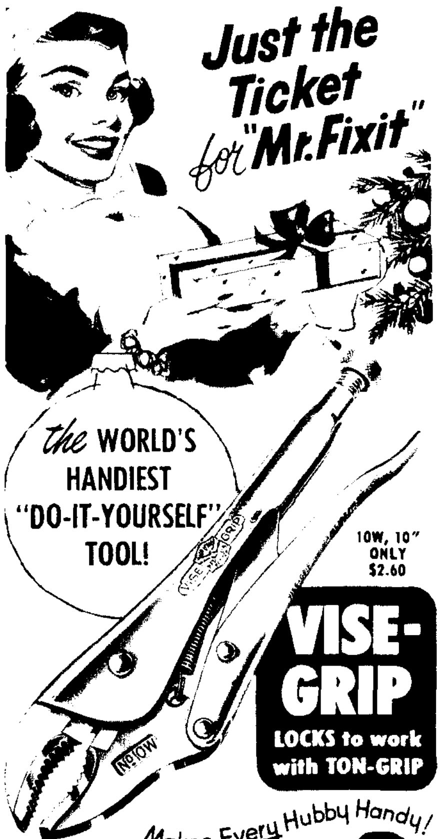
Without question Churchill has been the most expressive Prime Minister England ever had, not the most scholarly and perhaps not even the most eloquent, but none of his predecessors ever combined the gifts of writing and speaking as he does.

Of his gifts as a legislator and an arbitrator there can equally be no doubt. He has held every important cabinet post except the Foreign Office, and unnumbered acts passed by Parliament in the last 50 years have flowed either directly or indirectly from his brain. Probably there will always be controversy over his talents as a strategist in war, though he is nearly always to be found on the winning side when the fog has cleared away; and certainly in political foresight and in negotiation with foreign powers Britain has produced no one with whom he can be compared since Disraeli's day.

Yet in the end the chances are that all these qualities of his will be superseded in memory by a quite different and much more intangible thing. For this generation of Englishmen at least, and possibly for many others to come, it will always be remembered that at the lowest moment of the country's history, when everything appeared to be lost, he somehow succeeded in raising Britain's name to a height which it had seldom if ever occupied before.

Churchill wrote his own epitaph at that time. It is doubtful if ever again we will hear the words, "We shall never surrender," without recalling the voice, the adamantine ring, the utter courage, and the dignity it seemed to confer on all decent men in every age and everywhere. ▲▲▲

See page 130 for Collier's Comment on career of Sir Winston Churchill



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Dukie's Dangerous Deed

By ROBERT C. RUARK

Maxwell was after big game, but his wife was after a big-game hunter—Dukie

MR. PERCIVAL EVELYN McGUNN leaned against the bar of the Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi and pounded with his glass. "Moussa!" he shouted in a whisper that, with a favorable wind, might have been heard in Mombasa. "The other half for the warden and me, you damned heathen!"

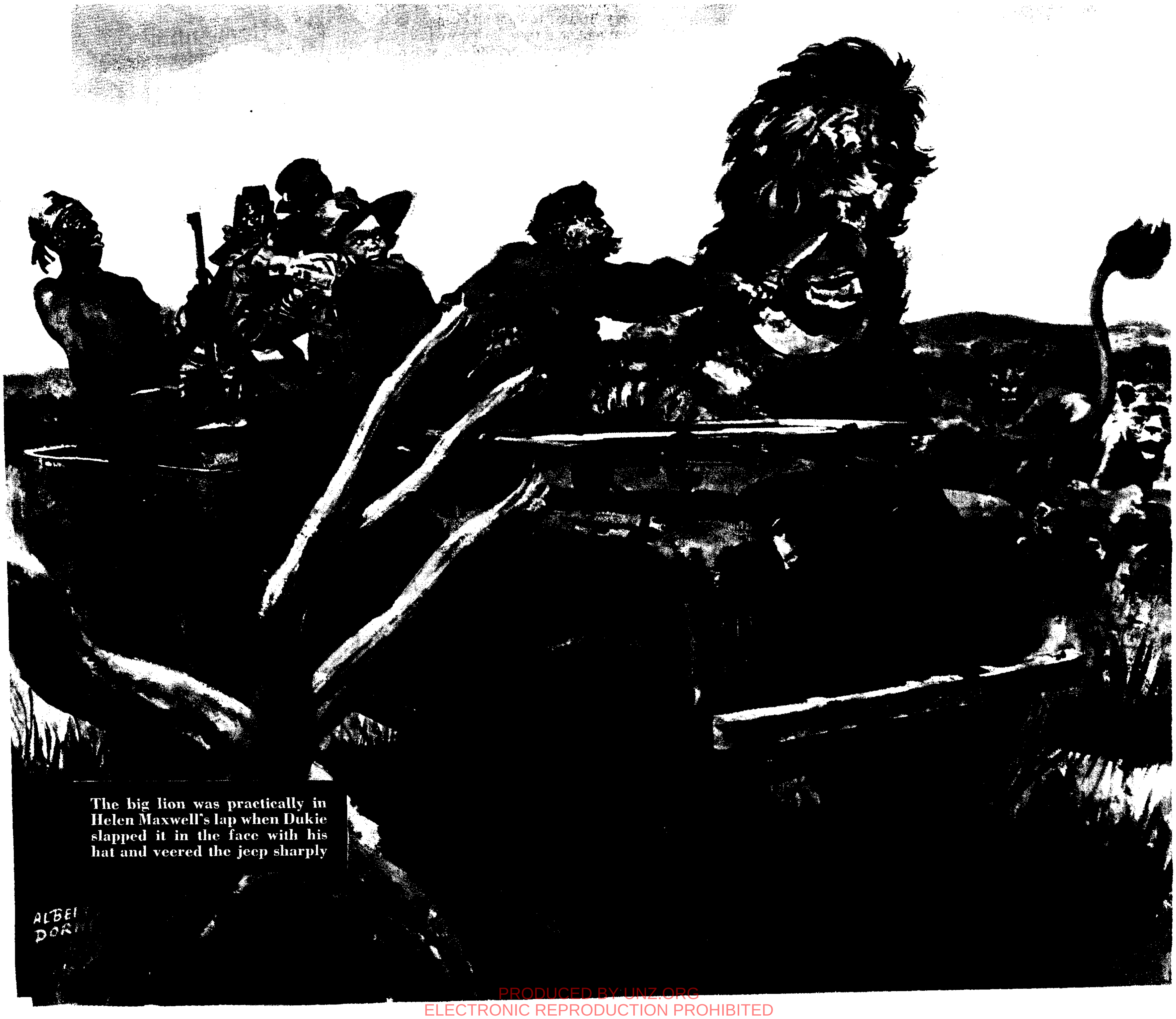
"Yas, Bwana Dukie," Moussa said, sloshing a generous dollop of gin into Mr. McGunn's glass, seasoning it slightly with pink, and then conferring a less lusty portion on Mr. McGunn's companion. The men clinked glasses; Mr. McGunn drank his gin in a gulp, and wiped his bright-red guard mustaches with the back of his hand.

"Continue, Warden," he said. "As always, I am at your service."

Mr. McGunn—called Dukie because of the Swahili word for gun, *bunduki*—was quite a sight to see this fine, dim day in the moist grotto of the Norfolk's public room. He was wearing his safari-going, town-leaving costume, which was somewhat heroic. His tunic, fringed like a Yankee frontiersman's jacket, was of red goatskin, mottled with startling black and white patches. A broad crocodile cartridge belt encompassed his waist, and colobus-monkey-fur holsters of silky black and white held two enormous .45 Colt revolvers. It is not necessary to say that their handles were of hand-shot ivory.

Mr. McGunn's trousers were of pale-gold buckskin, tapered at the bottom and stuck into carved-leather cowboy boots. An apricot-silk ascot caressed his somewhat obvious Adam's apple. On the back of his head Mr. McGunn wore a brilliant white Stetson, a touch less than one yard wide across the brim. Its crown

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT DORNE



The big lion was practically in Helen Maxwell's lap when Dukie slapped it in the face with his hat and veered the jeep sharply

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As a professional hunter—and a popular one—for the firm of Farr & Browning, Safaris, Ltd., Dukie McGunn believed that a man owed a certain debt of glamor to his clients, who would be paying in the neighborhood of fifty quid a day for the privilege of being bitten by tsetse flies, of being frightened by rhino, and of providing Mr. McGunn's daily ration of a quart of gin. In the bush he would carefully place his Hollywood-hunter clothes in his lockbox, and scream for Juma, the headman, to lay out his shabby old green drill bush jacket with the bullet loops, and to change off his fine carven boots for a battered pair of sneakers. But right now Dukie McGunn was on stage, center. He was what Nairobi sarcastically called: Going on Safari into Trackless, Secret Bush, and the clients must necessarily be stunned with admiration.

SIPPING delicately at his drink, the warden said, "Look, McWeapon, "I can tell from your getup that F. & B. has entrusted another sucker to your care, at Heaven knows what margin of profit. I suppose you'll be going into the Masai?"

"Indeed, yes," said Mr. McGunn, hammering with his glass again and glaring over his red mustaches at Moussa. "It's a photographic safari, chiefly. Some people from Chicago or Texas or a similar suburb of the United States. I believe the old boy manufactures padlocks or oleomargarine, or is in oil. He wants to shoot a buffalo, and take pictures of himself being brave in front of lions."

"You can do me a small service, if you will," the warden said. "I must be off to England and I won't be able to get back into the Masai. My second fellow broke his leg the other day, and I've just got a message on the telephone from Narok that old Tiberius is on his last legs. He's taken to sneaking outside the fly area to clobber a few Masai cattle. Next you know he'll be working on the Masai themselves, and Government will want me to be shooting *all* my lions. Poor old beggar. I suppose he does want killing. I should have put him away the last time I saw him—he was feeble enough to warrant it—but I hadn't the heart. He's my special pet."

"Tiberius?" Dukie murmured. "Is he the big black, sort of mangy old boy that lives around Jagatiak? The one with the broken canine tooth and the scars on his rump?"

"No, man, no," the warden answered. "That's Hector. Tiberius is the ginger-maned one with the crooked front paw who lives at Egelok. You know the one I mean. He's the one that you can hand-feed for picture purposes. The one that'll jump in the back of a lorry if you shove a zebra haunch into it. I want you to shoot him for me, if you see the poor old fellow, but whatever you do, don't go walloping Hector. He isn't even ten years old."

"Of course," Dukie McGunn said. "Of course I remember Tiberius. He's the one that comes running when you fire a gun, looking for his dinner. I expect I've taken a thousand pictures of him since you people closed the fly area to cat shooting. Oh, oh. Here comes Paddle. I expect my new charges await without, panting for action.

"Have a drink, Paddle, if you've got the price of three," McGunn said to his apprentice hunter, Mr. Anthony Rowbottom, who had been cursed from earliest infancy with the nickname of Paddle. Even the natives as far away as Tabora in Tanganyika or Lokuta in Uganda knew him only as Bwana Paddle. Bwana Paddle was a tall, weedy blond youth of some twenty-three years. He executed the more menial chores of professional hunting for his master, Mr. McGunn, chores such as repairing broken axles or replacing spring leaves when the lorry leaped into a pig hole and wounded herself—such chores as Mr. McGunn felt unbecoming to the glamor of his station.

Young Mr. Rowbottom's one ambition was to complete his apprenticeship to Mr. McGunn and then obtain a status of senior hunter, with his personal rig, in any location that was far from Mr. McGunn. Mr. McGunn had successfully blocked this ambition for two years. He said that these young chaps were altogether too keen; they wanted to be off on their own before they learned to tell a leopard's track from a hyena's, and he, Dukie, would take no part in such madness.

"They're ready, Dukie," Paddle said. "They've bought out the African Bootshop and all of Ahmed's fancy clothes. They've got nine cameras and at least eleven guns. One of them is a thirty-thirty Marlin carbine, although Heaven knows what they intend to shoot with it out here."

"What are their names?" Dukie asked, although he had known name, sex, pedigree and livelihood since a year and six months ago, when the safari was first booked.

"Maxwell," Paddle said. "John and Helen. He's about fifty. She's about thirty-five. Not a bad looker. He seems a pleasant enough bloke. Both of them mad to be off. Sitting outside in the Rover now, gnawing on their nails."

"I suppose we really must be off," Mr. McGunn said, draining his glass, hitching his holsters slightly forward and settling his Stetson a touch more dramatically on his brow. "Have a good leave, Warden. I'll stifle my finer sentiments and do poor Hector for you."

"Damn it, man," the warden said. "*Not* Hector. *Tiberius*—at *Egelok*. *Not* Jagatiak. Mind you make no mistake."

"Make a note of it, young man," McGunn said to his assistant. He strode to the door, and his magnificence uplifted every tea-drinking head on the Norfolk veranda. At the age of forty-seven, although a trifle spindly in the shank and a bit watery of eye, Mr. McGunn was some six foot of impressive man. It had often been said of him, among the hunters who gathered in the Regal Grill, that Mr. McGunn had invented himself on purpose. This was properly damned as professional jealousy by Mr. McGunn, when the report reached him. Because, in truth—in wet years or dry, long grass or short—if a really impressive elephant or a 48-inch buff got collected by a client, it always seemed to be Mr. McGunn's client who collected it. Dukie was intolerant of mediocre heads, even if it meant occasionally slipping illegally across the road into a national park to collect a superb one.

IT IS a long, dusty, bumpy, uninteresting, uncomfortable drive from where the track turns off the tarmac of the Nakuru road to Narok, where the Masai Reserve actually begins. The lava dust drifts like snow and creeps into your teeth. Except for a few bedraggled Thomson's gazelles and an occasional Grant's gazelle, there is no game. For sixty horrible miles there is nothing to see but a few whistling thornbushes and an infrequent buzzard. For years, Dukie had used this four-hour interval to brief his clients on what he expected of them in the way of behavior, and to impress them with the notability of his own career. Dukie and Mrs. Maxwell were leading the way in his Land Rover, a kind of jeep which was as bedecked as Dukie himself, including a buffalo skull and horns mounted on the radiator screen. Paddle and Mr. Maxwell were following in another Rover, poaching Dukie's dust.

"And there I was," Dukie was saying, "flat on the ground on my—on my posterior. I had both hands on the rhino's horn, and both feet in his face. As the old devil was battering me along, hammering me about while I waited for someone to come and shoot it loose from me, all I could think of was that the horn was *longer* than I thought when I told the client to shoot it."

"My!" Mrs. Maxwell said admiringly. "And what finally happened?"

"Nothing very much," Dukie said modestly. "I suppose I must have worn it down a bit, from hanging onto its snout. It died of its wounds and collapsed into me lap. Took three native gunbearers and a lever-*cum*-fulcrum to pry the creature off me."

"Heavens!" said Mrs. Maxwell. "Oh, how awful. And what a dreadfully dangerous way to earn a living—professional hunting, I mean. Are you sure there's no danger for us with all these animals?"

"Not," said Mr. McGunn, threading his Rover over a boulder, "so long as you do as I say when we're actually in the bush and amongst the game. I've never lost a client yet." Mr. McGunn chortled loudly. "I must remember that one. Never lost a client yet. Jolly good, what?"

"Very," Mrs. Maxwell said. "May I light you a cigarette?"

Helen Maxwell gazed about at the massive blue hills and the dusty plain of the Rift valley. Over toward her right, Longonot, the crater, was wreathed beautifully in cloud and reddened by the afternoon sun. A bright blue jay flew across the track, perched in a thornbush and screamed at her. A brace of doves flew ahead of the Rover, fluttering to light in the dusty track and taking off again as the little hunting car bumped closer. The Wakamba gunbearers and a Swahili car boy were perched like monkeys on the mass of guns, cameras, lunchboxes and similar gear that was packed into the tiny back seat of the car. She sneaked another peek at the Africans.

ONE of the Akamaba. with huge holes in his ear lobes, lobes so big that he tucked them over the tops of his ears, caught her glance and smiled horribly, exposing sharply filed teeth.

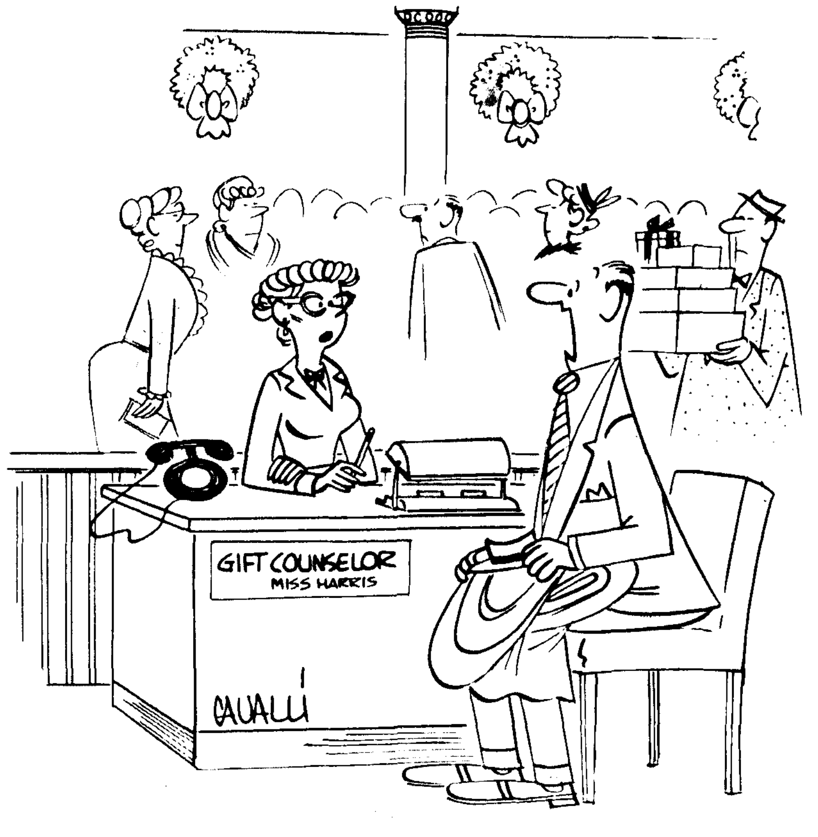
"Jambo, Mama," the Wakamba said. *"Shauri gani?"*

"What's he mean, calling me mama?" she said rather indignantly.

"They call all white women mama," Dukie replied. "Anyhow, when that nice Mrs. Hollander looked out of the ladies' tent, a rhino was grazing between her and camp."

Mrs. Maxwell shuddered. Dukie glanced quickly at his new client, and was pleased. She was quite pretty. She was a little, pouter-pigeonish woman in her middle thirties, with a trim, plump figure, a turned-up nose, and very wide-set brown eyes. She had a bright yellow silk scarf tied round her wavy brown hair to keep out the dust, and wore a lady's Stetson, with the brim turned rakishly upward on one side and pinned there, after the fashion of the Australian army hats. Her safari clothes fitted her neatly and didn't do anything seriously wrong to her body. Dukie noticed that her chin, while nicely rounded, had rather more determination to it than he himself fancied in females. I'll wager, he thought, that I know precisely who runs the Maxwell household.

Mrs. Maxwell looked at Dukie as he drove sternly along, speaking now of a native uprising, again of a witch doctor he had been forced to combat in black magic, again of the lion he had knocked unconscious with one punch, and the leopard he had fought off with a stalk of sugar cane. Helen Maxwell decided that he was rather a striking



COLLIER'S

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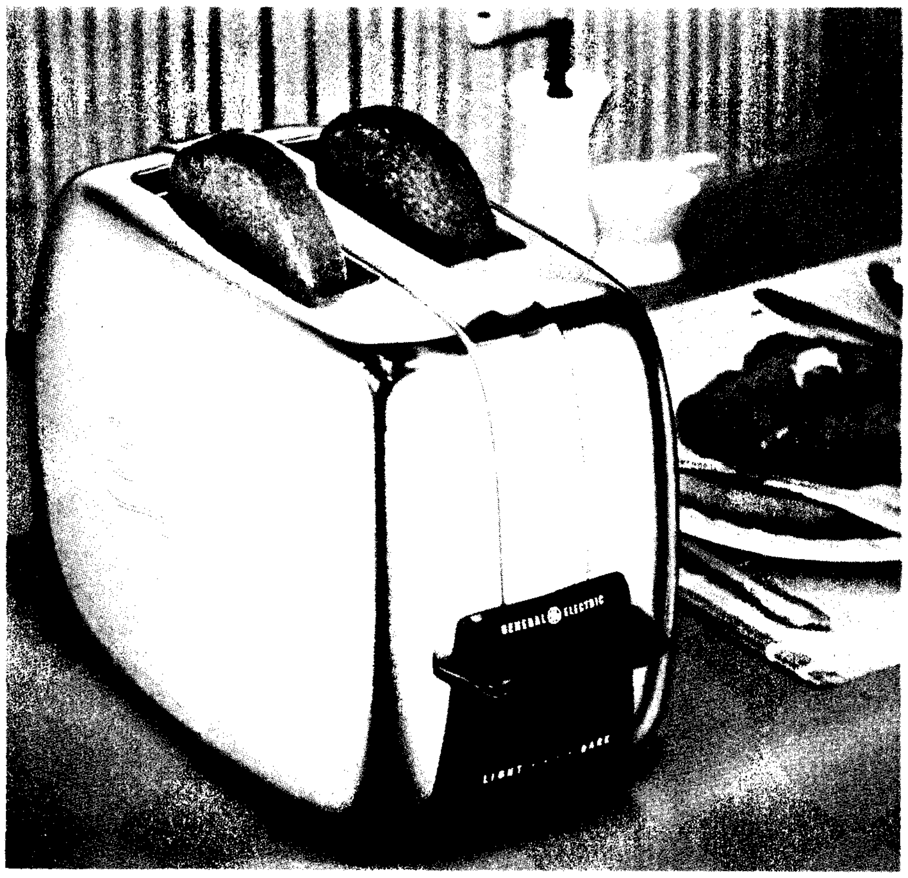

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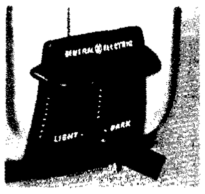

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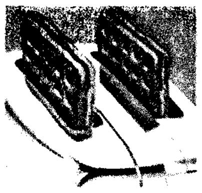

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figure, with his roan mustaches blowing upward in the breeze, his blue eyes squinting against the sun, and his Stetson upcurling in the wind like the hat of a pony-express rider at full gallop. Just a little more chin, perhaps, she thought, but on the whole an impressive man. And those stories. What a brave fellow he must be.

IN THE other jeep, John Maxwell was doing most of the talking while Paddle pushed the car along a half mile behind his boss. Maxwell was a sturdy, red-cheeked man with gray hair and steel-rimmed spectacles. He came from Montclair, New Jersey, where he manufactured piston rings and lived in a house worth at least two hundred thousand dollars—if you counted his stamp collection and his wife's Meissen ware. He and Helen Maxwell had been married sixteen years. They had two children, a boy and a girl, both of whom were away at boarding school.

"It's the first real vacation—long vacation, that is—that we've ever had," John Maxwell said. "Of course, we've been to Europe a few times, and to Florida and Bermuda and Mexico, but never for more than a few weeks. I've been promising myself this trip a long time. I don't want to shoot very much, but I would rather like to go after a buffalo, to see if I'd be as scared as they say. I don't think I'd run. But I don't know."

"Some run, some don't," Paddle said. "Bloke never knows until the situation arises. Whether you run or don't run's got very little to do with your head or your heart. Your legs take over."

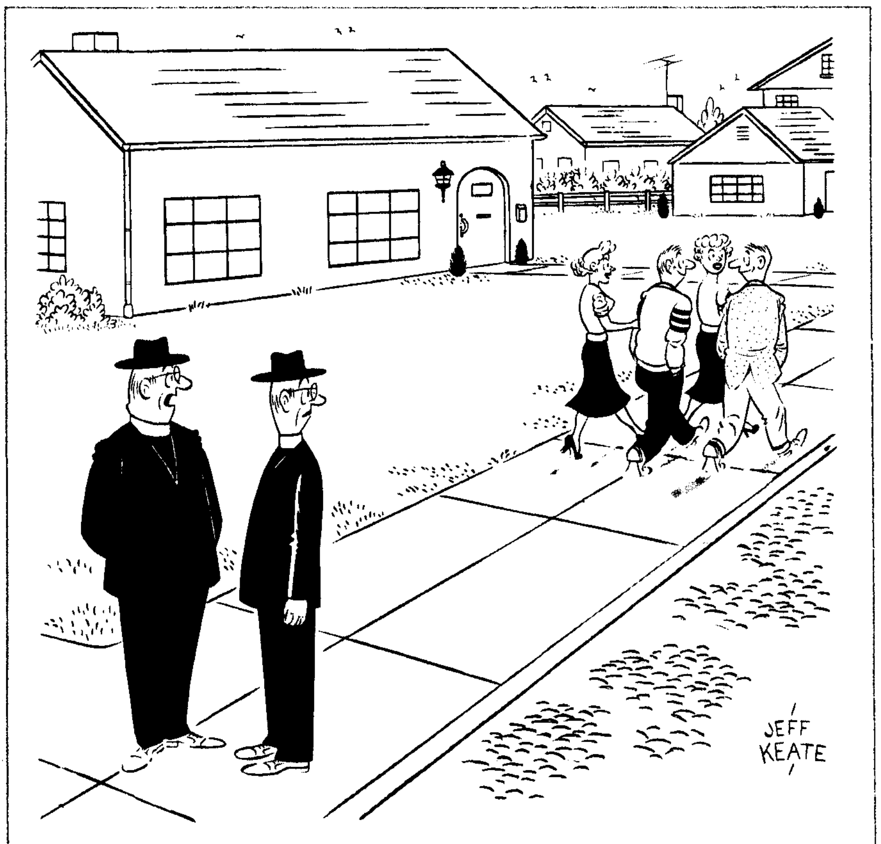
"Well, I'd like to find out for myself," Maxwell said. "This is wonderful country, isn't it? So *big*."

"You're in the M.M.B.A., now," Paddle said. "It's what we call Miles and Miles of Bloody Africa. See over the edge of the escarpment there, where she sweeps down? That'll be Narok. We'll stop for petrol and a Coke in the Indian *duka*, and then push on to camp. Dukie sent the lorry and the boys on ahead. We'll camp on the edge of the Loita plains, somewhere close to Majimoto, and see if we can't find you a leopard. Place is stiff with 'em."

It was not quite dark when the little convoy bumped across a plain and entered the green woods that rimmed the river. Juma, the head boy, had the camp nearly erected. Helen Maxwell thought it looked lovely, just like in the movies. The green sleeping tents were up. Even the little green ladies'-room tent stood brave in the background. The mess tent, with two sides open to the breezes, was already stacked with provision boxes. A huge fire was burning brightly in the center of an inviting circle of canvas easy chairs. Tantalizing smells were beginning to come from another fire a good distance away, where old Aly, the cook, was fussing around the stones that formed his stove. Juma, dressed in a white *kanzu*, with a red-and-gold bolero jacket over it and a gold-and-white fez on his head, was bustling about the drink table, which looked beautiful with its bottles of whisky, gin, beer and assorted bright-colored fruit squashes.

"Campi," Dukie said expansively, with a sweep of his arm, as he reined the Rover, bucking, to a halt. "Welcome to your new home, Mem-sahib Maxwell. Now, how about a wash, a spot of painkiller, and some *chakula?* Juma, *bathi!"*

Juma bowed and scuttled off to supervise the preparation of the baths. Dukie gestured at the drink table and Paddle mixed long limes all round. They sat in front of the fire, watching the sunset on the lovely mottled-yellow trunks of the fever trees, glowing rosy on the big boulders that littered the sandy river bed, shining dark red and purple on the distant hills. A small troop of impala, seeming bright gold and long-horned in the evening light, merged with a herd of Thomson's gazelle and a few zebras down by the thin trickle of water. Off in the bush there was a loud grunt, a scream, and a steady panting sound like the noise a crosscut saw makes when it passes through green wood. Dukie nodded knowingly.



COLLIER'S "I know them well. As far as religion is concerned they're real squares" JEFF KEATE

"Leopard," he said. "Just belted a baboon. The grunt and the squeal was the baboon. That sawing sound was the leopard."

Helen Maxwell, after washing in the canvas tub, put on heavy pajamas, a robe and mosquito boots, and sat down to a rather magnificent meal, served with flourishes by Juma, Yussuf and Mohammed, the personal boys. She gasped with delight when Juma brought in dessert, which turned out to be crepes suzette.

But Helen Maxwell did not sleep that night. Hyenas ringed round the tents and roared, laughed, giggled, screamed, grunted, yelled, shouted and wept. The lions roared, no more than half a mile away. The zebras screamed. The birds clamored. The baboons cursed the leopards, and the leopards cursed the baboons. It was a horrible cacophony of unidentifiable sound, and Helen Maxwell shivered under her mosquito netting and wept a little. John Maxwell snored. Helen Maxwell, wife of sixteen years, hated John Maxwell. She hated Africa too, but mostly she hated John Maxwell for snoring while she wept.

The next morning she was still hating him, but not so much, and her temper improved with breakfast and a nap. By lunch she was beginning to enjoy herself, and by dinnertime, after a ride around the animal-cluttered plains, she was beginning to love the safari.

She rode with Dukie in the Rover, and marveled at the skill with which he steered it over rocks, around holes, up mountains and across water. She marveled at his knowledge of natural history, his identification of shrubs, animals, birds and insects. She marveled at his running shot on a wart hog, which he needed for leopard bait. Dukie shot it casually through the head at about two hundred yards.

He chose his leopard tree meticulously, although it seemed to Helen Maxwell to be much the same as any other of a thousand trees. He supervised the building of the brush blind with the assurance of an architect.

"The leopard won't come tonight," he said. "He'll come tomorrow. He'll feed a little then, and more the next night. On the third afternoon he'll have complete confidence in the kill, and we'll clobber him that day."

IT WAS exactly as he said. The cat arrived on the third day at about five in the afternoon. The light was good enough for Helen Maxwell to shoot four or five minutes of color film before the big, beautiful golden cat stirred restlessly and then leaped to a higher, shaded fork, where he stood proudly erect and stared straight into the blind through cold, evil, killer's eyes. Helen thought that the devil would have eyes like that and shivered.

Dukie touched her husband on the arm. John Maxwell, shooting from a steady rest in a forked stick, fired. The bullet knocked the cat off the limb, but it hit the ground running and was away into the bush.

"Too bad," Dukie said. "You hit him, but you hit him too far back. You and the missus can wait in the Rover. I'll take two of the boys and nip into the bush and collect him. Matheke! *Toa* shottygun *na tia* buckshot."

The car boy drove up from where he had been waiting for the sound of the shot.

"*Na piga,*" Dukie said, unsnapping the barrels of the shotgun and checking the loads. "*Kuenda piga ku fa.* Where's the damned blood track?"

"Here, *bwana,*" the gunbearer said. "He went in over here."

"I wounded it," John Maxwell said. "Shouldn't I go in after it too?"

"I'd rather you didn't," Dukie said. "It's perishing thick in that stuff. Generally somebody gets scratched up when the cat comes, because when he comes he comes so fast you can barely see him. I'll have enough to do just looking after the boys and me. You and *mem-sahib* stay here, and I'll haul him out by the tail."

LOOKING pale and shaken, John Maxwell drank from the water bag and sat in the jeep. His wife sat beside him. Neither said anything. Dukie McGunn, following two gunbearers with the shotgun ready in his hands, plunged into the bush. He had been gone about twenty minutes when they heard the double roar of the shotgun. Ten minutes later he came out, one sleeve ripped to shreds and bloody streaks on his arm. The gunbearers were carrying the leopard, which had very little left in the way of a face.

"Sorry to spoil the trophy," Duke said, handing the shotgun to the car boy. "Blighter came in a hurry and I had to shoot at what I could see. Took a piece off my shoulder, at that. We'll just nip back and slap a little sulfa on the scratches. These animals have filthy claws, due to eating carrion."

John Maxwell looked at the dead leopard and then at his wife and then at Dukie McGunn. He said nothing.

It was the same with the buffalo, only worse. After they'd moved off the Loita plains, they went up into the hills of the tsetse-fly area where buffalo hunting was permitted. Quite naturally shaken by a stampede of the enormous beasts, when Maxwell finally shot one he hit it aft, and away it went into the thorn. Dukie went after it and it charged him from behind a bush. He had to shoot its eye out at about six feet. John Maxwell did not speak to his wife, nor did his wife speak to John Maxwell for a day after that.

Helen Maxwell began to invent excuses not to hunt with her husband, even when they were taking pictures of lions. John Maxwell went out with Paddle. Helen went out, when she hunted at all, only with Dukie McGunn.

It was the lion incident that tore it. Dukie had driven up to within ten feet of a pride of lions, feeding on a zebra, and Helen was taking pictures when suddenly one of the lions got hostile and made a pass at the Land Rover, whose top had been jettisoned and whose doors had been taken off. The lion was practically in Helen Maxwell's lap when Dukie slapped it in the face with his hat and veered the jeep at flank speed with his other hand. They stopped later for a drink of water and Helen Maxwell walked deliberately around the car and kissed Dukie McGunn firmly and competently in the middle of his guard mustaches. Dukie nearly fainted.

"I think we'd best get along back to camp," Dukie said nervously. "I must go and see to the whatchamacallit."

"Yes," Helen Maxwell agreed. "By all means." All the way back to camp she stared at Dukie, who remained speechless. . . .

Dukie called Paddle into his tent after dinner.

"We've got to do something," he said. "The old girl's about to go moony on me. They come out from the city and it's all new and strange and glamorous. The husband does nearly ev-

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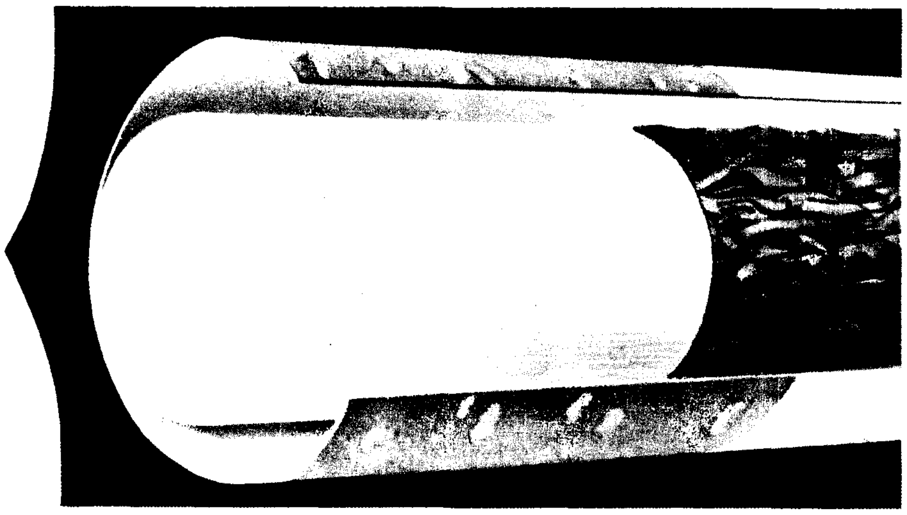

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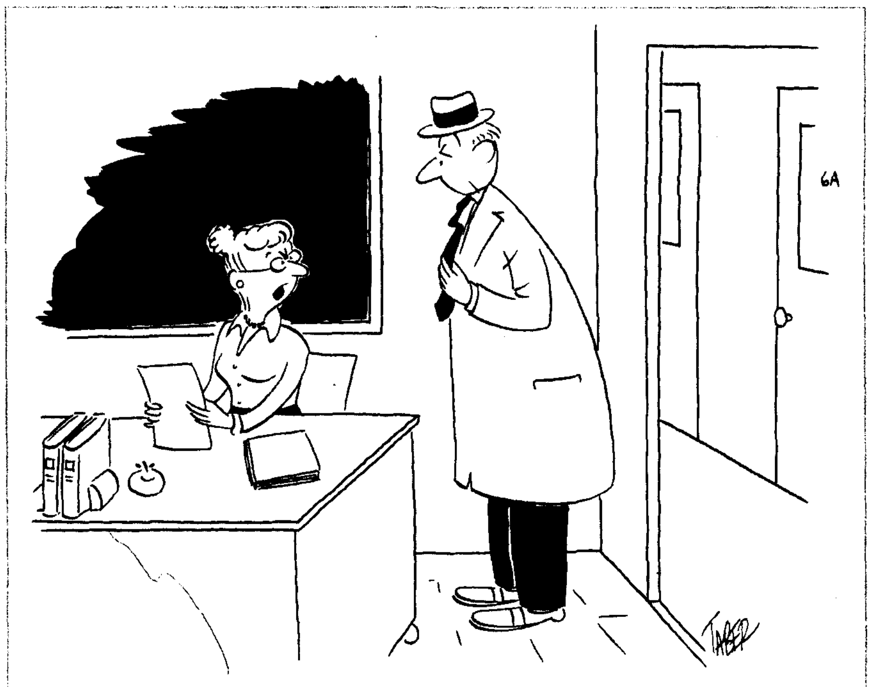


"So it's you again! I suppose you're here to discuss your son. Well, take off your hat, stop fiddling with your necktie and speak distinctly!"

COLLIER'S SCOTT TABER

erything wrong and looks silly. The professional does everything right, which ain't strange, Paddle, since all we are is outdoor mechanics anyhow. Then the old lady goes a little soft on the hunter, even though she's as nice as this *mem-sahib,* and the hunter gets nervous, and the client gets sorer and sorer. Then he either gets too brave and gets himself killed, trying to impress his wife, or what is more important he gets too brave and gets *you* or *me* killed. In any case, it's no good. We got to think of something, Paddle, because he's a nice type, is old John, and I don't want him to spend the rest of his life apologizing for this trip every time he and Helen have a family fight back home in Kansas, or wherever they live in America. You got any ideas?"

"Not I," said Paddle, cheerfully. "*You* are the senior hunter. I'm only the apprentice. I shall observe the master with the keenest of interest. Cheeri-awfully-ho."

"Go to hell," Dukie said, and drank half a glass of water before he discovered it wasn't gin.

FOR a week the situation grew steadily worse. Shooting tensely now, Maxwell knocked the jaw off a zebra and they had to chase it; and while they did, he missed it half a dozen times and finally broke a hind leg. Helen Maxwell looked at him with great, scornful disgust. Maxwell became extremely taciturn, and the camp, once so jolly over the evening meal and the bright fire, was morose and taut. On several evenings Dukie and Paddle, lying in their tent, could hear the mutter of argument coming from the clients' tent.

"It looks," Dukie said quietly, "as if the Bwana Maxwell is going to have a long, tough series of winters, if I know women. Every time he looks cross-eyed at a dressmaker's bill she's going to remind him of their lovely, lovely safari. Well, we've waited long enough. We will apply the drastic treatment. *You,* my lad, will . . ."

The next morning Mr. McGunn announced that both of the Maxwells must ride with him in his jeep that day, as his assistant had to run over to Narok to see about the delicate state of the lorry's differential.

"I'll stay in camp with the boys," Helen Maxwell said crossly. "There must be at least one book here that I've read only once."

"If you don't mind, ma'am," Duke replied, "I'd rather you didn't stay here alone. Snakes, you know, and the odd rhino. Safe enough if Paddle's here to keep an eye open, but I'd never forgive myself if a cobra crawled into your tent with me away and nobody here to administer the antivenom.

"We'll drive up past Egelok," Dukie continued. "There's a herd of big buff up there I want to look at. One monster bull, if somebody hasn't shot him."

They were tooling along in the clean, dewy morning when Dukie stopped the jeep and pointed. A big, fat topi bull was dozing under a thorn.

"I wish you'd get out and wallop that antelope," Dukie said to John Maxwell. "We need some camp meat."

Maxwell nodded glumly, accepted the .30-06, stalked up to a bush and shot the big antelope quite precisely through the shoulder.

"Jolly nice shooting, *bwana,*" said Mr. McGunn. "Smack on the button. We'll just let the innards out of this chap and stuff him in the back of the Rover and hunt on a bit. I remember some wonderful lions about here. Tame as kittens. Make ruddy fine pictures. Hurry up with that topi, Matheke. I want you to go with me to look for those buff." He turned back to the Maxwells and said, "I'll leave the thirty-oh-six for you people. Loose it off if you need me."

Dukie picked up his heavy double rifle by the barrels and swung off, leaving the Maxwells alone in the jeep. The gunbearer went on ahead of Dukie. The Maxwells looked at each other and said nothing at all. John Maxwell was thinking what a dreadful, horrid bust this safari had turned out to be when he heard his wife scream.

A lion, a huge, big-maned beast, growling, swung heavy-shouldered out of the bush, and charged for Dukie McGunn. Dukie let out a banshee screech, dropped the gun, and tore straight to the closest tree, which he scurried up like a leopard in a hurry. The lion swerved and headed in great bounds for the car. To Helen Maxwell, the animal's mouth was a fiery furnace, its head as big as a locomotive. John Maxwell whirled, grabbed the .30-06 and slammed in a shell. He fired just as the lion left the ground in a gigantic leap at the car. The lion dropped like a stone with his vast head a foot or so from Helen Maxwell's in-drawn legs. Helen Maxwell fainted, and John Maxwell's hands were shaking when he fired again in the *coup de grâce.* It took the lion in the forehead.

Dukie shinnied down out of the tree.

"Marvelous shooting, old boy," he said. "And just in the nick of time, too. Most men would have missed him or wounded him, and somebody would certainly have got killed."

HELEN MAXWELL, deadly pale, had revived. She looked at Dukie with bitter dislike.

"You had your damned nerve leaving us here alone in this zoo," she said. "All that talk about these lions being harmless as kittens! If it hadn't been for John—" She began to weep. Her husband put his arm around her.

"We'll go back to camp," Dukie said, "and I'll come back with the boys and skin him out. He's a little past prime, but a lovely trophy. I'll have to square it with the Game Department though; we're not supposed to shoot them here. And then I reckon we'd best head back to Nairobi as soon as possible."

Dukie left the Maxwells talking animatedly in camp. Helen Maxwell's eyes were warm with admiration for John Maxwell. She looked scornfully at Dukie McGunn, who had run away and climbed a tree in face of danger.

Dukie drove back to the lion, sprawling dead and rumpled. The lion was thin, mangy, scarred and fly-bitten. One foot was crippled from an old fight. Most of his teeth were gone, and he had a cataract over one eye.

"Poor old boy," Dukie said aloud. "Poor, sad old beggar. Poor old Tiberius. You'll never pose for another picture, but the hyenas would have had you in a couple of weeks anyhow. I certainly felt a skunk when I planted that topi carcass in the back of the jeep, and you came bounding up for your dinner, all full of hope and high purpose." Dukie cupped his hands and yelled: "Okay, Paddle, you can come down out of the tree now. The city-folks are safe in camp."

Young Master Rowbottom, a big .500 double rifle slung over his shoulder, slid down from a nearby tree.

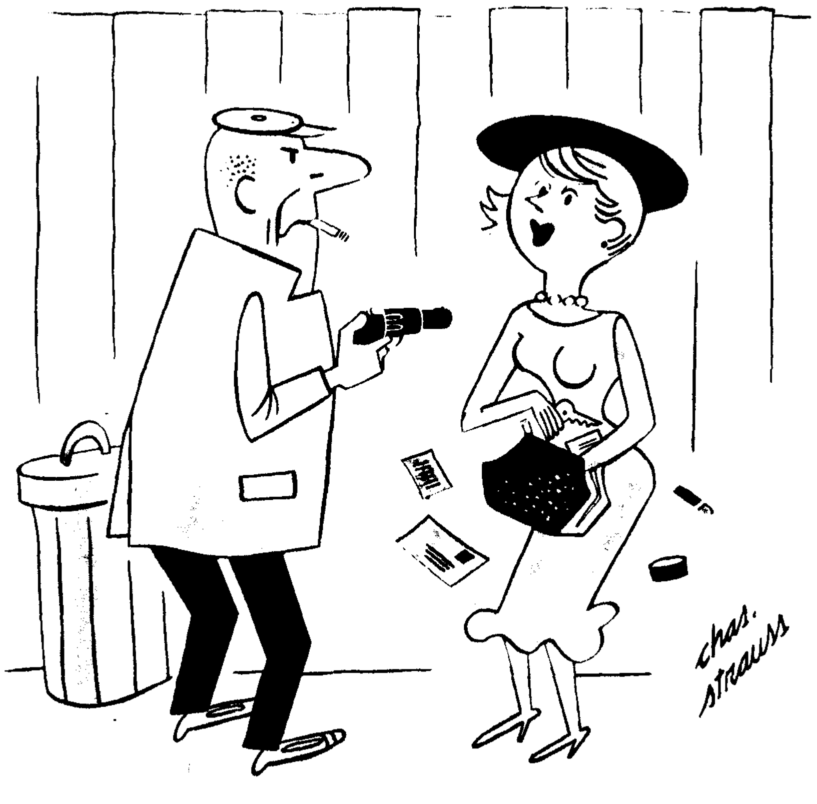
"Very nice, my boy," said Mr. McGunn. "Very, very nice timing. For a second I thought Maxwell wasn't going to shoot at all—not that poor old Tiberius here would have hurt them any—but if Friend Maxwell hadn't shot, our little charade would have certainly soured. And we would not, as the saying goes, have been drinking their grog any longer. And the old lady would never have forgiven him *or* me. Or you, for that matter."

"It was nothing at all," said Master Rowbottom. "I had enough gun up that tree to put the quietus on an elephant. It was merely a matter of shooting the poor old blighter in the ear as he jumped. I don't suppose I was more than a hundredth-second behind Maxwell's shot. Poor old Tiberius, coming out for his free lunch and instead he gets clobbered in the head."

Dukie reached into the Rover glove compartment and hauled out a bottle of gin. He took a long swig and handed the bottle to Paddle.

"Son," he said, "when you have been around clients as long as I have, you will have learned to treat them like another kind of wild animal, to put yourself in their place. As long as we had to shoot poor old Tiberius for the warden anyhow, I couldn't see any harm in making him play cupid in the process. You know, Paddle, when you've been at this a bit longer, you'll realize that it ain't the buffalo in the bush that collects the hunters. It is women on safari. And I have managed to remain unshot and a bachelor for forty-seven years. See you do the same."

"Yes, sir," Paddle Rowbottom said devoutly. "Every day I learn something new." —ROBERT C. RUARK



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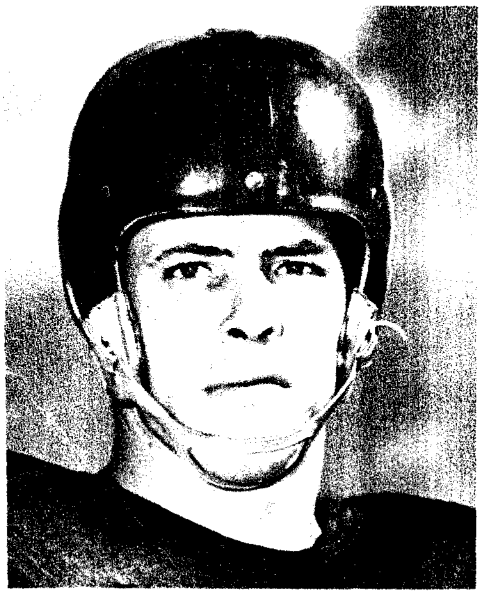
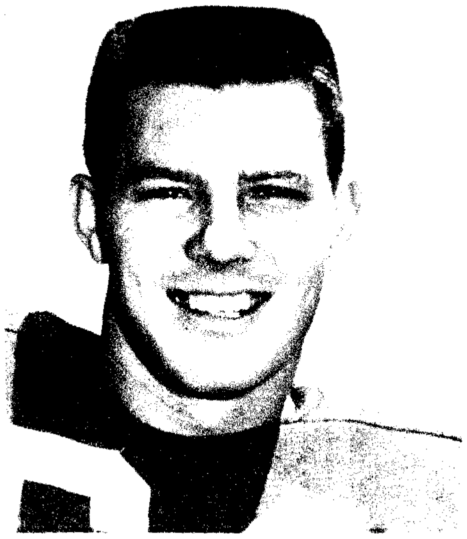
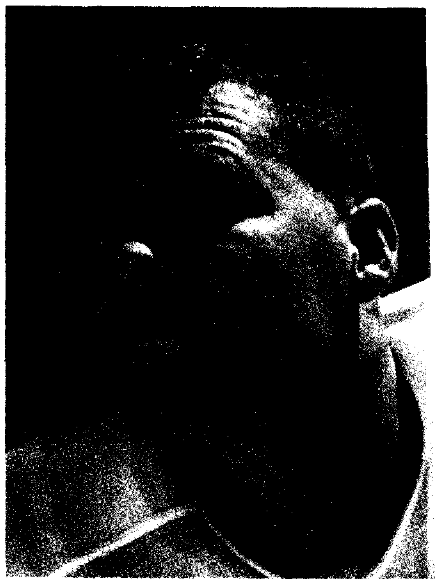

BUD BROOKS

[illegible] ALL-AMERICA

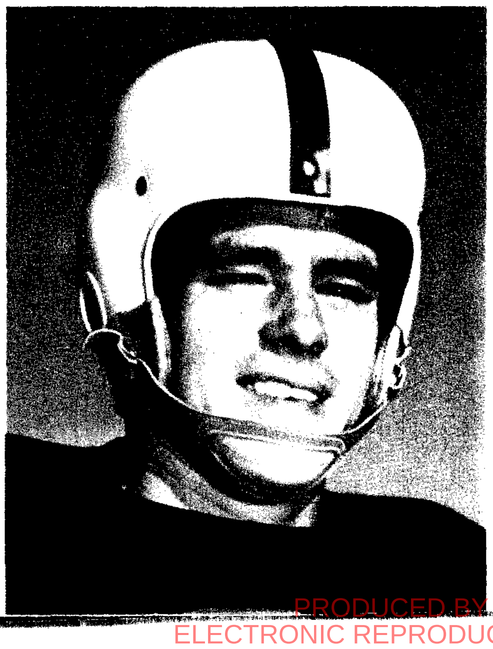
End	**MAX BOYDSTON**	Oklahoma	Muskogee, Okla.
End	**DON HOLLEDER**	Army	Webster, N.Y.
Tackle	**JACK ELLENA**	UCLA	Susanville, Calif.
Tackle	**SID FOURNET**	Louisiana State	Bogalusa, La.
Guard	**JIM SALSBURY**	UCLA	Los Angeles, Calif.
Guard	**BUD BROOKS**	Arkansas	Wynne, Ark.
Center	**KURT BURRIS**	Oklahoma	Muskogee, Okla.
Quarterback	**RALPH GUGLIELMI**	Notre Dame	Columbus, Ohio
Halfback	**DICK MOEGLE**	Rice	Taylor, Tex.
Halfback	**HOWARD CASSADY**	Ohio State	Columbus, Ohio
Fullback	**ALAN AMECHE**	Wisconsin	Kenosha, Wis.

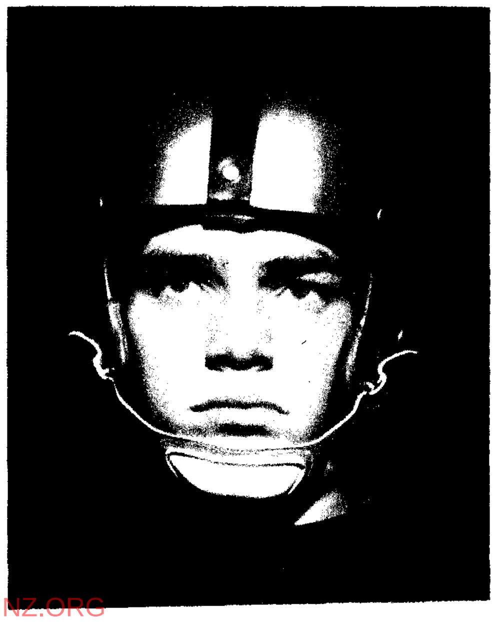
JACK ELLENA


JIM SALSBURY


SID FOURNET

RALPH GUGLIELMI


MAX BOYDSTON


DON HOLLEDER

KURT BURRIS

The American Football Coaches Association

By BILL FAY

ALL-AMERICA BOARD OF COACHES

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SOUTH CAROLINA opened the season by walloping Army 34 to 20. The following Saturday, Army crushed Michigan 26 to 0; then, Michigan rebounded with a 14 to 13 victory over highly favored Iowa.

That's how things went during the 1954 college football season. Upsets. Upsets. Upsets.

The toll was particularly heavy among the perennial grid powers. Look what happened to Illinois and Michigan State, the defending Big Ten co-champions. Illinois lost its first four games. Michigan State dropped four of its first five.

Texas, rated the Southwest's No. 1 team in preseason polls, lost four times before the end of October. So did highly touted California. Maryland and Notre Dame—ranked one-two nationally last year—were knocked out of the unbeaten class before the season was two games old; and Miami (Florida) U's bid for an undefeated season was halted by Auburn, already a three-time loser. The small colleges got into the upset act too. One prime example: Miami (Ohio) took Indiana 6-0!

All these upsetting developments can be traced to a leveling off in strength as the players on the top teams became more accustomed to the rigorous demands of one-platoon competition. For the same reason, individual performances turned in by leading All-America candidates showed marked improvement over standards set in 1953, when the repeal of the unlimited substitution rule forced star specialists to work at unfamiliar assignments on either offense or defense.

An analysis of the balloting for Collier's 65th All-America, selected by The American Football Coaches Association, reveals that competition was exceptionally keen for every position except fullback. The coaches voted this key backfield position to Alan Ameche of Wisconsin by an overwhelming margin.

The coaches also named Ameche the winner of a new and significant football award—Collier's Walter Camp Memorial Trophy.

A total of 573 coaches took part in the All-America balloting. Their votes, reflecting on-the-field observations, scouting reports and studies of game movies, were supervised by Collier's All-America board of famous coaches.

So much for the selection procedure. Now, let's take a close-up look at the All-America stars of '54, starting with Wisconsin's Player of the Year, Alan (the Horse) Ameche.

Ameche arrived at Wisconsin in the fall of 1951 (when freshmen were eligible for varsity competition) and was the Badgers' No. 1 fullback from their third game on. In 157 ball-carrying attempts, he ground out 824 yards for a 5.2 average!

"It was an amazing performance for an eighteen-year-old," coach Ivy Williamson comments, "but the really amazing thing about Ameche is that he came close to that phenomenal five-yard average over four seasons against the toughest kind of opposition. (Actual average: 4.8 yards per carry.)

"Ameche was an offensive specialist for two seasons," Williamson adds. "However, when we converted to one-platoon football last year, Al took on the extra-heavy duty of backing up our line on defense without suffering any letdown in offensive effectiveness. He played 502 minutes out of a possible 540—carrying the brunt of our offense and defense—without asking for a single time out. The big guy just never seems to get tired."

Ameche (six feet and 212 pounds) was primarily a power runner. He gained the bulk of his yardage on drives between the tackles, but he also was fast enough to sweep the ends on pitchout maneuvers. He once ran 100 yards in 10.2 seconds at a track meet in his home town, Kenosha.

After watching Ameche grind out 133 yards against Southern California in the 1953 Rose Bowl game, coach Red Sanders of UCLA declared: "That Ameche is the strongest runner in football history, not excepting Bronko Nagurski."

Midwest coaches were particularly impressed by Ameche's fierce competitive spirit. Alan turned in some of his greatest performances in defeat against stubborn defensive lines. Example: he gained 117 yards against Iowa, although Wisconsin lost 13 to 7. The climax of his tremendous career came against Northwestern, when he broke the NCAA rushing record (3,166 yards) set by Ollie Matson of San Francisco in 1951.

Alan is married to his childhood sweetheart, Yvonne, and they have two sons: Brian, sixteen months, and Alan, Jr., three months.

The Horse supplies the power in Collier's All-America backfield, which also includes Ralph Guglielmi of Notre Dame, Howard (Hopalong) Cassady of Ohio State and Dick Moegle of Rice. Guglielmi, like Ameche, skyrocketed to stardom as a freshman. Veteran observers of Notre Dame football rank Ralph with such famed Irish signal callers as Frank Carideo, Angelo Bertelli and Johnny Lujack.

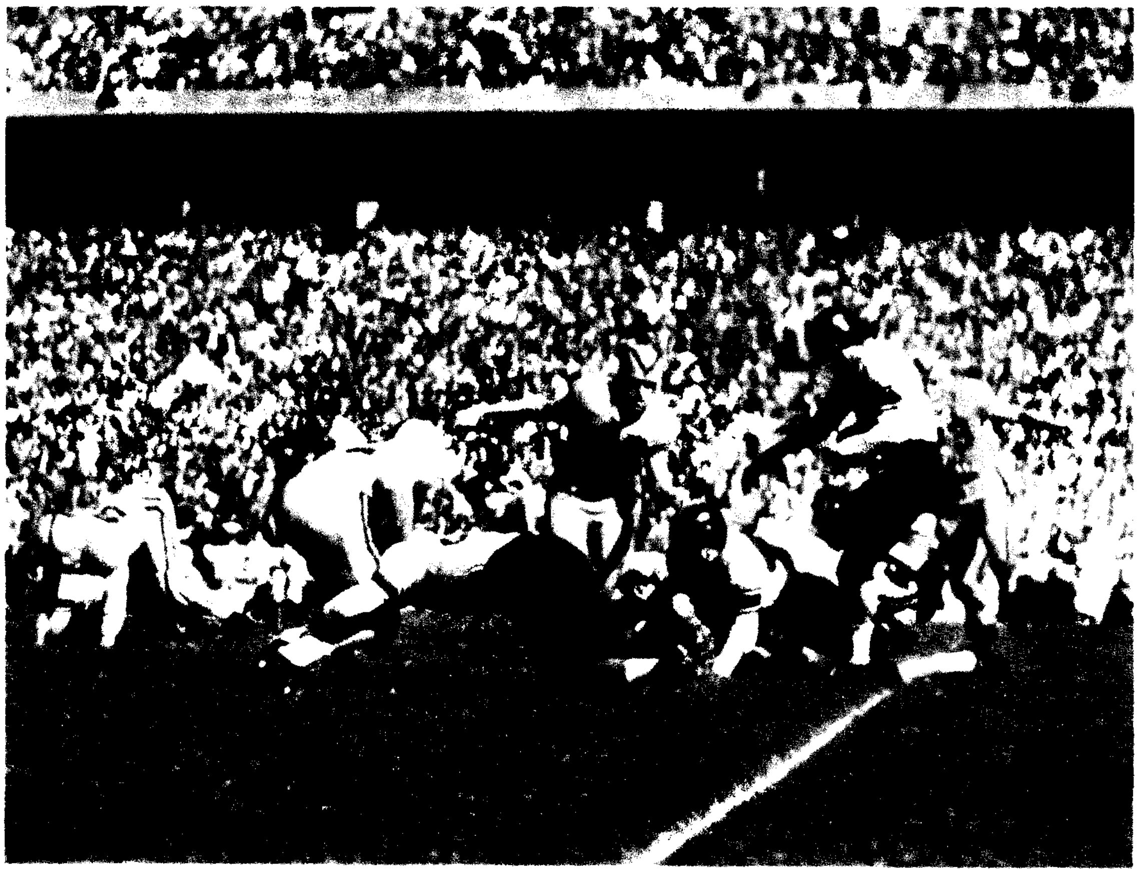
Guglielmi (six feet and 190 pounds) passed brilliantly in the clutch and handled the tricky option play in Notre Dame's split-T attack with cool precision. The coaches rated him the quickest and smartest play caller in college football.

"But Ralph's greatest asset was that intangible called leadership," testifies coach Terry Brennan of Notre Dame. "Ralph took charge of the team. His poise kept our attack rolling during some rough stretches, and his alert defensive play helped save our close victories over Michigan State and Navy."

Guglielmi lives in Columbus, Ohio. He's a good student, maintaining an 84 average, and hopes to join the FBI after graduation in June.

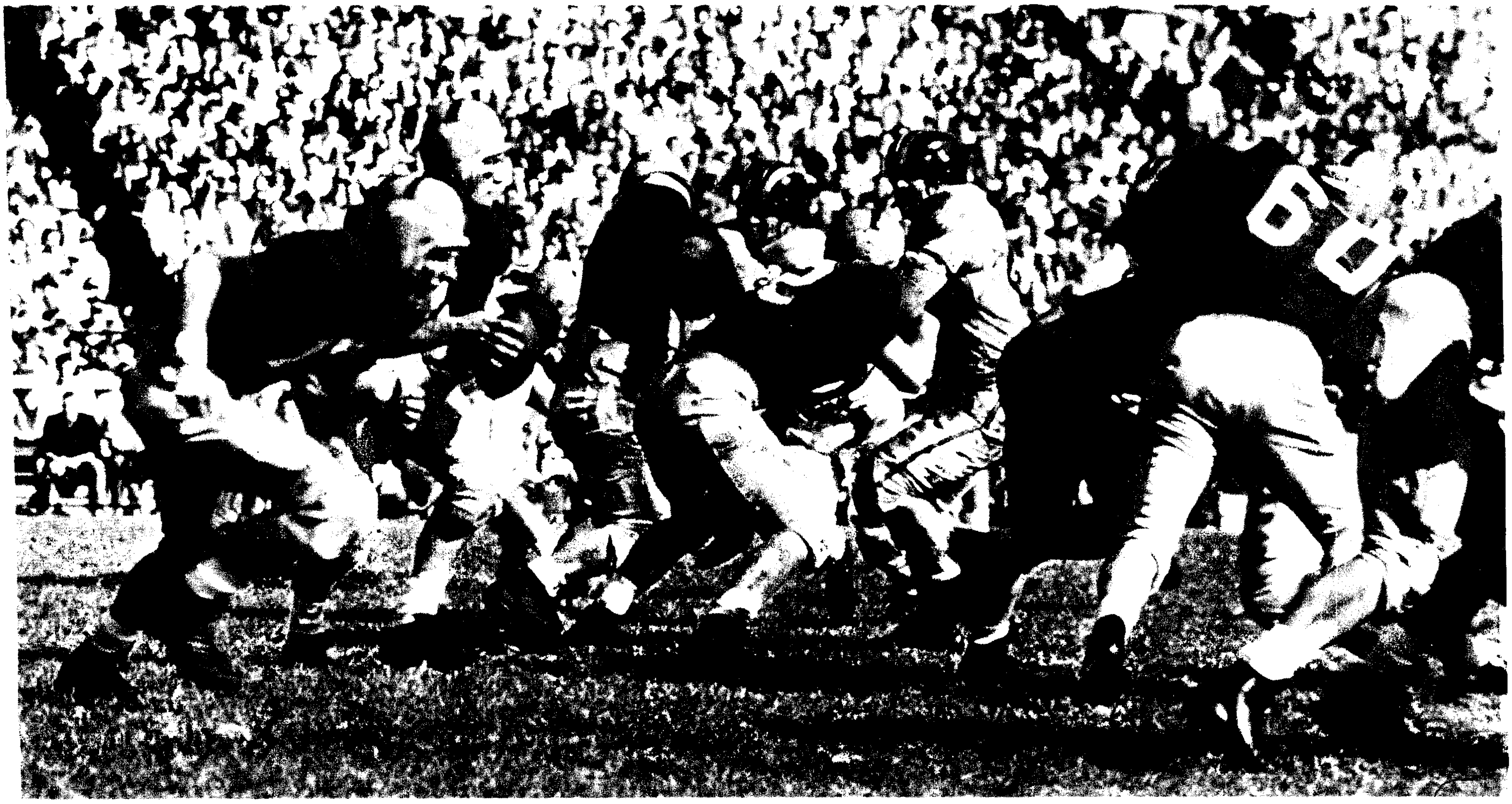
Coincidentally, Columbus is the home town of another All-America back, Howard (Hopalong) Cassady of Ohio State. Cassady (five ten and 168) executed what probably was the most dramatic play of the '54 season when he raced 88 yards for a touchdown after intercepting a pass against Wisconsin. The interception put Ohio State ahead, 10 to 7, in the third quarter and touched off the 31-14 win which blasted Wisconsin's unbeaten record.

"Cassady," enthuses coach Woody Hayes of Ohio State, "is one of those rare instinctive runners. He seems to sense exactly the right moment

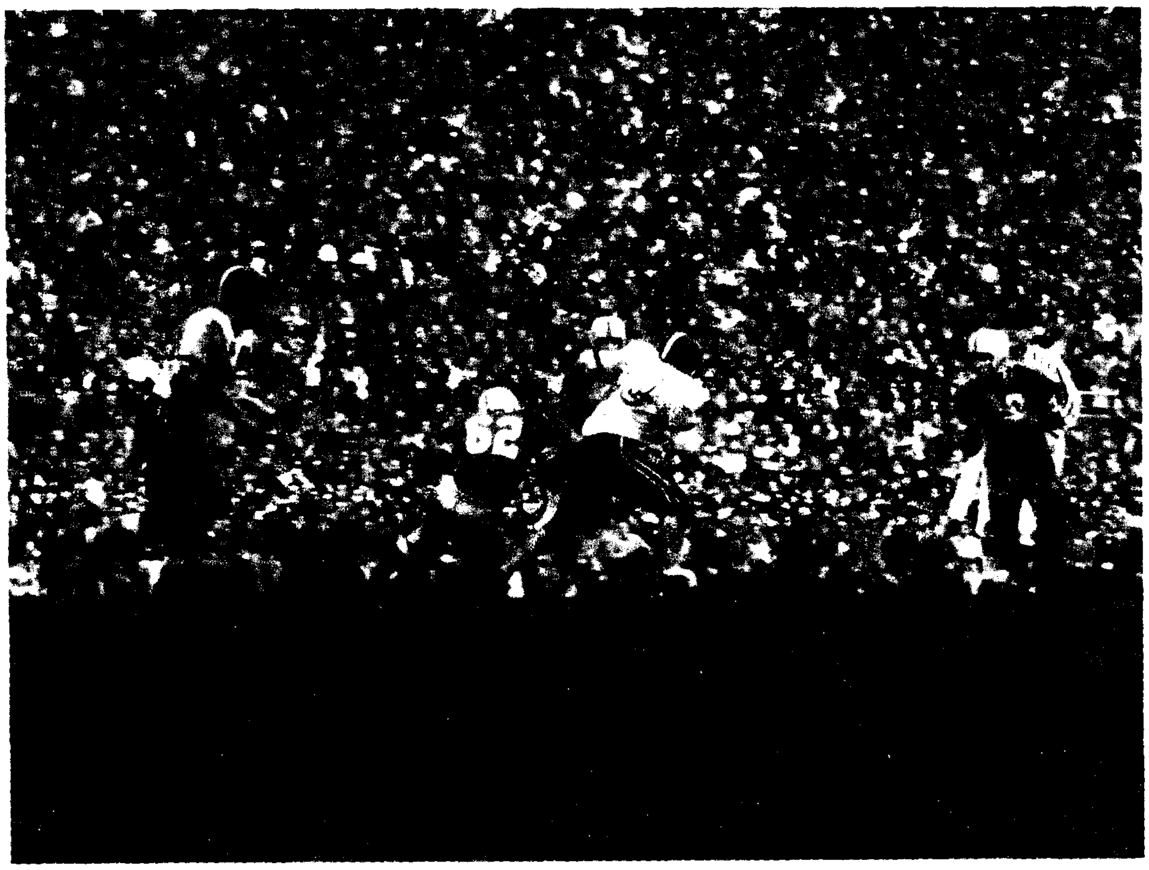


Shifty halfback **Dick Moegle drives for gain leading Rice to a 34-13 win over Vanderbilt. He carried ball only 12 times, yet scored three touchdowns**

There's speed as well as power in the line. One 200-pound guard can ru



Passing master **Ralph Guglielmi looks for receiver during the Purdue game. A skillful signal caller and expert on the pass-run option, the Notre Dame quarterback also was great on defense. Against Texas, he made three crucial interceptions**



Breakaway back **Howard (Hopalong) Cassady maneuvers for an opening against tough Iowa. His clutch running played big part in Ohio State's 20-14 victory**

to cut back—or swing wide. That's one football skill you can't develop on the practice field. You're born with it. It's the difference between a good back and a game-buster like Cassady, who's apt to go the distance any time he finds a patch of daylight."

Cassady has demonstrated remarkable durability for a 168-pounder built along scatback lines. Over two seasons, he's averaged just about 50 minutes per game. He's a junior, studying physical education, and opposing Big Ten coaches fear with ample justification that Hopalong's greatest grid season may still be ahead of him.

Cassady's All-America mate at halfback, Dick Moegle of Rice, bears this impressive endorsement from Southwest Conference coaches: best in this section since Doak Walker. Like Walker, Moegle was adept at "setting up" tacklers for his blockers.

"Moegle was a tremendous faker," explains coach Jess Neely of Rice. "His fakes forced opposing tacklers to commit themselves—turned them into sitting ducks for our blockers."

Moegle (just six feet and 170 pounds) turned in his greatest offensive performance against Alabama in the Cotton Bowl last New Year's Day. On that occasion, Dick gained 265 yards rushing, and scored three touchdowns on long runs. Rice won, 28 to 6.

That was the game (remember?) when Tommy Lewis, the Alabama fullback, leaped off the bench and dumped Moegle with an illegal tackle just as Dick was breaking into the clear on Alabama's 37-yard line. Referee Cliff Shaw promptly ruled that Moegle would have gone all the way and awarded a touchdown to Rice.

"Luckiest thing that ever happened to me," Moe-

All-America on TV

Collier's 1954 All-America team will appear in person on Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town television program, the Columbia Broadcasting System, Sunday evening, November 28th, at eight o'clock (EST). In cities where Toast of the Town is re-telecast on kinescope film, viewers should consult their local newspapers for the correct time and station

gle laughs. "I got credit for a 95-yard touchdown run and more publicity than I'd have received for a dozen touchdowns."

Moegle was only sixteen when he reported for freshman football. "He weighed about 150," Neely recalls, "all skin and bones. I told him he ought to forget about football and concentrate on basketball. I was really afraid he'd get hurt. But Dick kept coming out until our frosh coaches finally put him into a scrimmage. Then he looked so good we decided to keep him and fatten him up."

The middle-of-the-line muscle in the 1954 All-America is supplied by five aggressive and highly mobile forwards: tackles Jack Ellena of UCLA and Sid Fournet of Louisiana State; guards Jim Salsbury of UCLA and William (Bud) Brooks of Arkansas; and center Kurt Burris of Oklahoma.

The coaches rated Ellena, an ex-lumberjack who has won the intercollegiate heavyweight wrestling championship of the Pacific Coast for two straight years, the strongest lineman on the West Coast. He stands six three, weighs 220, is exceptionally quick, a fine blocker, and virtually immovable on defense.

Sid Fournet (five eleven and 225 pounds) won the other All-America tackle post by capitalizing on his unusual speed. He excelled at the most arduous of all defensive chores—rushing the passer.

"Fournet was never out of the play," declares coach Gaynell Tinsley of LSU. "Thanks to his speed, Sid could pursue and overtake ball carriers on wide sweeps directed away from his right-tackle position. This was his best season, even though we had a below-par year."

A senior, Fournet earned All-Southeastern Conference honors two of his three varsity years. Real tip-off on his thorough mastery of fundamentals came in 1953, last year of two-platoon football, when Southeastern coaches named him as the conference's best lineman on both offense and defense.

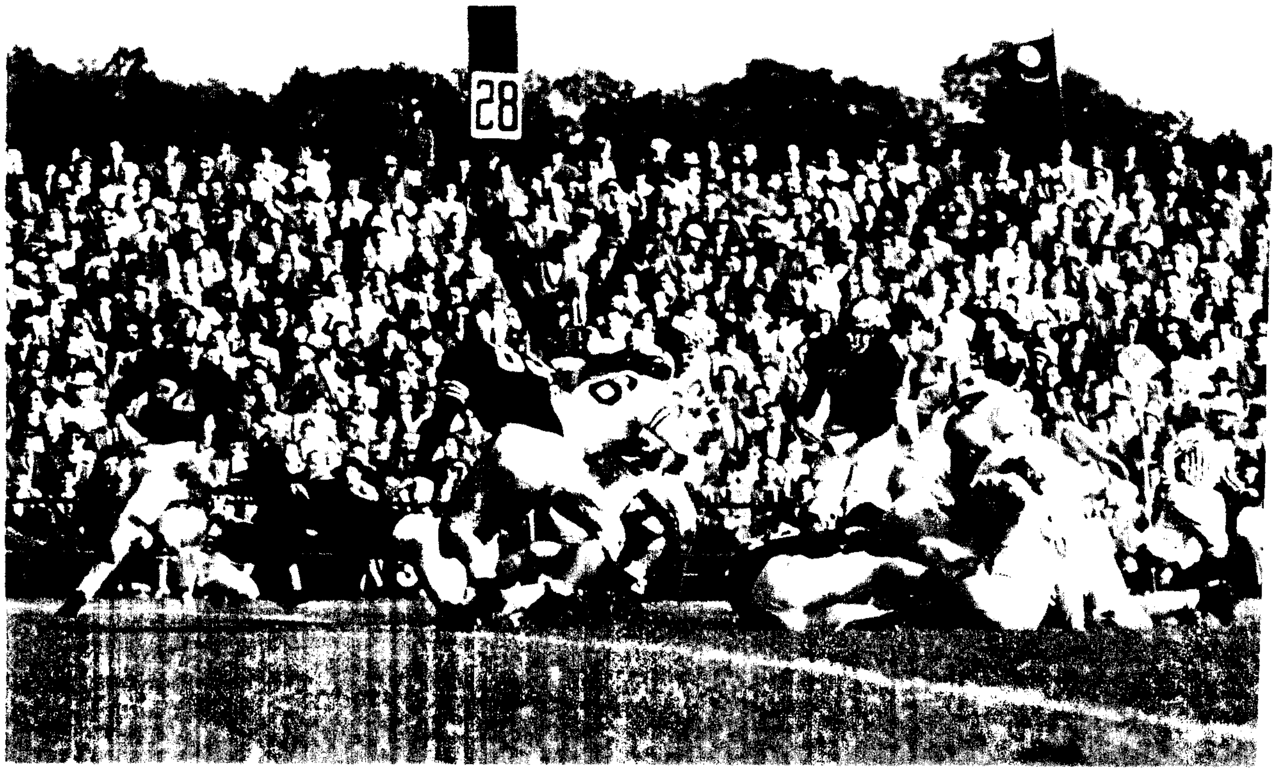
All-America competition was keenest at the guard positions. The coaches finally selected Jim Salsbury of UCLA and Bud Brooks of Arkansas by hairline margins over four other splendid performers: Ralph Chesnauskas of Army, Tom Bettis of Purdue, Gene Lamone of West Virginia and Franklin Brooks of Georgia Tech.

Senior Jim Salsbury (six one and 215) teamed with All-America tackle Jack Ellena to provide UCLA with the nucleus of college football's strongest line. Coach Lynn Waldorf of California reports: "Salsbury was great defensively even as a freshman, when he played 209 minutes. Since converting to one-platoon, he's developed tremendous offensive charge. He and Ellena are the best pair I've ever seen on one team."

Brooks (five eleven and 200) was the fastest lineman in the Southwest Conference. Buddy, a converted fullback, runs the 100-yard dash in 10.3 seconds; and he was just the man coach Bowden Wyatt needed to make Arkansas's single-wing attack click.

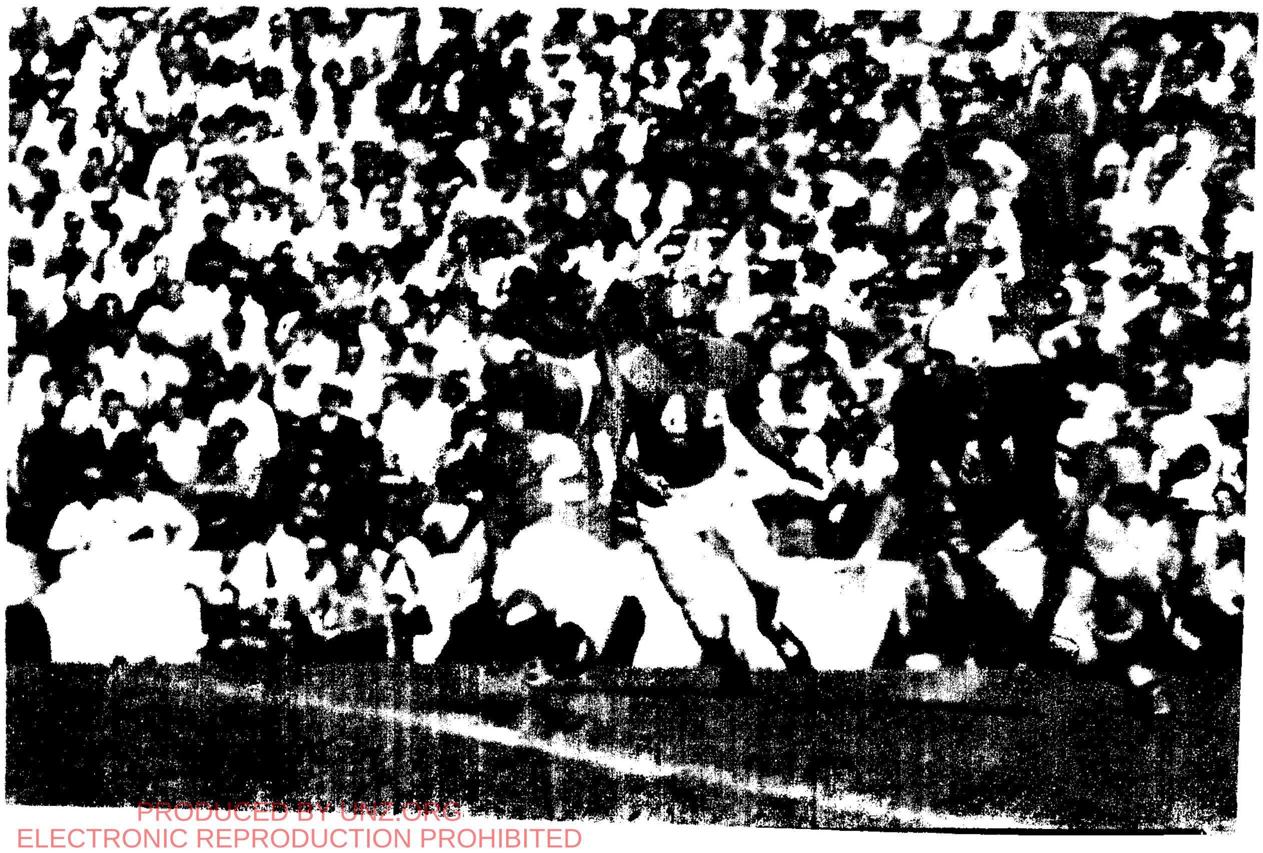
"In the single wing," explains Wyatt, "you've

Crashing line-backer **Kurt Burris (51) relentlessly stalks ball carrier Charles Dollar of Texas. Burris was defensive standout in Oklahoma's hard-earned 14-7 win**

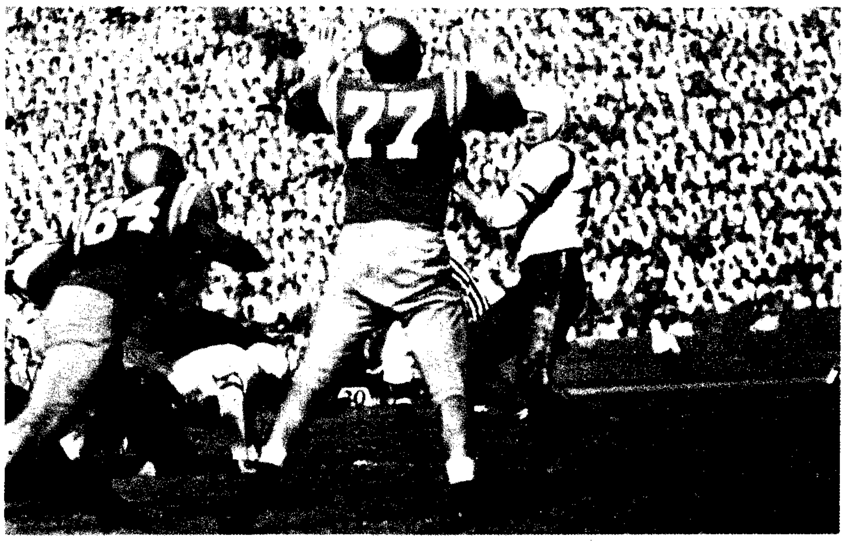


All-round **Army end Don Holleder (84), in action here against Dartmouth, was a two-way star. In same game, he caught touchdown passes good for 67 and 44 yards**

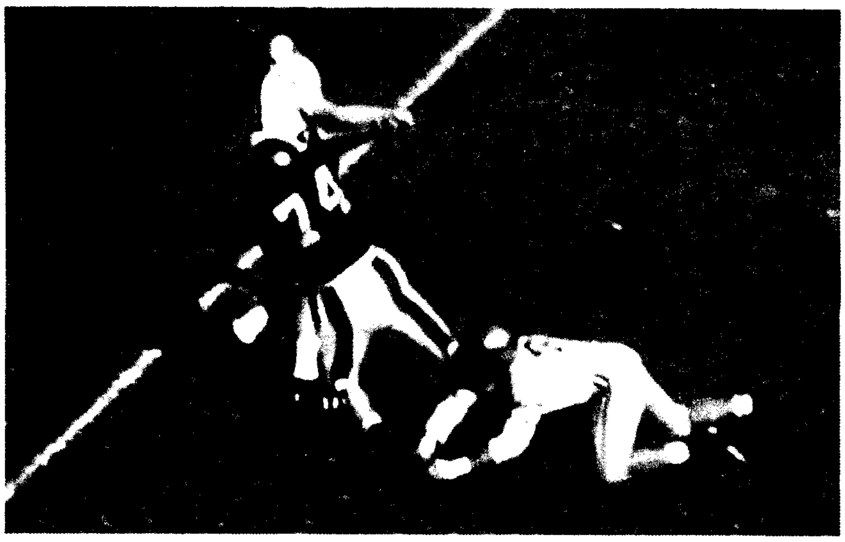
Ball hawk **Max Boydston (41), star Oklahoma end, swerves to get into the play during Texas game. Strong defensively, he was also a glue-fingered pass receiver**



The coaches also selected five powerful All-Sectional teams



Giant tackle **Jack Ellena (77) dwarfs would-be Stanford passer trying to get ball away. Ellena's UCLA team crushed Indians, 72-0**



Hard-charging **Sid Fournet (74), LSU's tremendous offensive and defensive tackle, evades block and crashes into Georgia Tech passer**

got to have a guard who can pull out of the line to lead the interference. Buddy's great blocking was the key to our surprising season—particularly our upset wins over Mississippi and Rice."

Center Kurt Burris comes from an All-America family. Kurt's oldest brother, Buddy, was an All-America guard at Oklahoma in 1948; and his younger brother and teammate, Bob, has been performing at fullback in a manner which could lead to All-America rating in '55. What's more, Kurt's twin brothers, Lyle and Lynn, currently are starring at Muskogee (Oklahoma) High School. No wonder coach Bud Wilkinson says, "Anybody named Burris is always welcome at Oklahoma."

Burris (six one and 205) lives in Muskogee. He's a senior, majoring in geology.

Max Boydston of Oklahoma and Don Holleder of Army carried off All-America honors among a fine group of ends, including Dan Shannon of Notre Dame, Jim Pyburn of Auburn, and Frank McDonald of U. of Miami (Florida).

Conservative Lou Little, finishing his 25th year as head coach at Columbia, reports: "I've never seen a finer college end than Holleder. He can fake, he can change pace, and he has those soft hands that seem to stick to a football. Defensively, he's one of those scrambling and clawing ends—the type that gives blockers the most trouble."

Coach Bud Wilkinson switched Max Boydston from fullback to end in '52, and Max promptly earned All-Big Seven honors as a soph. He has drawn on his fullback experience to become a running threat. Over the last two seasons he's averaged 10 yards per carry on end-around plays.

"Max does everything," comments Wilkinson. "Against Colorado, for example, he sparked one drive with a nine-yard carry, kicked 59 yards in a clutch spot, always blocked beautifully, and on defense disrupted Colorado's passing attack."

Holleder (six two and 190) is a junior from Webster, New York. Boydston (a senior, six two and 205), like Kurt Burris—his fellow All-American from Oklahoma—hails from Muskogee.

The coaches also picked five All-Sectional teams:

ALL-EAST: ends, Don Holleder, Army, and Ron Beagle, Navy; tackles, Roosevelt Grier, Penn State, and Frank Morze, Boston College; guards, Thorne Shugart, Yale, and Ralph Chesnauskas, Army; center, John O'Hearn, Rutgers; quarterback, Pete Vann, Army; halfbacks, Lenny Moore, Penn State, and Tom Bell, Army; fullback, Joe Gattuso, Navy.

ALL-MIDWEST: ends, Dan Shannon, Notre Dame, and Ron Kramer, Michigan; tackles, Frank Machinsky, Ohio State, and Frank Varrichione, Notre Dame; guards, Tom Bettis, Purdue, and Calvin Jones, Iowa; center, Gary Messner, Wisconsin; quarterback, Ralph Guglielmi, Notre Dame; halfbacks, Howard Cassady, Ohio State, and Bob McNamara, Minnesota; fullback, Alan Ameche, Wisconsin.

ALL-SOUTH: ends, Jim Pyburn, Auburn, and Frank McDonald, Miami; tackles, Sid Fournet, Louisiana State, and Bob Bartholomew, Wake Forest; guards, Franklin Brooks, Georgia Tech, and Gene Lamone, West Virginia; center, Leon Cunningham, South Carolina; quarterback, Bob Hardy, Kentucky; halfbacks, Arthur Davis, Mississippi State, and Allen Muirhead, Mississippi; fullback, Dick Bielski, Maryland.

ALL-SOUTHWEST: ends, Max Boydston, Oklahoma, and Ben Sinclair, Texas Aggies; tackles, Forrest Gregg, Southern Methodist, and Jim Smith, Baylor; guards, Ken Paul, Rice, and Bud Brooks, Arkansas; center, Kurt Burris, Oklahoma; quarterback, Ronald Clinkscale, TCU; halfbacks, Dick Moegle, Rice, and Carroll Hardy, Colorado; fullback, Henry Moore, Arkansas.

ALL-FAR WEST: ends, Jim Hanifan, California, and John Stewart, Stanford; tackles, Jack Ellena, UCLA, and Mario Da Re, Southern California; guards, Jim Salsbury and Sam Boghosian, both of UCLA; center, Matt Hazeltine, California; quarterback, George Shaw, Oregon; halfbacks, Jon Arnett, Southern Cal., and Paul Larson, California (shifted from QB by coaches); fullback, Bob Davenport, UCLA.

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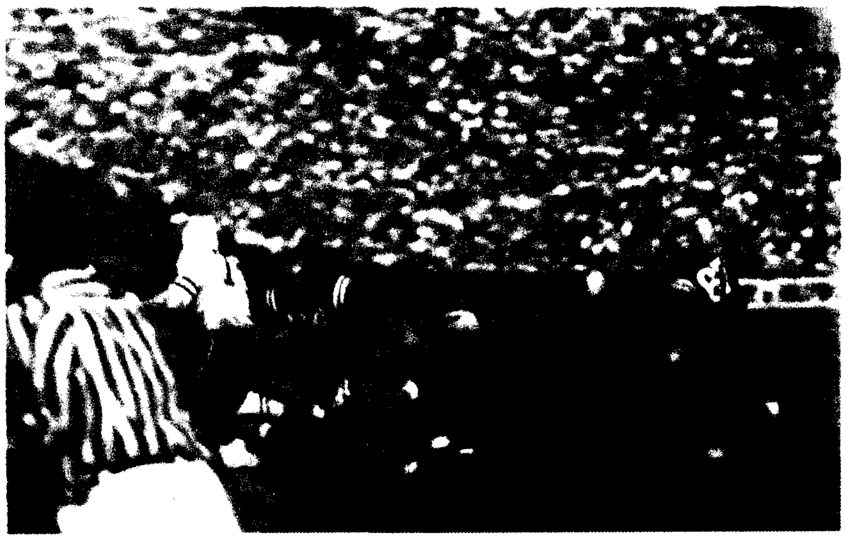
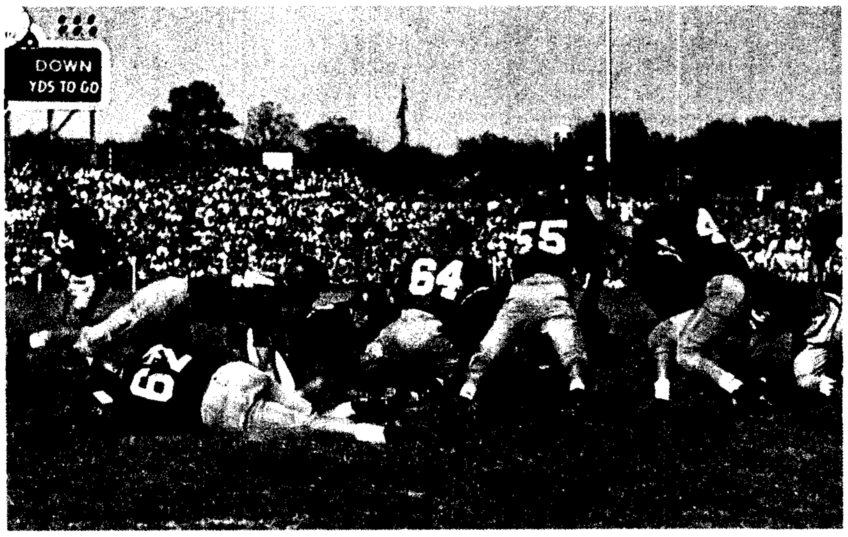


Clutch player **Jim Salsbury (64) bulls his way toward Stanford foe during rout. Salsbury sparked great UCLA line for four years**



Immovable guard **Bud Brooks (64) anchors line to stop a running play by Mississippi. His work was big factor in Arkansas's 6-0 win**

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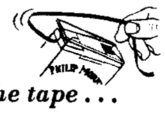

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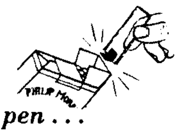

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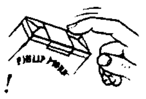

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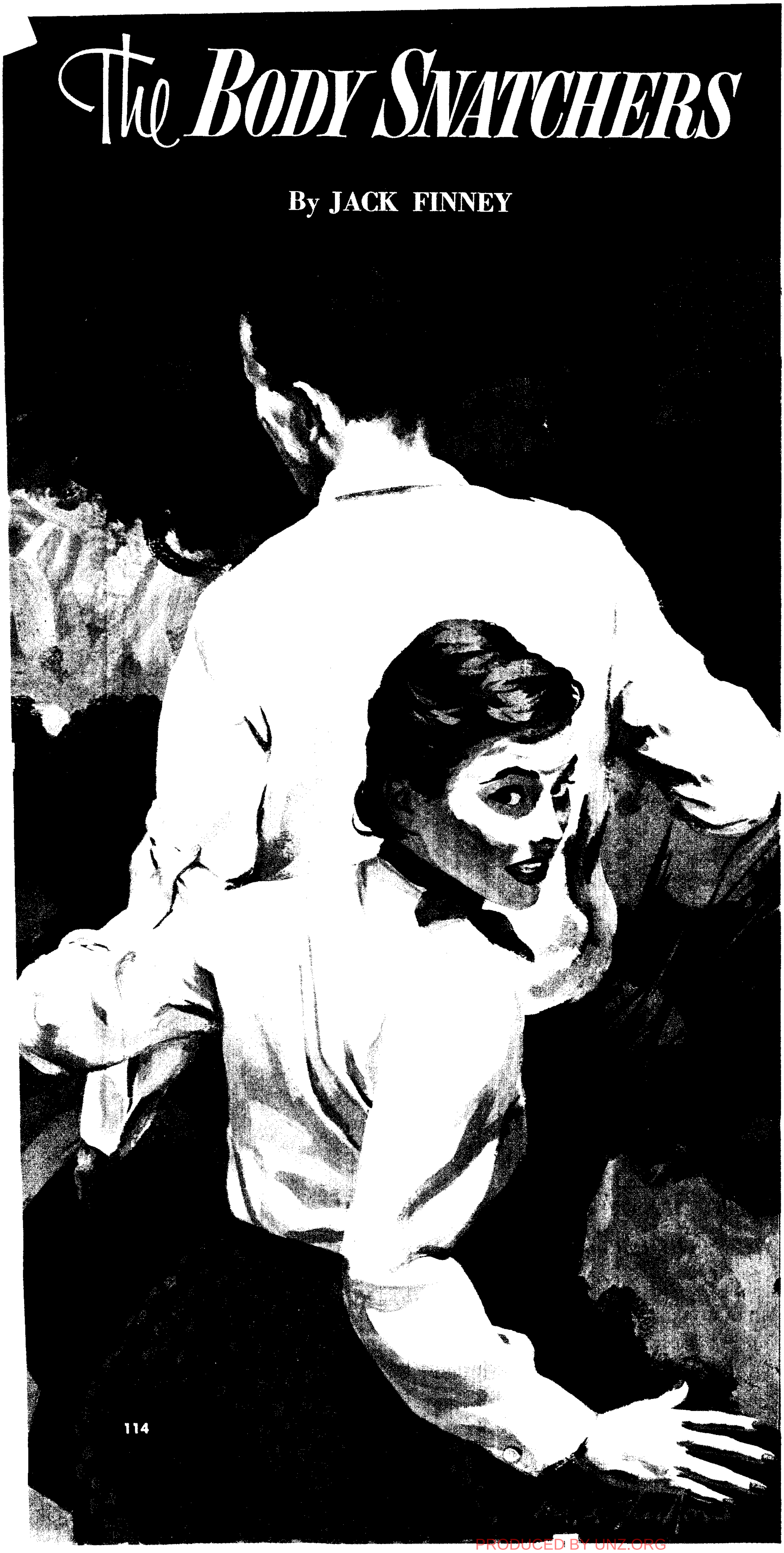
The Body Snatchers

By JACK FINNEY



There was a terror stalking our town. We knew what it was now, and we knew it meant to get us

The Story: Something weird and awful was taking place in Santa Mira, the little town near San Francisco where I, Miles Bennell, practice medicine. I first learned of it when Becky Driscoll, a girl I hadn't seen since high school ten years ago, came to me, terribly upset. Her cousin, Wilma Lentz, was suffering from a delusion: Wilma was positive Ira and Aleda Lentz, an uncle and aunt with whom she lived, were not really her uncle and aunt. They looked the same, acted the same, even remembered past events correctly, but Wilma *knew* they were not who they claimed to be. I was not able to help Wilma, and so I made an appointment for her to see Mannie Kaufman, a psychiatrist friend of mine. But in the next few days, several more patients came to me, all positive that close relatives weren't really who they seemed. It was a frightening mass hysteria. And then I had an urgent call from Jack Belicec, a writer friend. When Becky and I got to his house, Jack and his wife, Theodora, were distraught—they had found the body of a man in their basement, a body that had evidently never lived; it was unmarked, unused, a blank. I noticed that the body was exactly the same size as Jack, and, to test a theory, we agreed that Jack would go back to bed, Theodora would watch the body for any changes, and Becky and I would return to town. When I dropped Becky off, she confessed she felt her father wasn't really himself. Later, Jack and Theodora arrived at my house—Theodora was hysterical. Jack and I were sure there was some connection between that body and the mass delusion in town. I telephoned to Mannie to come over immediately. And then I had a premonition—I ran over to Becky's house, and in the basement I found a "blank" duplicate of her. After bringing Becky to my house, Mannie, Jack and I went out to Jack's. But when we looked in his basement, the body was gone; where it had been, there was only a pile of grayish fluff.

THE SECOND OF THREE PARTS

Mannie and Jack and I went out of the house then and sat down in the grass beside my car, each with a cigarette in hand, and stared down at the town in the valley. The roof tops were still gray and colorless, but windows flashed a dull blind orange in the almost level rays of the rising sun.

Jack, speaking to himself as he stared down at the toy houses below, said: "How many of those *things* are down there in town right now? Hidden away in secret places?"

Mannie smiled. "None," he said, "none at all." He grinned as we turned to stare at him. "Listen," he said quietly, "you've got a mystery on your hands all right—a real one. Whose body was that? And where is it now? But it's a completely normal mystery. A murder, possibly; I couldn't say. Whatever it is though, it's well within the bounds of human experience. Don't try to make any more of it."

I started to protest, but Mannie shook his head. "Now, listen to me," he went on. "The human mind is strange and wonderful, but I'm not sure it will ever figure itself out. Everything else, maybe—from the atom to the universe—but not itself."

His arm swung outward, gesturing at the town below us. "Down there in Santa Mira a week or ten days ago, someone formed a delusion: a member of his family was not what he seemed, but an impostor. It's not a common delusion precisely, but it happens occasionally, and every psychiatrist encounters it sooner or later—and usually has some idea of how to treat it."

Mannie leaned back against the wheel of my car and smiled at us. "But last week I was stumped. It's not a common delusion, yet from this one town alone there were a dozen or more such cases, all

Becky couldn't go on running much longer. I wondered what would happen if they caught us

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE LUDLOW

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occurring within the last week or so. In all my practice, I'd never before encountered such a case, and it had me stopped cold." Mannie drew on his cigarette again, then stubbed it out in the dirt beside him. "But I've been doing some reading lately, refreshing my mind on certain facts I should have remembered before. I've been reading about mass hysteria, autosuggestion, whatever you want to call it. Miles, you must remember reading, in med school, about the dancing malady that spread over Europe in the thirteen hundreds." He looked at Jack. "An astounding epidemic," he said, "impossible to believe, except that it happened. Whole towns began to dance—first one person, then another, then every man, woman and child in it, till they fell dead or exhausted. It swept all Europe—the dancing malady—you can read about it in your encyclopedia. It lasted an entire summer—as I recall—and then—it stopped, died out. It left people, I suppose, wondering what in the world had happened to them."

MANNIE paused, watching us, then shrugged. "So there you are. These examples of mass hysteria are hard to believe till you see them—and even when you *do* see them.

"And that's what's happened in Santa Mira"—he nodded at the town in the valley. "The news spreads, semisecretly at first. It's whispered around—someone believes her husband, sister, aunt or uncle, is actually an undetectable impostor—a strange and exciting bit of news to hear. And then it keeps on happening. And it spreads, and there's a new case, or several, nearly every day. Hell, the Salem witch hunt, flying saucers—they're all part of this same amazing aspect of the human mind. People live lonely lives, a lot of them; these delusions bring attention and concern."

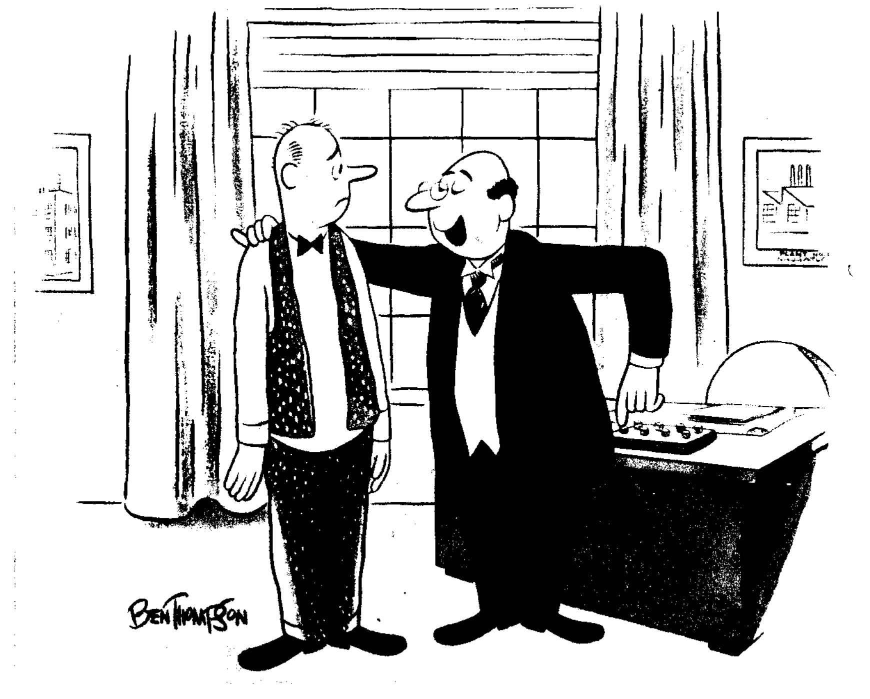
But Jack was slowly shaking his head no, and Mannie said quietly, "The body was real—that's what's bothering you, isn't it, Jack?" Jack nodded, and Mannie said, "Yes, it was. You all saw it. But that's all that's real. Jack, if you'd found that body a month ago, you'd have recognized it for what it was—a puzzling, possibly very strange mystery, but a perfectly natural one. So would Theodora, Becky and Miles.

"Anyhow," Mannie went on, "you found a body of approximately your height and build, which isn't too strange; you're an average-sized man. The face, in death—and this happens too—was smooth and unlined, bland in expression." Mannie shrugged. "Well, you're a writer, an imaginative man, and you're under the influence of *the delusion that's loose in Santa Mira*, and so are Miles, Theodora and Becky. And your mind leaped for a connection, leaped to a conclusion explaining two mysteries in terms of each other. The human mind searches for cause and effect always. And we all prefer the weird and thrilling answer to the dull and commonplace."

"Listen, Mannie, Theodora saw—"

"Exactly what she *expected* to see! What she was frightened to death of seeing! What she was absolutely *certain* to see, under the circumstances. I'd really be astonished if she hadn't! Why, you two had her—and she had herself—completely conditioned and ready for it."

I started to speak, and Mannie said, "You saw nothing on the shelf in Becky's basement, Miles, except a rolled-up rug, maybe. Or a pile of sheets or laundry—most anything at all, or nothing at all, would do. You had yourself so worked up by then, Miles, so hyperexcited from running through the streets, that—as you say yourself—you were certain you were going to find what you did find. It was a lead-pipe cinch that you would." He held up a hand as I started to speak. "Oh, you saw it as vividly and absolutely real as anyone has ever seen anything. But you saw it only in your mind." Mannie frowned at me. "Hell, you're a doctor, Miles. You know something about how this sort of phenomenon works."



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COLLIER'S BEN THOMPSON

He was right; I did. In college I once sat in a classroom listening to a psychology professor quietly lecturing, and now, sitting there on the edge of the road, I was remembering how the door of that classroom had suddenly burst open, as two struggling men stumbled into the room. One man broke loose, yanked a banana from his pocket, pointed it at the other, and yelled, "Bang!" The other clutched his side, pulled a small American flag from his pocket, waved it violently in the other man's face, and then they both rushed out of the room.

The professor said, "This is a controlled experiment. You will each take paper and pencil, write down a complete account of what you just saw, and place it on my desk as you leave."

Next day, in class, he read our papers aloud. There were some twenty-odd students, and no two accounts were alike, or even close. Some people saw three men, some four, and one girl saw five. Not a single paper mentioned the American flag or the banana; those objects didn't fit into the sudden, violent little scene that had burst on our senses, so our minds excluded them, simply ruled them out and substituted other more appropriate objects, such as guns, knives and blood-soaked rags, which each of us was absolutely certain we'd seen. We *had* seen them, in fact, but only in our minds, hunting for some explanation.

So I knew Mannie was right, and it was strange—I felt a sense of disappointment, a real letdown; I was still trying to resist believing him. We do prefer the weird and thrilling, as Mannie had said, to the dull and commonplace. Even though I knew, intellectually, that Mannie was right, emotionally it was still very nearly impossible to accept, and I guess it showed in my face, and in Jack's.

Because Mannie got to his feet and stood there for several seconds, looking down at us. Then he said, "You want proof? I'll give it to you. Miles, go back to Becky's house. In a calm state of mind, you'll see no body on that shelf in her basement; I guarantee that. There was only one body, the one in Jack's basement, the one that started all this. You want more proof? I'll give it to you. This delusion will die down in Santa Mira, just as it did in Europe, just as all of them always do. And the people who came to you, Miles—Wilma Lentz and the others—will come back; most of them will, anyway. Others will avoid you out of simple embarrassment. But if you hunt them up, they'll admit what the others tell you: the delusion is gone; they simply don't understand how or why it ever entered their heads. And that'll be the end of it. I guarantee that."

Mannie grinned then, glanced up at the sky, blue and clear now, and said, "I could use some breakfast."

"Me, too," I said, getting up. "Come on back to my place."

Jack went into his house then, to turn off the lights and lock the doors. When he came out, he was carrying a brown cardboard folder bulging with papers. "My office," he said. "Work in progress, notes, references, junk. Very valuable stuff"—he laughed—"and I like to keep it with me."

AT BECKY'S house I stopped at the curb and got out, leaving the motor running. It was still very early and I didn't see either people or movement in the entire block. I walked boldly around to the side of the house. At the broken basement window I stood glancing up at the neighbors' windows. I didn't see anyone or hear a sound. I stooped quickly, and crawled in through the window. The basement was light now, and very silent, and I was calm but worried. I didn't want to be caught down here and have to explain what I was doing, because I knew I couldn't explain. I knew that Mannie was right.

The door of the cupboard where I'd

found the body stood open, as I'd left it, and now I knelt down to look at the bottom shelf. The light from a nearby basement window struck it full, and the shelf was empty. All I found was a thick mass of gray fluff; it was the kind of dust and dirt, I supposed, that accumulates in basements, and which my senses had distorted, in a kind of hysterical explosion, into a body.

Back in the car, I nodded at Mannie, grinning a little sheepishly. "You were right," I said, and I glanced at Jack and shrugged.

WHEN we got back to my house, Theodora and Becky were up, sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee. Theodora stood up as we came in, Jack hurrying toward her. Then they held each other tight for a long moment and Jack kissed her hard. He drew back to look at her then, and Mannie and I looked too. She was still tired, there were circles under her eyes, but the eyes were calm and sane now, and she smiled.

Then, almost as though a signal had been given, we all began laughing a lot, making jokes. Theodora said, "I've been thinking it over. I could use a duplicate of Jack. One of them could moon around the house as usual, not hearing a word I say, working at whatever he's writing in his mind. And maybe the other would have time to help with the dishes once in a while."

Then we rang the changes on that idea. Actually, I think, we were almost high, in reaction against what had happened. Presently Mannie said that by the time he got home, shaved, changed clothes, and got to his office, he'd just have time to keep his first appointment. He said his good-bys and the rest of us settled down to breakfast.

Afterward, I lighted a cigarette, sat back in my chair, and told Theodora and Becky, briefly and factually, what had happened. I told them what we'd found—or rather, hadn't found—in Jack's and Becky's basements, and what Mannie had told us while we sat in front of Jack's house.

I expected what happened when I finished: Theodora simply shook her head, her lips compressed in quiet stubbornness. It just wasn't possible—not yet—for her to believe that she hadn't seen what she was certain she had seen—and could still see in her mind's eye. And I knew it would be harder for her than for the rest of us to accept the truth. Becky accepted it, though. She didn't comment, but I could see from the relief in her eyes that she knew Mannie was right, and I knew she was thinking of her father.

Jack's opinions carry a lot of weight with Theodora, and so now I turned to him, waiting for him to set Theodora straight. Suddenly he stood and walked out of the kitchen; then he came back, carrying his work folder.

"I'm kind of a squirrel," he said, opening the folder. "A collector of odds and ends without quite knowing why. And one of my collections is made up of certain newspaper items. I wanted you to see them after our talk with Mannie." Picking a clipping at random, he glanced at the heading, then passed it over to me.

I held it so Becky could read too. *Frogs Fell on Alabama,* the heading said; it was a little one-column story, a couple inches long, date-lined, *Edgeville, Ala. Any fishermen in this town of four thousand,* it began, *had plenty of bait this morning—if there were only a place in this area to use it. Last night a shower of tiny frogs, of undetermined origin* . . . The little story—I skimmed through the rest of it—went on to say that a shower of small frogs had fallen on the town for several minutes the previous night. The tone of the story was mildly humorous, and gave no explanation of the shower.

I looked up at Jack, and he smiled. "Silly, isn't it?" he said. "Especially since, as the story itself suggests, there was no place the frogs could have come from."

I laid down the clipping. "What's your point, Jack?"

"Well"—Jack got slowly to his feet—"I guess it's this: Is Mannie right?" He shrugged and began slowly pacing the kitchen floor. "I guess so; I think so. Only"—he nodded at the clippings—"there are a couple hundred queer little happenings which I've collected in just a few years, and you could find thousands more. And sometimes I wonder if they don't *mean* something, prove something, if you only knew what." Again he shrugged. "Maybe not. But at least I think they prove this: strange events really do happen every now and then, here and there throughout the world. Events that simply don't fit in with the great body of knowledge that the human race has gradually acquired over thousands of years.

"Miles, should they always be explained away? Or laughed away? Or simply ignored? Because that's what always happens." Jack sat down at the table again. "Take any of these"—he picked up a clipping. "This one from the New York Post, for example. The New York Post is a real newspaper, and this particular story was actually printed in the Post just a few years ago, and no doubt in a lot of other papers all over the country. Thousands read it, including me. But did we rise up insisting that our body of knowledge be revised to include this strange little occurrence? Did I? No, and now, like all the other odd little happenings that don't quite fit in with what we think we know, it's forgotten and ignored by the world, except for a few curiosa collectors like me."

"And maybe it should be," I said quietly. "Take a look at this."

AS JACK talked, I'd been idly glancing through his clippings. Now I pushed one toward him. It was a squib from the local paper, and it didn't say much. One L. Bernard Budlong, botany and biology professor at the local college, was quoted as denying a comment the paper had attributed to him the day before, a statement about some *mysterious objects* found on a farm west of town. They were described as large seed pods of some sort or other, and now Budlong was denying having said that they'd *come from outer space.* The Tribune apologized. *Sorry, Prof!* the story ended. It was dated May 9th.

"There you are, Jack," I said gently, "the collapse of one of your little items, a one-inch retraction buried in the paper a day or so later. Makes you wonder"—I nodded at his mound of clippings—"about all the rest, doesn't it?"

"Sure," Jack said. "That retraction belongs in the collection too. And that's why it's there; I didn't exclude it. But you can't explain them *all* away, perpetually and forever!"

For a moment he sat glaring at me, then he smiled. "So is Mannie right? Should what happened last night be explained away too?" Jack shrugged. "Probably. Mannie's probably right. He makes good sense, plenty of it—he always does. And he's explained what

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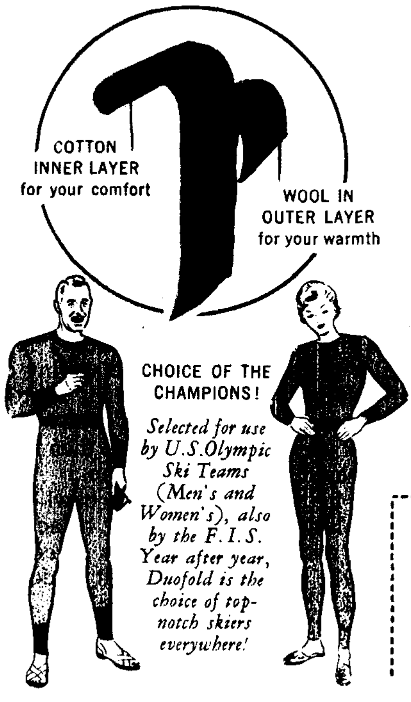

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happened almost satisfactorily, almost completely. I very nearly accept it, in fact maybe ninety-nine per cent." For a moment Jack stared at us, then lowered his voice and said very softly, "But there's a tiny one per cent of doubt still left in my mind."

Theodora was pushing herself up from her chair; her voice came out high and shrill: "I can't go back there, Jack! *I can't set foot in that house!* I *know* what I saw!" As Jack took her into his arms, the tears were streaming down her cheeks, and the fear stood naked in her eyes once more.

I WAS mad, really angry at Jack, but the damage was done, and I made my voice gentle and soothing. "Then don't go," I said to Theodora. "Stay here." They both turned to look at me. I said, "Both of you; it's a big house; pick out a room and stay. Bring your typewriter down, Jack, and work. I'd love to have you," I said, and meant it. "I rattle around in this house, and I could use some company."

Jack looked down at Theodora, and she nodded dumbly, pleading. "All right," Jack said to me then. "Maybe we'd better—for a day or so, anyway."

My face suddenly flushed at what I knew I was going to say. "Becky, I think you ought to stay too. I side with Mannie"—my conscience made me add quickly—"I think he's right, I'm certain of it, and I don't want to worry you even a little bit. But you *are* worried," I added, because watching her eyes I saw it was true, and now my conscience relaxed a little. "So stay here with Theodora and Jack."

She smiled. "With Theodora and Jack. And where'll you be?"

My flush deepened a shade. "Right here," I said, "but you can ignore me. Come on, Becky, stay here. You're still a little worried and afraid, so make it easy on yourself."

"All right," she said. "Though I don't know what Dad'll think." The fear was still in her eyes.

"Call him up," I said casually, "and just tell him the truth. Say something has upset Theodora pretty badly, that she's going to stay here and she needs you." I grinned. "And tell him I have some wicked, sinful plans in mind that you simply can't resist." I glanced at the wall clock. "I've got to get to work. The joint is yours, pals."

Jack rode downtown with me to talk to Nick Grivett, the local police chief. If Mannie was right, and I knew he was, we had to report this to the police. In the car, on the way down, we decided Jack would report just the bare facts: that he'd found a body in his basement and it had disappeared. We couldn't account for his delay in reporting, so we decided he'd better explain that Theodora was so upset and hysterical that he couldn't think of anything else till she was taken care of, and he'd rushed her down to a doctor—me. But it wasn't till she was finally all right and calmed down that he'd remembered he had to get in touch with the police. Since Theodora had had a bad shock, they were staying at my place. He hadn't thought a little delay would matter, so he'd gone home to pick up some clothes—and then he'd discovered the body was gone.

We figured Grivett would bawl him out a little, and I told Jack to act as dopey and absent-minded as he could—maybe Grivett would put it all down to Jack's being a literary type. . . .

A patient was waiting when I arrived at the office. She had no appointment, but I was a little early so I worked her in. Some twenty minutes later I was very glad I had, because now I had absolute proof of how right Mannie had been. The patient was a Mrs. Seeley, a quiet little woman of forty who had sat in this same chair just a week before, telling me that her husband wasn't her husband at all. Smiling now, actually squirming with relief and pleasure, she told me her delusion was gone. She said she'd talked to Dr. Kaufman last week as I'd suggested, that he hadn't seemed to help her much, but that last evening, inexplicably, she'd "come to her senses."

But I couldn't get rid of her until she'd told me what Dr. Kaufman had said, and what she had said. I listened and nodded and smiled, and finally got her out of the office—still talking—in a fairly reasonable time. She'd have stayed all afternoon if I'd let her.

The moment she'd left, I picked up the telephone and called Wilma Lentz at her shop, and when she answered, I asked her quietly how she was feeling these days. There was a pause before she replied, and then she said, "I've been meaning to stop in and see you about—what happened." She laughed, not very successfully, then said, "Miles, the delusion—or whatever it was—is gone, and—Miles, I've been so embarrassed. I don't quite know what happened, or how to explain it, but—"

I interrupted to tell her I knew what had happened, that she wasn't to worry or feel bad, but just to forget it, and that I'd be seeing her. After I hung up, and then I mentally tipped my hat to Mannie Kaufman, eminent psychiatrist, and went on with the day.

After dinner that night, Jack, Theodora, Becky and I sat out on the porch, sipping drinks and talking, all the lights off so they wouldn't draw mosquitoes. I hadn't told them yet what had happened at my office; I wasn't in the mood for bringing it up—this was too pleasant, just as it was.

Then Theodora finished her drink and stood up. "I'm dead," she said. "Exhausted. And I'm going to bed." Before I could speak, she looked down at Jack. "How about you, Jack? I think you should," she said firmly.

He glanced up at her, then nodded.

I didn't say anything to stop them. Becky and I were sitting in the porch swing, and we said good night, and watched the Belicecs walk on into the house.

I turned to Becky. "Would you mind moving? And sit at my left, instead of my right?"

"No." She stood up, smiling puzzledly. "But why?" She sat down on the swing again, at my left.

I leaned across her for a moment to set my glass on the porch rail. "Because," I said, "I kiss left-handed, if you know what I mean."

"No, I don't."

"Well, let me show you," I said, and Becky smiled a little and turned toward me. Then I held her to me, bending toward her a little. I wanted this kiss very much. I felt her lips, soft and strong, felt my hands pressed hard against her back and the terrible thrill of her body against mine. I'd never in my life experienced anything like this.

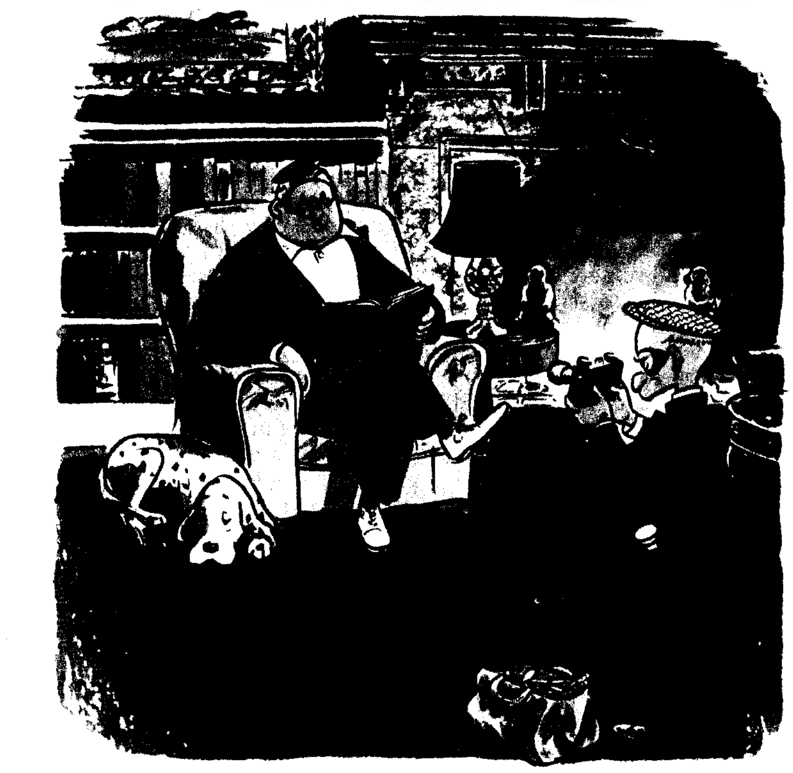
"Miles! Come here, Miles, *quick!"* It was Jack, standing just inside the closed screen door.

SOMETHING had happened to Theodora—I knew it. I was hurrying, crossing the porch, then following Jack across the living room toward the staircase. But Jack went on past the stairs he was opening the basement door, and I walked down the stairs after him.

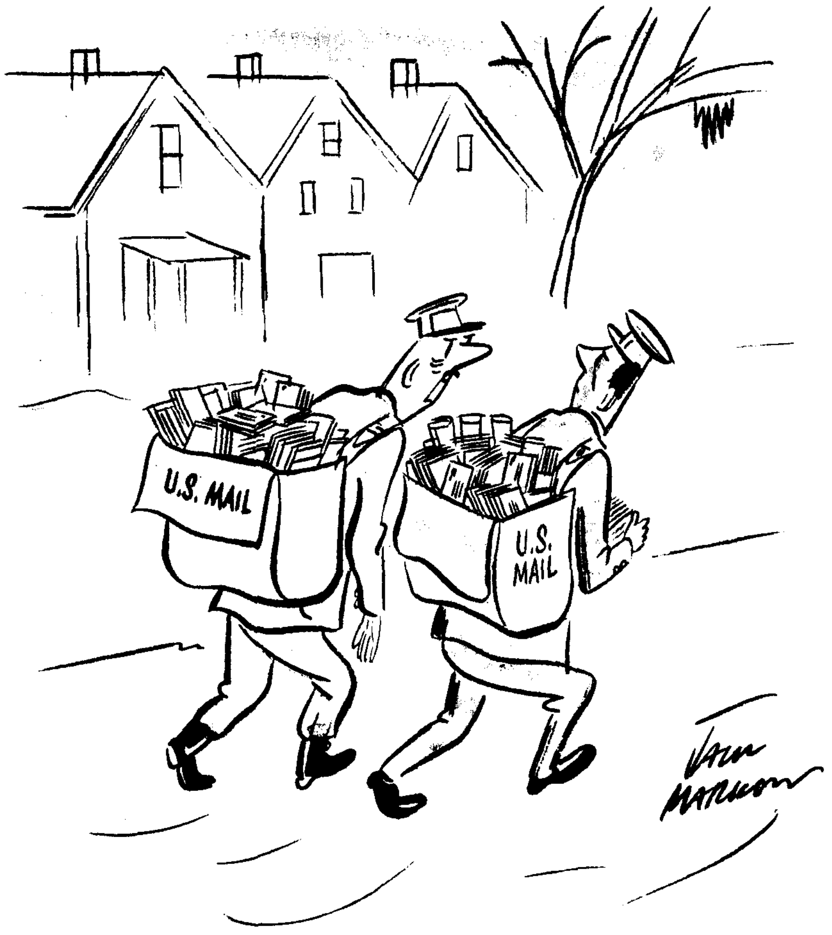
The coalbin was in a corner of the basement, walled off by ceiling-high planking. It had stood empty and unused since I'd installed gas heat. Jack opened the door, and the beam of his flashlight moved across the floor, then steadied, an oval of light on the coalbin floor.

At first I couldn't believe what I saw lying there on the concrete: four giant seed pods. They had been round in shape, maybe four feet in diameter, but now they had burst open in places, and from the inside of the great pods,

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "If it comes out, I think I'll have it made into a Christmas card . . ." LARRY REYNOLDS



"Can you imagine! I caught my wife sending out Christmas cards!"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

a grayish substance—a sort of heavy fluff—had partly spilled out.

In a way these giant pods reminded me of tumbleweed—the puffballs of dry tangled vegetable matter, light as air, and designed by nature to roll with the wind across the desert. But these had hulls on them; I saw that their surfaces were made up of a network of tough-looking yellowish fiber. Stretching between these fibers, to enclose these podlike balls completely, were great patches of brownish, dry-looking membrane, resembling a dead oak leaf in color and texture.

"Seed pods," Jack said softly. "Theodora was frightened—I was checking the house to reassure her."

I just stared at him.

"The clipping you read this morning," he said impatiently, "quoting some college professor—it mentioned seed pods, Miles, giant seed pods, found on a farm west of town last spring."

JACK pushed the coalbin door open wider, and we stepped inside the bin and squatted beside the things on the floor for a closer look. Each pod had burst open in four or five places, a part of the gray substance that filled them spilling out onto the floor. And now, in the closer beam of Jack's light, we saw something curious. At the outer edges, farthest away from the pods, the gray fluff was turning white, almost as though contact with the air were robbing it of color. And—there was no denying this; we could see it—the tangled fluffy substance was compressing itself, achieving a form. It was slowly spilling out of the membranous pods, lightening in color at its outer edges, and—crudely but definitely—was taking a shape. The fibers were straightening and aligning into the rough approximation—of a head, a body, and arms and legs.

We watched, motionless, our mouths open, and occasionally the brown membranous surfaces of the huge pods cracked audibly—the sound of a brittle leaf snapping in two—and the pods crumpled steadily, slowly collapsing a little at a time. The lavalike substance they were filled with continued to flow out, like a heavy, infinitely slow-moving fog. The nearly motionless weaving and aligning of whitening fiber continued. Now the heads were indented in a vague approximation of eye sockets, a ridge of a nose had formed on each, a crease of a mouth; and at the ends of the arms, bent now at the elbows, the starlike shapes of tiny, stiff-fingered hands were forming.

Jack and I stared into each other's eyes, knowing what, presently, we would see. "The blanks," he whispered, his voice rusty and harsh, "that's where they come from—they grow!"

We could no longer watch them. The impossible process was nearly finished. The great shattered pods lay on the floor now in tiny broken fragments, an almost unnoticeable dust. And where they had been, four figures now lay, large as adults, smoothing out steadily, and entirely white. Four blanks lay there, one for each of us—one for me, one for Jack, one each for Theodora and Becky.

"Their weight," Jack murmured, fighting to hold onto sanity with words. "The gray stuff is transmuted into solid matter, and then that absorbs water from the air," he said softly. "The human body is about sixty per cent water. They absorb it; that must be how it works."

Squatting beside the nearest form, I thought: They're going to get us!

Then I turned to Jack and said, "Go up and tell Becky and Theodora as much as you think they should know. I'm going to do something about these things—and then I'll see you in the living room. We've got to do something; we can't stall any longer."

It was a little after two in the morning when Jack came downstairs. "I told them," he said, "they're going to try to rest. Been down in the basement lately?"

"Yes," I said, then answered his unspoken question. "Don't worry, they've each had a hundred c.c. of air, intravenously. They're reverting back to the gray stuff."

"Miles," Jack said then, "I've been thinking about this. We've got to forget what Mannie Kaufman told us. We have to assume that whatever is happening is still confined to Santa Mira or the immediate area, and so every house and building—every enclosed space in the entire town—has got to be searched. The local or state police can't do it," he went on. "They haven't the authority—this is a national emergency. The Army, Navy, the FBI, I don't know who or what, but somebody has to move into this town as fast as we can get them here. And they'll have to declare martial law, a state of siege or something—anything! And then do whatever has to be done." His voice dropped. "Root this thing out, smash it, crush it, kill it."

BECKY came downstairs, just as we were about to call the FBI in San Francisco. Theodora was still awake—we heard her in the bathroom upstairs. Jack found the telephone number and called the operator. Becky and I stood watching him.

We hadn't known whether the FBI would answer at night, but someone did, and promptly. At first Jack spoke haltingly. If he'd had a kidnaping or murder to report, the rest would have followed easily. But Jack didn't quite know where or how to begin this, and he stumbled, breaking off sentences without finishing them. He started out describing what had happened at his house, then changed his mind and jumped suddenly to what had happened tonight, and I knew the man at the other end couldn't possibly be making much sense out of this. But he was patient, calm, never hurrying, and after a minute or so, Jack got himself straightened out. He began once more at the very beginning, taking his time.

But he had just got going when the man at the other end of the wire interrupted to say he could hardly hear. Jack had to raise his voice, repeating words and phrases, till he was almost shouting. He signaled the operator and got a better connection, but almost immediately a high-pitched buzzing tone sounded in the receiver, and Jack had to try talking over that. Then the connection was broken entirely, the line dead, and Jack had to get the operator and begin again. That happened twice, then the high buzzing started once more, and for a moment Jack stood there, staring down at the telephone. Then he gently set it back onto its cradle.

"Well?" I asked. "Aren't you going to try again?"

He shook his head. "No. Don't you see what's happening, Miles?" He shrugged. "They won't let the call get through—not to the FBI or any other outside source of help. Someone in the telephone exchange realized whom we were calling—and you saw what happened. Watch," he said and picked up the telephone again. The operator answered and Jack gave the FBI's San Francisco number. There was a pause, then the ringing began. We knew someone was there; a minute ago, they'd answered. But now the ringing went on and on; whatever telephone—

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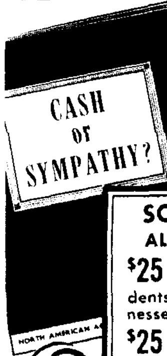

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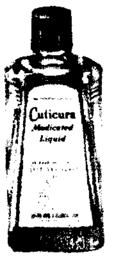

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if any—was ringing, it wasn't the one in the office of the FBI.

The operator said, "Your party doesn't answer."

Jack said, "Okay, never mind," and slowly hung up. He looked at me. "We've got to drive over there, Miles," he said.

I nodded. "If they'll let us get out of town."

AFTER that, we thought we were thinking, but actually we acted with a wild, spontaneous, mindless impulse. We actually bumped into one another as we rushed about; it must have looked like an old-time silent-film comedy, only there was no laughter in it. Something impossibly terrible, yet utterly real, was menacing us in a way beyond our comprehension or abilities; and we were fleeing. And at the same time, we were rushing to get help—help against this unknown enemy.

And then we were climbing into Jack's car on the dark, silent street, just out of the pool of swaying light from the overhead street lamp. The starter ground, the motor caught and we weren't thinking at all, just running—running from terror, running toward help. Then we were on U.S. 101, and Santa Mira was eleven miles behind us.

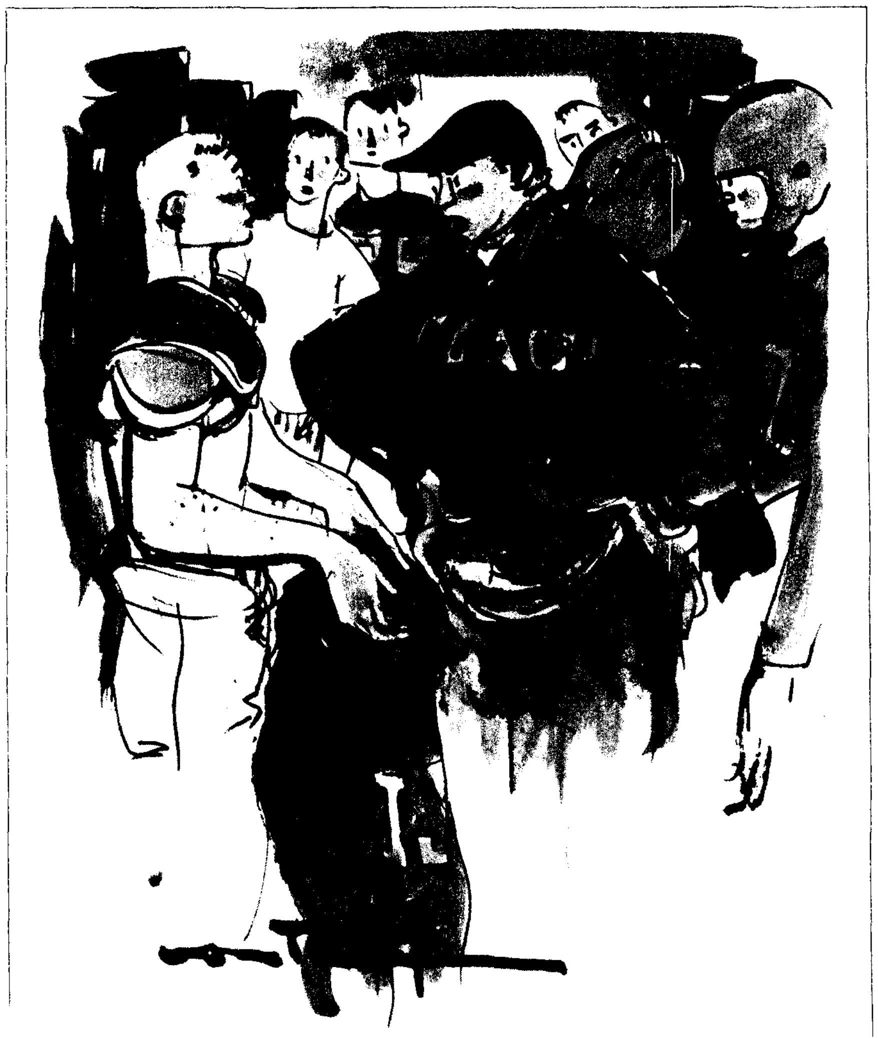
We had been driving along the almost deserted highway for nearly an hour when I began to feel a return of some sort of ordered thinking, or at least the illusion of it. I turned to Becky, in the back seat beside me, my mouth open to speak. Then I saw she was asleep, her face pale and drained in the light from a passing car, and the fright rose up in me again, worse than ever, bursting in my brain in a silent explosion of pure panic. She looked just as she had the night I found one of the blanks in the basement of her house.

Immediately I was shaking Jack's shoulder, shouting at him to stop, and then we were jouncing off the dark road onto the narrow dirt-and-gravel shoulder. I reached past him, yanking his keys from the dashboard, and got out of the car as fast as I could. I shoved the key into the lock of the trunk, twisting it frantically.

Then Jack lifted up the lid of the trunk. And there they lay, in the pale gleam of my pocket flashlight—two enormous pods already burst open in one or two places. I reached in with both hands and tumbled them out onto the dirt. They were weightless as children's balloons, but harsh and dry to the touch. At the feel of them on my skin, I lost my mind completely, and then I was trampling them, smashing and crushing them under my stamping feet.

After Jack had calmed me down, we woke Becky and Theodora; they were both groggy at first. Then, sitting in the car, we at last talked rationally about what we were doing. We realized we were trying to get away while we could—and if we could—from whatever was happening. We had actually been thinking more of escape than of getting help. But now we knew we had a duty to go back to Santa Mira and do something, to make a move at least, against whatever was threatening us and our town—maybe our country, or even all life on our planet.

Our final plan of action was for Jack and Theodora to take Becky and me back to Santa Mira. Once there, we would do what we could—Becky had voted to stay with me—while Jack and Theodora made a run for it, tried to get to the outside world and bring back help.



COLLIER'S

"What's this I hear about you staying up until all hours of the night, studying?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

It was almost ten thirty in the morning when we passed the everyday, comforting-looking black-and-white *Santa Mira City Limits* sign, *population 3,890.*

Jack let us out on Etta Street, south of Main—maybe a ten-minute walk from my house. Etta is a quiet residential street, like most of the others in Santa Mira, and as the sound of Jack's car died away, Becky and I walked along toward Main. There wasn't a soul in sight and hardly a sound but our shoes on the walk. It should have seemed peaceful, but something was *wrong*, I knew it. And then I knew that Becky did too.

"Miles," she said in a cautious tone, "am I imagining it, or does this street look—dead?"

I nodded my head. "Yes. In four blocks we haven't passed a single house with as much as a roof, porch or even a cracked window being repaired, not a tree, shrub or a blade of grass being trimmed. Nothing's *happening*, Becky, nobody's *doing* anything."

We turned onto Main, and while there were people on the sidewalks, and cars angled in at the parking meters, somehow the street seemed surprisingly empty and inactive.

A great deal of what we saw then, I'd seen before, driving along Main on my way to house calls; but I hadn't really noticed, hadn't really looked at this street I'd been seeing all my life. But I did now. "When did all this *happen?*" I said to Becky, gesturing to indicate the length of Main Street.

She shook her head a little, puzzled and bothered. "Gradually, I guess. A little at a time, and we're only just now noticing."

THERE was a car parked in front of Becky's, and as we approached, we recognized it. "Wilma, Aunt Aleda and Uncle Ira," Becky said, and looked at me. Then she added, "Miles, we can't go in there!"

I stood for a moment thinking. "We won't go in," I said, "but we've got to see them, Becky." She started shaking her head, and I said, "We've got to know what's going on, Becky! We have to find out! Or we might as well not have come back to town." I took hold of her arm and we turned in at the brick walk leading up to the house, but I stepped off it immediately, pulling Becky off too, and we walked in silence on the lawn beside it. Then under an open window, we crouched down, out of sight, completely sheltered from the street by the high shrubbery of the lawn.

"Well," Wilma said, "we'll get along. Sorry to have missed seeing Becky."

"I'm sorry too," Becky's father replied. "I thought surely she'd be home. She's back in town, you know."

"Yes, we know," said Uncle Ira, "and so is Miles." I wondered how they could possibly know we were back, or that we'd even been gone. Then something happened, without warning, that made the hair on the back of my neck prickle and stand erect.

"Oh, Miles," Wilma suddenly said, in a cruel imitation of her last talk with me—and the venom in her caricature of herself made me shiver—"I've been meaning to stop in and see you about—what happened." Then she laughed falsely, in a hideous burlesque of embarrassment.

Then they all laughed, and I knew these people weren't Wilma, Uncle Ira, Aunt Aleda and Becky's father; I knew they were not human beings at all, and I was very nearly sick. I put my hand on Becky's arm, and we crept away from the house.

At the sidewalk, Becky said, "Oh, Miles," in a sick, subdued sort of moan. I just nodded, and we kept on, walking fast, putting distance between us and that corrupted old house.

Becky was clinging to my arm. "Miles," she cried, nearly hysterical, "this is too much for us. They're after us, all of them, and they'll get us for sure. Miles, we've got to *run*."

I STOPPED and took her by both arms, just above the elbows, staring down into her face. "Yes, I want you out of here, out of this town, and a thousand miles away. I'll get my car; you head for San Francisco—go to the FBI. They'll know where Jack and Theodora are. And I'll run too. But I'll be running and fighting at the same time—right here in Santa Mira. Don't worry about me; I'll be keeping out of their way, but I've got to stay here until Jack brings help. I want you out of the way, though, and safe."

She stared back at me, bit her lip, then shook her head. "I don't want safety without you. What good is that?" I started to speak, but she said, "Don't argue, Miles. There isn't time."

After a moment I said, "All right," and took hold of her arm, and we started on down the street.

We weren't going uselessly home, to walk into a trap. But we had to get off these streets, and there was nowhere to go. There was a filling station in the block, and I went into the little green outside telephone booth, not daring to glance at the watching attendant. I dialed the operator, then gave her Mannie Kaufman's number; it seemed to me now that we needed all the help we could get.

The telephone rang at the other end of the line; after the third ring I heard Mannie's voice say, "Hel—" Then the line went dead. A moment later the operator said, "What number are you calling, please?" I told her, the ringing began again, and kept on, and this time there was no answer. I knew she'd simply plugged me into a ringing circuit, and that Mannie's telephone wasn't ringing, and neither was anyone else's. The telephone exchange was in their hands, and probably had been for a long time.

I broke the connection, and dialed Jack's number. We'd decided he and Theodora would go back home, and then make as inconspicuous a departure as possible later in the day. When Jack answered, I knew they'd let this call go through to listen in on whatever we said, and so I spoke fast. "Jack, there's trouble; they're out to get us. Better not wait any longer."

"All right, Miles. What are you going to do?"

I had to stop and think how to say this to Jack. I wanted anyone else listening to think I was leaving town. And I needed a way to say that to Jack so he'd know it wasn't true. He's a literary man, and I tried to think of some figure in literature whose name was a symbol for falsehood, but for the moment I couldn't. Then I remembered—a Biblical name, Ananias, the liar. "Well, Jack," I said, "there's a woman I know who runs a small hotel a couple hours' drive from here—Mrs. Ananias. You know her?"

"Yes, Miles," Jack said, and I could tell he was smiling. "I know Mrs. Ananias."

"Well, believe me, Jack, you can rely on me just as much—Becky and I are leaving town, right now, and to hell

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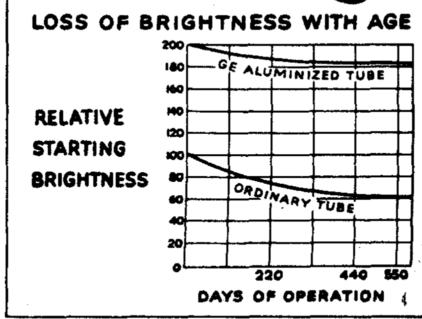

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with it. You understand me, Jack. You know what we're going to do?"

"Perfectly," he said. "I understand you perfectly." I knew that he did. "Is there anything we can do for you?" he asked, and I knew he was thinking about Becky, about how I might want her to go with them. "Suggest a place to meet, Miles," he said.

"Well," I said, and I'd made up my mind Becky should go with them, "remember the man in your newspaper clipping? The teacher?" I knew Jack would know I meant Budlong, and while I was talking, I was leafing through the telephone book, hunting up his address. "He's got something we have to have; it's the only next step I can think of. We'll meet you there in exactly one hour."

"Fine," he said, and hung up.

BECKY and I went over to my house then, and I made her wait in the drive where I could see her while I went into the garage, checked the luggage compartment of my convertible, and backed it out. Becky got in and we started for the home of L. Bernard Budlong, the man who might have the answer we didn't.

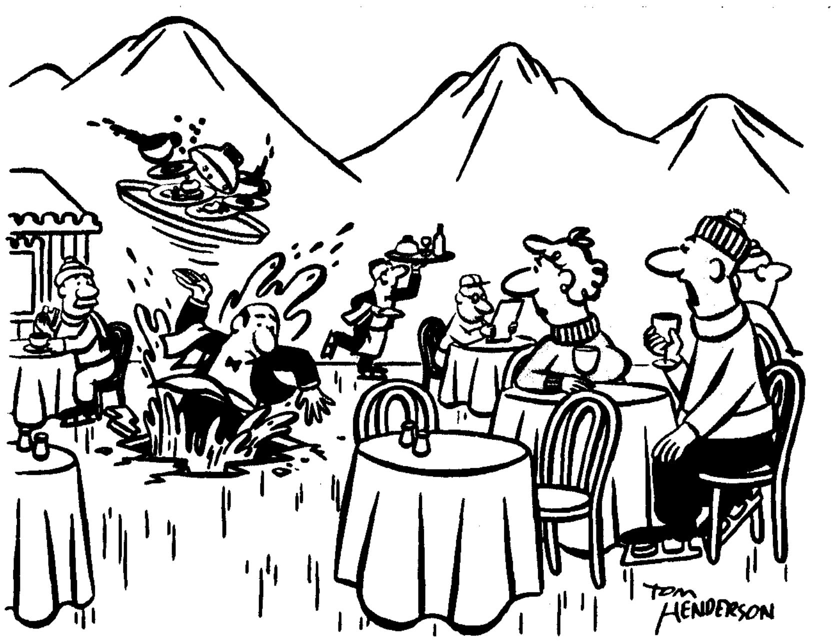
Time was running out, was working against us, and I knew it. At any moment a patrol car—or any other car on the street—might suddenly force us to the curb. The last thing I wanted to do was to sit talking in the home of some college professor, but we had to; I didn't know what else to do next. But I was terribly conscious of the light green convertible we were riding in. Everyone in town knew it, and I wondered if telephones were being lifted in the houses we passed, and if the air at this moment were filled with messages about us.

A great deal of Marin County, California, is hilly, and Santa Mira is built on and among a series of hills, the streets winding through or curving over them. I knew all of them, every foot of every street and hill, and now I headed for a little dead-end street maybe three blocks from Budlong's house. It ended at a hill too steep for building, and overgrown with weeds, underbrush and scrubby eucalyptus. We reached it, and parked beside a clump of small trees, more or less out of sight. We got out, and I left my ignition key in the car, the motor running. We were through with the car, and anyone finding it with the motor on might just possibly waste time waiting for us to come back.

We climbed the hill then, along a path I'd followed more than once as a kid, hunting small game with a rifle. On the path no one could see us from more than a dozen feet away, and I knew how to follow this path and others, keeping just below the crests of this hill and the next, to reach Budlong's back yard.

Presently his house lay below us, at the base of the hill we stood on. It was a two-story house of brown-stained, wood-shingled siding, with a good-sized yard enclosed at the rear and at one side by a high grape-stake fence, and by a tall row of shrubbery on the third side. Nothing moved, no one was in sight in the house and yard below, and we came quietly down the hill, opened the high gate in the back fence, crossed the yard, and walked around the side of the house, unseen—I felt certain—by anyone.

The house had a side entrance. I rang the bell, and we stood waiting while I wondered if Budlong were there. I felt that quite likely he wasn't. He was, though. After eight or ten seconds a man in his middle or late thirties appeared, looked out at us through the glass, then unbolted and opened the door. He looked at me questioningly—wondering, I imagined, why we'd used the side door.



COLLIER'S "Boy, this place has lousy service!" TOM HENDERSON

"We got confused," I said. "Guess we must have used the wrong door. Professor Budlong?"

"Yes," he said. He wore glasses, had brownish, slightly wavy hair and the kind of intelligent, young-looking face teachers so often seem to have. He wore a pair of old slacks and a sweater.

"I'm Miles Bennell, Dr. Bennell, and—"

"Oh, yes," he said. "I've seen you around town, and—"

"I've seen you too," I said. "I knew you were with the college, but didn't know your name. This is Miss Becky Driscoll."

"How do you do." He opened the door wider and stood to one side. "Come in, won't you?"

We stepped inside, and he led us along a hall to a sort of study—there were a desk and a chair, a filing cabinet and a low couch. "Sit down." Budlong indicated the couch. He sat in the chair at the desk. "What can I do for you?"

I told him. For reasons too long and complicated to explain, I said, we were very interested in anything he could tell us about a newspaper story in which he'd been quoted. We hadn't seen the actual story, I explained, but only a reference to it in the Tribune.

Budlong was grinning by the time I finished. "That story," he said. "I guess I'll never hear the end of it. What do you want to know, Doctor—what the story said?"

"Yes, and everything else you can add," I told him.

"Well," Budlong said, "the story made some statements it shouldn't have." He smiled ruefully. "Newspaper reporters—I guess I've lived a sheltered life; I'd never met one before. This one called me one morning: I was professor of botany and biology, was I not? I said yes. He asked, then, if I'd drive out to the Parnell farm. There was something I ought to see, he said, and described what it was in just enough detail to arouse my curiosity. So I drove out there, and on a trash pile near the barn, Parnell showed me some large hulls, or pods of some sort, apparently vegetable in origin. The reporter asked me what they were. So I told him the truth"—Budlong grinned—"that I hadn't the least idea.

"The things lying there on the trash pile simply looked to me like large seed pods of some sort. The farmer, Mr. Parnell, told me they'd come drifting down from the sky, which I didn't doubt—where else would they come from? They didn't seem at all remarkable to me, except possibly for their size; though I admitted that the gray substance they were filled with—they'd broken open in several places—did not resemble what we ordinarily think of as seeds. The reporter tried to interest me in the fact that several objects on the trash pile seemed very much alike, attributing this, somehow, to the pods. He pointed out two empty peach cans, I remember, which looked identical. And there was a broken ax handle, with another similar one beside it. But I couldn't, myself, see anything very startling about that.

"Then he tried another tack. He wanted a story, a sensational one, if possible, and was determined to get it." Again Budlong shook his head, his expression ruefully amused. "Could these pods have come from outer space, he now wanted to know." Budlong shrugged. "Well, I could only answer yes, they could have—I didn't know where they'd come from. You see"—his face became serious now—"this is where the reporter trapped me. The theory, the notion, that some of our plant life drifted onto this planet from space, is hoary with age. It's a perfectly respectable, reputable theory, and there is nothing sensational or even startling about it."

BUDLONG leaned back in his chair. "So, yes, I said, these could be spores from outer space; why not? But it was much more likely, I added, that they had originated right here on earth in the most commonplace manner, and I felt quite certain they could be identified—if one were to take the trouble—as something possibly rare, but perfectly well known." He shook his head once more. "But the damage was done. The young man chose to print the first portion of my comments, omitting the second. Anyhow, two or three rather flamboyant and—I felt—misleading newspaper stories, quoting me, appeared in the local paper, which I complained about. And that's the story, Dr. Bennell. Much ado about nothing, I'm afraid."

I smiled and nodded, matching my

mood to his. "Be pretty slow, anyhow, wouldn't it?" I said. "Drifting in from space?"

"Infinitely so," he said. "Though of course," he added, "what is infinite slowness in infinite time? Once you assume these spores may have drifted here from space, then it is equally true that they may have been out there for millions of years. Hundreds of millions of years—it simply doesn't matter. A corked bottle tossed into the ocean may circle the globe, given enough time. Expand the tiny distance that is the circumference of our globe into the immense distances of space, and it is still true that, given enough time, any of these distances may be crossed. So if these, or any spores, have ever drifted onto earth, they may well have begun their journey ages before there was an earth."

SMILING at Becky, he leaned forward. "But you aren't a newspaper reporter, Doctor. The seed pods on the Parnell farm, if that is what they were, probably drifted there on the wind from not too great a distance, and were undoubtedly a completely well-known and classified specimen with which I simply didn't happen to be familiar." He grinned at us again, a very likable guy. "Why are you interested, Dr. Bennell?" he asked.

"Well," I said, and hesitated, wondering how much I could, or should, say to him. "Have you heard anything about a—sort of delusion that has been occurring here in Santa Mira?"

"Yes, a little." He looked at me wonderingly for a moment. "You think there's some connection between that and"—he grinned—"space spores?"

"Possibly," I said and smiled too. "Tell me this: Could these spores conceivably be some sort of weird alien organism with the ability to imitate—in fact, duplicate—a human body? Turn themselves, for all practical purposes, into a kind of human being, indistinguishable from the real thing?"

The pleasant-faced, youthful-looking man at the desk looked at me curiously for a moment. Then, when he spoke after apparently considering my question, his tone was carefully polite. For the sake of good manners he was treating an utterly absurd question with a seriousness it did not deserve. "I'm afraid not, Dr. Bennell. There aren't many things you can assert with absolute positiveness, but one of them is this: no substance in the universe could possibly reconstitute itself into the incredible structure of living bone, blood and infinitely complex cellular organization that is a human being—or any other living animal. It's impossible, absurd, I'm afraid. Whatever you feel you may have observed, Doctor, you're on the wrong tack. I know myself how easy it is, at times, to be carried away by a theory. But you're a doctor, and when you think about it, you'll know I'm right."

I did know. I felt my face flush in complete confusion, unable to think, and I sat there and couldn't look at Budlong. I felt I'd made a fool of myself and that, of all people, I, a doctor, should have had more sense.

Budlong was a perceptive, tactful man. He stood up, stretching a little, as though our conversation had ended, and turned idly toward his desk, his back to my flushed face. "I'm glad you stopped in," he said, and the gentle note of finality in his voice indicated that he wanted us to go—immediately. "I've been something of a hermit"—he gestured at his desk—"working on a technical paper that will mean a good deal to me professionally—or so I hope."

Trying to match his politeness, I walked to his desk and stood beside him, looking down at the desk top with pretended interest, before I said good-by. The desk was covered with reports, mostly handwritten; there were stacks of file-card notes, and several opened books, their edges bristling with paper markers. "Been working every day?" I said politely.

"Yes," he said.

I shook my head. "I don't think so," I said pleasantly, and he stared at me. Then I nodded at his desk. There is a certain look papers get when they've been spread out and untouched for a long time, and these papers had it unmistakably. They weren't dusty, but ever so slightly faded and discolored by the light. I picked up three or four of the pages, exposing a half-concealed sheet underneath. The portion of the sheet that had been covered by the others was a clear white; but the upper third of the page—exposed to the light and air—was faintly yellowed, and you could see perfectly clearly the ruler-straight dividing line between the two portions. "You haven't touched these papers for a long, long time, Professor Budlong. You're one of them, aren't you?" I said, and from behind me Becky made a little sound in her throat.

I went back to the davenport and sat down beside Becky. After a moment Budlong sat down in the chair at his desk, turning a little to face me. "Becky's cousin, Wilma Lentz," I said pleasantly, "told me this about her uncle—and this was how she knew he wasn't what he seemed: he had no emotions, Professor Budlong, no real feelings any more, but only the memory and pretense of them." I nodded at his desk. "You said that paper meant a great deal to you when you began work on it. But not any more; you haven't touched it for days, and never will again. Emotion—hope and ambition—you don't have them any more, do you? You no longer care; your paper means nothing to you."

AFTER a moment, he shrugged. "It's hard to see, now, why I was ever excited about it," he said, glancing at his desk. "Emotion, you say. Hope and ambition. Well, I don't miss them; I really don't. And neither will you."

"Me?" I said, smiling.

"Of course," he said. "You, Miss Driscoll, you'll change too."

"Is that so?" I said pleasantly. "Why?"

Again he shrugged. "Because you must. The pods, while not precisely seed pods, are living matter—capable, just as are seeds, of enormous and complex growth and development, as you guessed. And they did drift through space—the original ones, anyway—over enormous distances and through millenniums of time. Having arrived, they have a function to perform, as natural to them as yours are to you. That's why you must change; the pods must fulfill their function."

"And what's their function?" I couldn't keep a little edge of sarcasm out of my voice.

His voice was bored now. "The function of all life everywhere—survival. Life exists throughout the universe, of course, but under conditions inconceivably different from ours. So of course the forms it takes are inconceivably different too. Some of that life exists on planets immeasurably older than ours. What happens, Doc-

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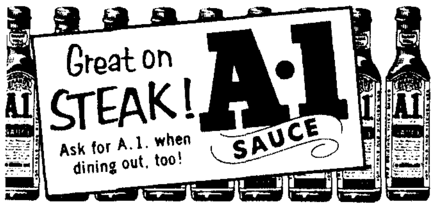
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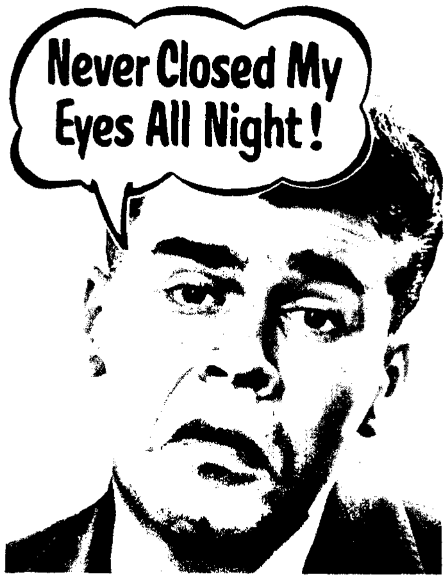
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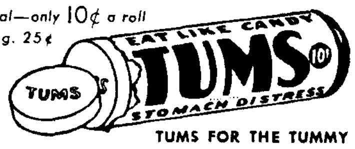

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tor, when an ancient planet slowly dies? Well, the life form on it must prepare. For what? For survival, for leaving that planet. To arrive where? And when? There can be only one answer"—he leaned toward me—"*universal adaptability—to any and all other life forms, under any and all other conditions it might possibly encounter.*" He sat back in his chair. "These pods have achieved it. They are completely evolved life, its ultimate form. For they have the evolved ability to re-form and reconstitute themselves into perfect duplication, cell for living cell, of any life form they may encounter, in whatever conditions that life has suited itself for."

THE pleasant-faced man in the chair smiled at me lazily. "Sounds insane, doesn't it? But only because we're trapped by our own conceptions. What do imaginary men from Mars resemble in our comic strips and fiction?" He smiled at Becky. "Grotesque versions of ourselves; we can't imagine anything really different!" He shook his head slowly. "But to accept our own limitations, and believe that evolution throughout the universe must parallel our own"—he smiled—"is downright provincial. No, life takes whatever form it must: a monster forty feet high, weighing tons—a dinosaur. When conditions change and the dinosaur is no longer possible, it's gone, but life isn't. It's still there, in a new form, *any form necessary.*" He smiled and said, "So there you are, Doctor."

Somehow it seemed to me that I had to dispute him, and I was shaking my head no before I knew what I was going to say. "How?" I said then. "How could these pods possibly do what you say? And what do you know, after all, about other planets and life forms?"

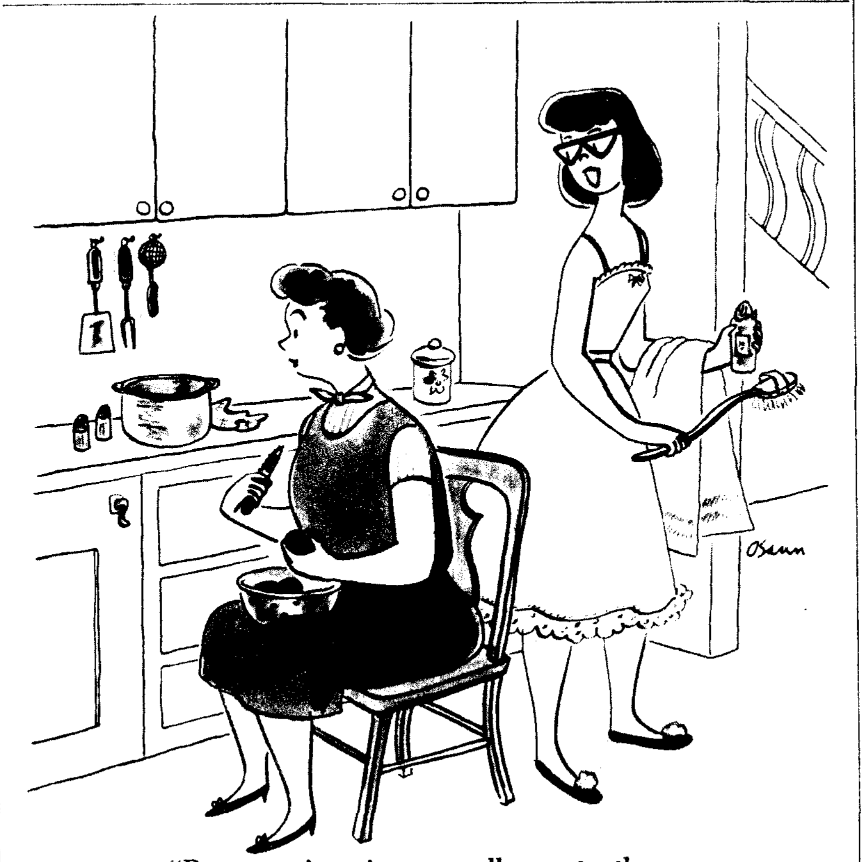
He didn't smile now. He sat staring at nothing, eyes wide, not caring one bit what I believed or didn't. "We know," he said simply. "There is—not memory, you couldn't call it that—but there is knowledge in this life form I have assumed, and it stays, that's all." He looked at me. "I am still what I was, right down to the scar on my foot, which I got as a child; I am still Bernard Budlong. But the other knowledge is there, too, now. It stays, and I know. We all do."

For a moment longer he looked at me, then grinned again. "As to how does it happen—come now, Dr. Bennell, think how little we know on this raw, new little planet; we're just out of the trees! Three hundred years ago you doctors didn't even know blood circulated; you thought it was a motionless fluid like water in a sack. And brain waves are only a recent discovery. Brain waves, Doctor! Actual electrical emanations from the brain in specific identifiable patterns, penetrating the skull to the outside, to be picked up, amplified and charted! You can sit and watch your own pattern on a screen."

He sighed, and said, "And not only the brain, but the entire body, every cell of it, emanates waves as individual as fingerprints, but you don't believe that, do you?" He smiled. "Do you believe, though, that equally invisible waves can emanate from a room, move silently through space, be picked up, and then reproduce every word, sound and tone to be heard in that original room? Your grandfather wouldn't have, Dr. Bennell. But you do; you believe in radio. You even believe in television."

Outside on the street a dog barked, and a child laughed, and Budlong said quietly, "Yes, Dr. Bennell, your body contains its own pattern. All living matter does; it is the very foundation of cellular life. For it is composed of the tiny electrical force lines that hold together the atoms that constitute your being. And therefore it is a pattern, infinitely detailed, of the precise atomic constitution of your body at any moment, altering with every breath you

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "Brewster is going to walk me to the dance. His car doesn't have a motor yet" KATE OSANN take, and with every second of time in which your body infinitesimally changes. And the pattern can be taken from you. During sleep, the body is at a low ebb, and then the pattern can be slowly transferred, absorbed like static electricity from one body to another."

He got to his feet and stood looking down at me. "And since every kind of atom in the universe is identical—the building blocks of the universe—you are precisely duplicated, atom for atom, molecule for molecule, cell for cell, down to the tiniest scar or hair on your wrist. And what happens to the original? The atoms that formerly composed you—once the electrical force lines are gone—are static, nothing, a pile of formless gray fluff. It *can* happen, *does* happen and rather easily. And you know that it has happened—and will happen to you."

I was shaking my head no. Beside me, her shoulder touching mine, I could feel Becky trembling. I was stunned, I couldn't speak, but I kept shaking my head no.

Budlong sat down. "Oh, yes," he said softly. "You and all of Santa Mira. And then presently"—he shrugged—"the world." He smiled at the look on my face. "You think not?" He turned to the windows behind him and gestured with his head. "It's not only men, you see," Budlong said quietly, "but animals, trees, grass—everything that lives. Think of the moon; it's dead. There hasn't been a particle of change on its surface since man began studying it. But haven't you ever wondered why the moon should be a desert of nothingness—the moon so close to the earth, once even a part of it—why it should be dead?

"Well, it wasn't always," Budlong said. "Once it was alive. And what of the other planets revolving around the same life-giving sun as the earth—Mars, for example?" His shoulder lifted in a little shrug. "Traces of the beings that once lived there still survive on its deserts. Our kind can't live, you see; you might as well know that. The duplication isn't perfect, and can't be; something's missing—the soul perhaps, certainly the emotions. We're like the artificial compounds nuclear physicists fool with: unstable, unable to hold our form. The last of us will be dead"—he flicked a hand casually—"in five years at the most. And then the pods will move on, to search for more life." He was silent for a moment, and then said, "But just now it's the earth's turn, the pods live again briefly; and when the life on earth is used up, the spores will move out into space once again, to drift for—it doesn't matter how long, or to where. Eventually, they'll arrive somewhere. They are the parasites of the universe, and they'll be the final survivors in it."

BECKY and I got up and walked out of the house in a sort of daze, going down the steps toward the wooden gate in the high shrub along the front edge of the lawn. I was grateful to hear the door close behind us; I wasn't even alarmed by the fact that Budlong had let us go without protest.

I wasn't thinking; I was mentally still back in that study. I actually had my hand on the gate latch, fumbling with the mechanism, when I stopped. A few hundred yards off to our right, I heard a car, moving very fast, swing around the corner and into this street, the rubber squealing on the pavement. An instant later, through the latticework of the gate, I saw Jack Belicec's car flash past, Jack hunched over the wheel, eyes straight ahead, Theodora crouched beside him. Another set of tires squealed around the corner to the right, and a split second later, a shot sounded. We actually heard the faint high whistle of the bullet ripping the air of the street before us. A brown-and-tan, gold-starred Santa Mira police car shot past the gate. Then, in an incredibly few moments, the twin sounds of racing motors had diminished, faded, sounded once again very faintly, and were gone.

Behind us, the front door opened, and now I unlatched the gate. Holding Becky's elbow tightly, I walked with her—quickly, but not running—along the sidewalk. Two houses away we turned into a walk leading to a two-storied, white-clapboard house I'd played in as a boy. We walked along the side and through the back yard. Behind us, on the street we'd just left, I heard a voice call out, another voice answer, then the slam of a door. A moment later, Becky and I were again climbing the hill that rose behind the row of houses on Corte Madera Avenue; and then, once more, we were hurrying along a path, threading through underbrush.

I HAD had time to think; I knew what had happened, and I was astounded at the kind of nerve and clearheaded intelligence and thoughtfulness Jack Belicec had shown. There was no telling how long he'd been chased, though it couldn't have been long. But I knew he must have driven through the Santa Mira streets, a police car behind him and shooting, with one eye on his watch. Deliberately passing up whatever chances he'd had to escape, to drive out of this town and into the world of safety beyond it, Jack had driven, leading the chase closer and closer to the street and house where he knew we'd be waiting, until the minute hand of his watch told him we'd see—just what we *had* seen. It was the only way he could warn us, and, incredibly, he'd done so at a time when horror and panic must have been fighting for his mind.

All I could do for him now was hope that somehow he and his wife would escape, would be able to get out of Santa Mira to warn the world. But I was certain they could not; the roads he could drive out on would be blocked now, other police cars would be waiting and ready for them. And now I knew what a terrible mistake we had made in coming back to Santa Mira, how helpless we were against whatever was ruling this town. And I wondered how long it would be—at the next step, the next bend of the path perhaps—before we were caught, and what would happen to us then.

Fear—a stimulant at first, the adrenaline pumping into the blood stream—is finally exhausting. Becky was clinging to my arm, unaware of how much of her weight she was making me carry, and her face was bloodless, her lips parted, and she was sucking in air through her mouth. We couldn't continue to roam and climb these hills much longer. My leg movements, I noted, were no longer automatic, the muscles responding now only through an effort of will. And yet, the only way we were safe from the pods was to stay awake, to keep moving. Somewhere we had to find sanctuary, and there was none. There was not a home at which we dared to appear; there was not a person to whom we dared risk appealing for help. —JACK FINNEY

(This is the second of three parts)

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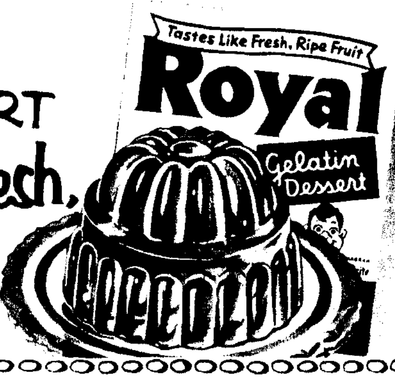

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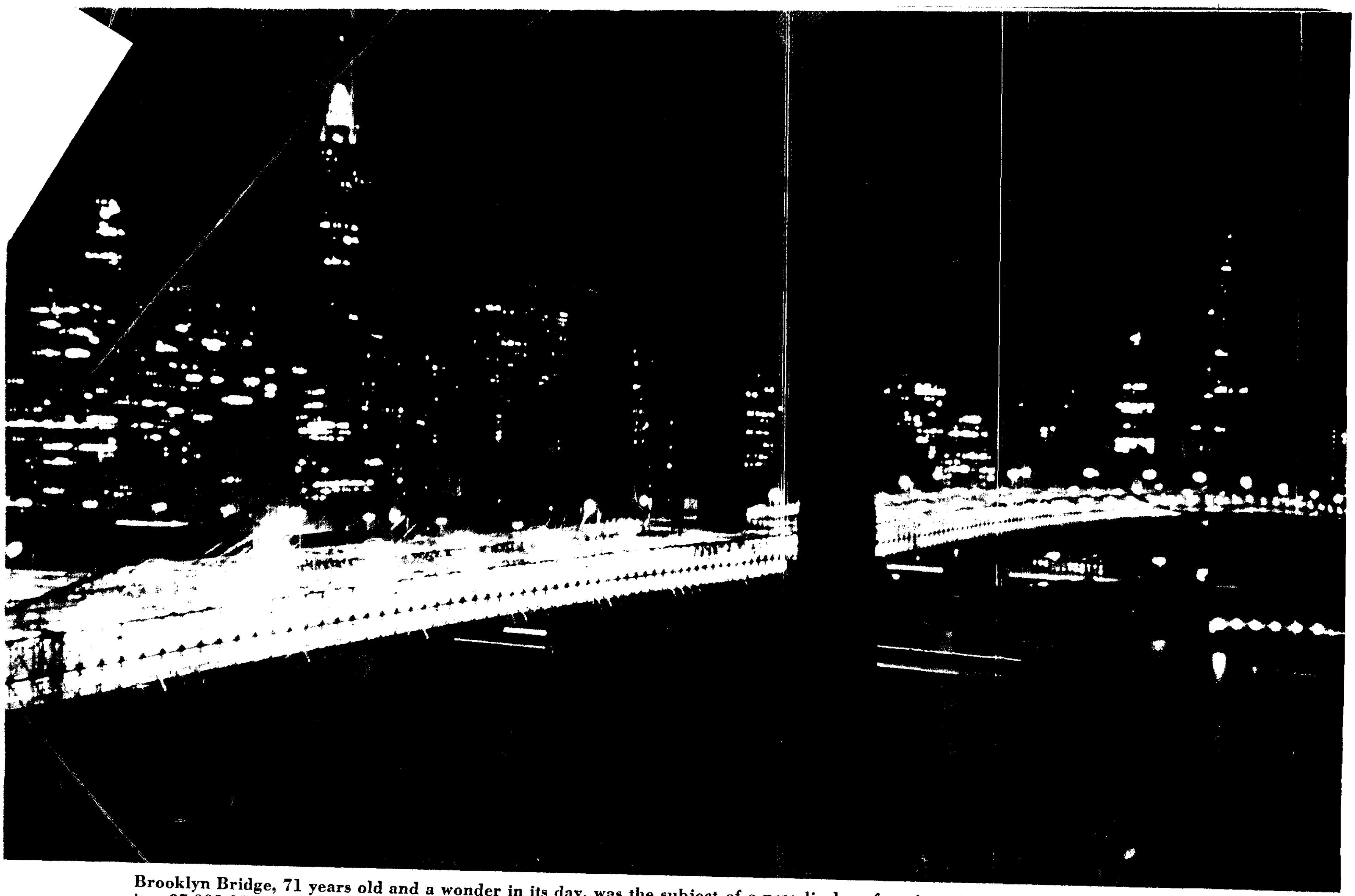
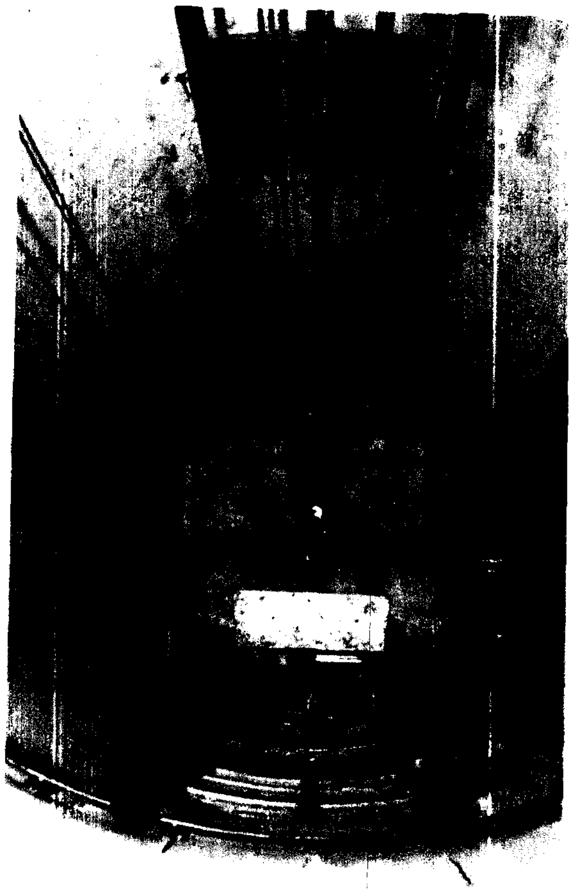


Brooklyn Bridge, 71 years old and a wonder in its day, was the subject of a new display of engineering magic more recently when experts gave it a $7,000,000, four-year overhaul while scarcely interrupting traffic. Picture shows night view of new roadway, looking toward Manhattan

Huge Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, built over New York Central railroad tracks, stands two inches off the surrounding sidewalks, as kitten demonstrates. Little girl is Debbie Kohloss, five



Century-old Cooper Union elevator shaft —actually built before lifts were invented

The [illegible] of New York

Some of the Big City's greatest marvels are never pointed out to the tourists—
like the upside-down building, the hovering hotel and the upstairs railroad line

[illegible]

WHILE driving down Second Avenue in New York City not long ago, I was stopped by a Southerner in a tired station wagon who leaned across an equally tired wife and asked me the way to Welfare Island. "Go down three blocks," I said, "then left onto the big bridge. When you get to the middle of the bridge, turn left again . . ."

He didn't thank me. "That's the trouble with you damn' Yankees," he drawled bitterly. "Man asks you a civil question and all he gets is a smart-aleck answer."

Actually, it's true: Welfare Island lies in the East River between the boroughs of Manhattan and Queens, and the only direct route to it requires a turn at the middle of the Queensboro Bridge, which towers 135 feet above the island. And that's not all. I didn't have a chance to explain to the Southerner that his turn would take him into one of seven big automobile elevators—which are inside a building that stands upside down.

The elevators to Welfare Island, I reflected later, are just one of a number of engineering marvels in New York City. The ancient world had its Seven Wonders; New York City has at least that many architectural wonders of its own, few of which are ever noticed by the 13,000,000 tourists who visit Gotham every year. As a civil engineer and a native New Yorker, however, I'm proud of them.

Among my favorites are the world's most spacious hotel, suspended *above* the sidewalk; the railroad which enters downtown buildings at the second floor; the 10-story structure in the middle of New York Bay that was built middle floors first, foundation next, top last; the 100-year-old building that anticipated such later developments as steel framework, elevators and air conditioning; the great all-stone cathedral which was started 70 years ago and is still a-building, and which covers three city blocks—and, of course, the Brooklyn Bridge, which was the world's longest cable suspension bridge when it was built in 1883, and is still one of the wonders of the city.

First the upside-down building of Welfare Island. The Queensboro Bridge was built across the East River with one tower based on the island. In 1918, seven years after the span was completed, a new traffic approach to the narrow, hospital-filled island was needed to supplant the existing ferry service, and new storage facilities were also needed. The solution was construction of a nine-story elevator-warehouse building rising from the island to the bridge. Since the main entrance was on the bridge, the cornerstone and driveway plaza were on the building's roof!

The topsy-turvy structure on Welfare Island was built normally, from the ground up. But a few miles away is another building that was constructed from the midsection down, right in the middle of New York Bay—the 10-story building that houses the ventilating shaft for the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. The tunnel runs under the bay, and offers the quickest automobile route between downtown Manhattan and the neighboring borough. Before building the blower tower at the tunnel's mid-point, the constructors sank a great sheet-metal tube—or cofferdam—into the bay, with its base resting on the harbor bottom and its top above water. Then they pumped out this cylinder, which gave them a dry place to work in—a sort of hole in the middle of the bay.

Next they had to dig down through many feet of muck and, below that, drier soil, to reach the tunnel. But while all that digging was going on, time was passing, and time was money. The pumping was expensive; besides there was danger of seepage. So before the excavation of dirt was completed they began to build the ventilating building, hanging its frame from the top of the cofferdam. They started with the part of the shaft that would be just above water, and hung the structural steel members downward while the digging was under way. They built farther down as the excavation reached deeper, until the walls of the blower tower got down to the tunnel top, and they could put in the footing of the shaft. Later, they added four stories above water level—to complete the tower.

A Miracle of Bridge Reconstruction

Located between the Queensboro Bridge and the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel is the most famous engineering wonder of them all, the Brooklyn Bridge, spanning the East River. And one of its most wonderful aspects is the $7,000,000 four-year reconstruction job which was completed last May with virtually no interruption to traffic, an unprecedented feat. To avoid endangering the delicate balance of the bridge, the work—which consisted in part of substituting heavier, stronger construction materials for those originally used in 1883—had to proceed simultaneously from both ends toward the center, at equal speeds and with equal distribution of weight.

And if you don't think weight distribution is important . . .

One hot day in 1898, a horse pulling a horsecar died near the Manhattan tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. Horsecars were required by law to keep 108 feet apart on the bridge; nevertheless, other cars came up behind the first, jamming the track nose-to-tail, while a crowd formed. The concentration of weight at one end without any compensating load at the other caused a cable to slide forward on its rocker, and a supporting member buckled from the strain. The buckled bridge chord was reinforced later—but a very definite dogleg remained in the bridge until the recent overhaul removed it.

The same year the Brooklyn Bridge was finished, a building permit was granted for construction of the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, at 110th Street on Manhattan's West Side. Construction is still going on under the same license, making it the oldest continued permit in the city's history, and the great Episcopal cathedral is only 60 per cent completed. Two construction companies have spent their entire lifetimes at the job, and a third is now at work.

Why is this job taking so long? Partly because of

Tremendous nave of Cathedral of St. John the Divine, hemisphere's largest all-stone edifice

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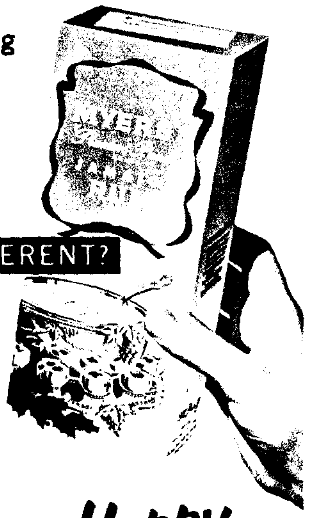

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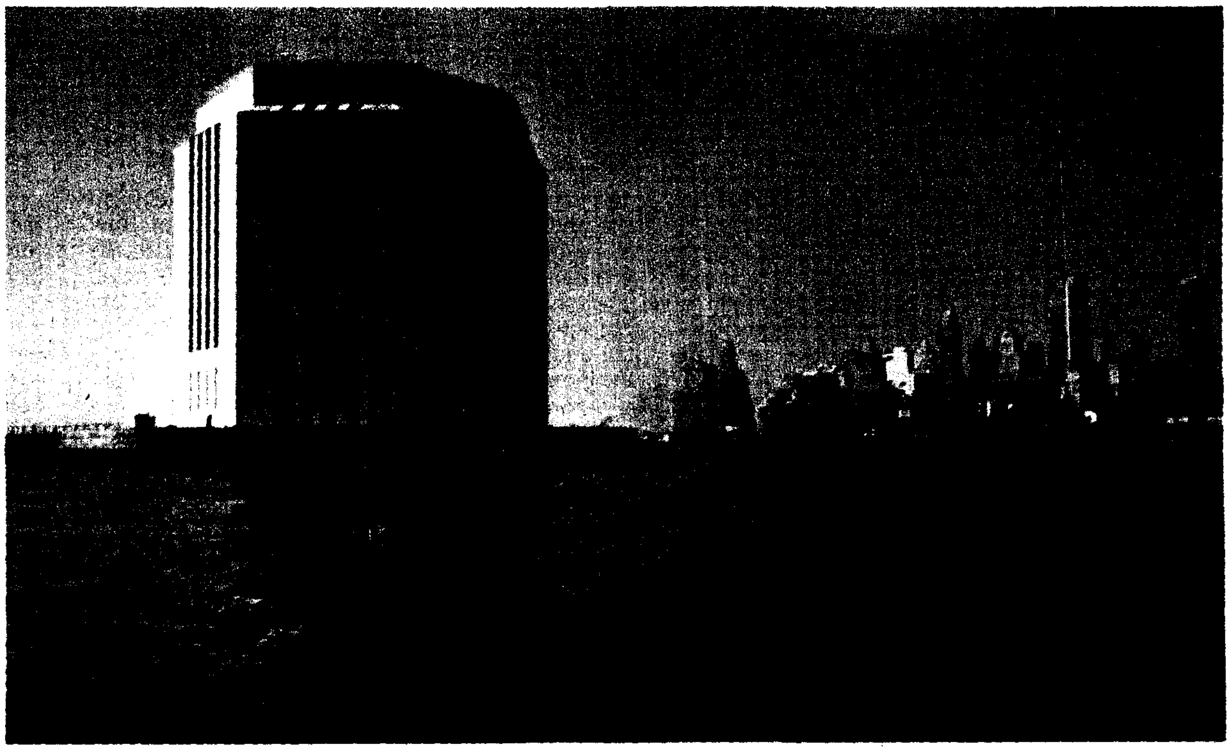
Nothing stops Manhattan engineers. Challenged by ma

the inevitable problem of financing (there is not one dollar of debt on the building), but mainly because it is a massive structure which is being built entirely of stone—a time-consuming technique seldom used these days.

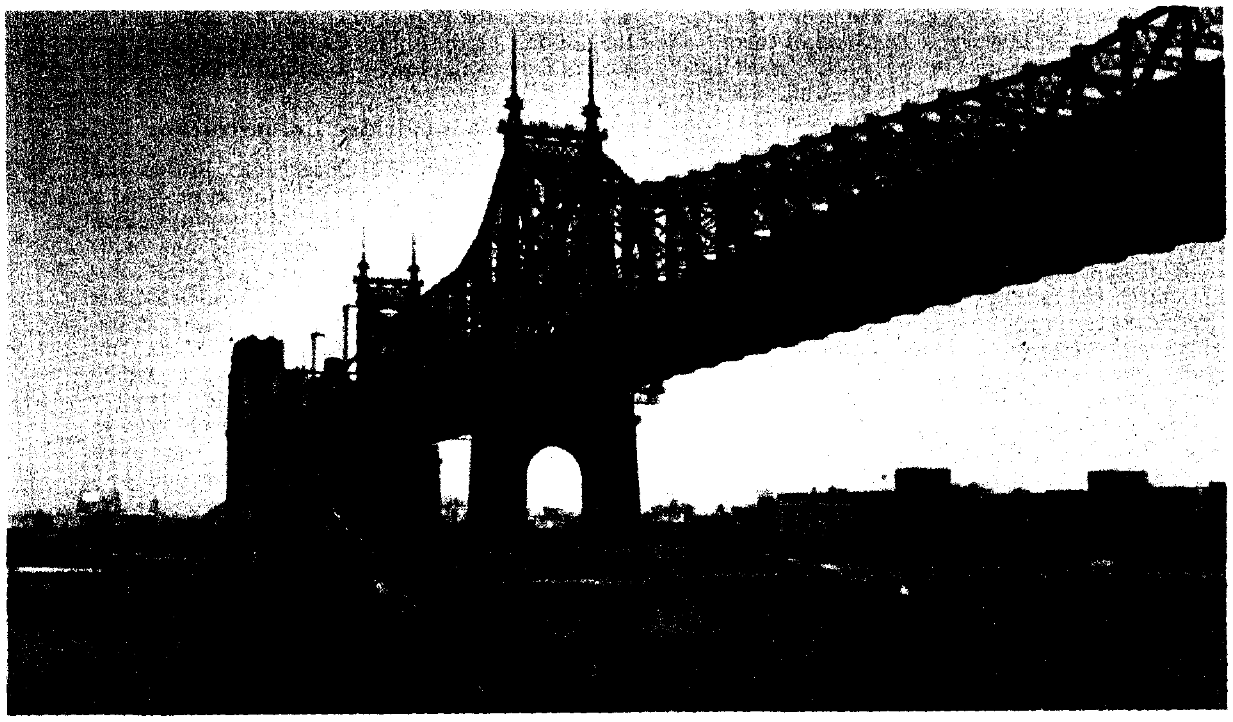
St. John's, even in its present partly completed state, is the largest all-masonry supported structure in the Western Hemisphere, covering an area equal to three standard city blocks. The distance from door to altar is one tenth of a mile, and the nave is believed to be the world's highest single room, 124 feet high—so large that the magnificent and famous St. Patrick's Cathedral on Fifth Avenue, minus steeples, could fit inside. The central spire of St. John's ultimately will rise to a height of 452 feet.

In contrast to the all-masonry Cathedral of St. John is a building at Seventh Street and Fourth Avenue which is entirely supported by a framework of structural steel. It also has an elevator shaft, utility-line ducts and air conditioning. Nothing very strange about that—except that construction of this building, the Cooper Union for Advancement of Science and Art, was started in 1853, thirty years before St. John's was begun, and long before elevators, structural steel, utility wires or air conditioning as we know it even existed. Space was left for elevators, phone wires and the like by Peter Cooper, the philanthropist-inventor who engineered the structure, simply because he *expected* them to come into existence. (He made one slight miscalculation: the elevator shaft he designed is round; the elevators that were later invented proved to be rectangular.) The Great Hall, where Abraham Lincoln made his famous "Right Makes Might" speech in 1860, was the first auditorium ever to be air-conditioned—by steam-driven fans that forced fresh air up through the floor.

Among a number of other accomplishments, Peter Cooper built the first American locomotive, the Tom

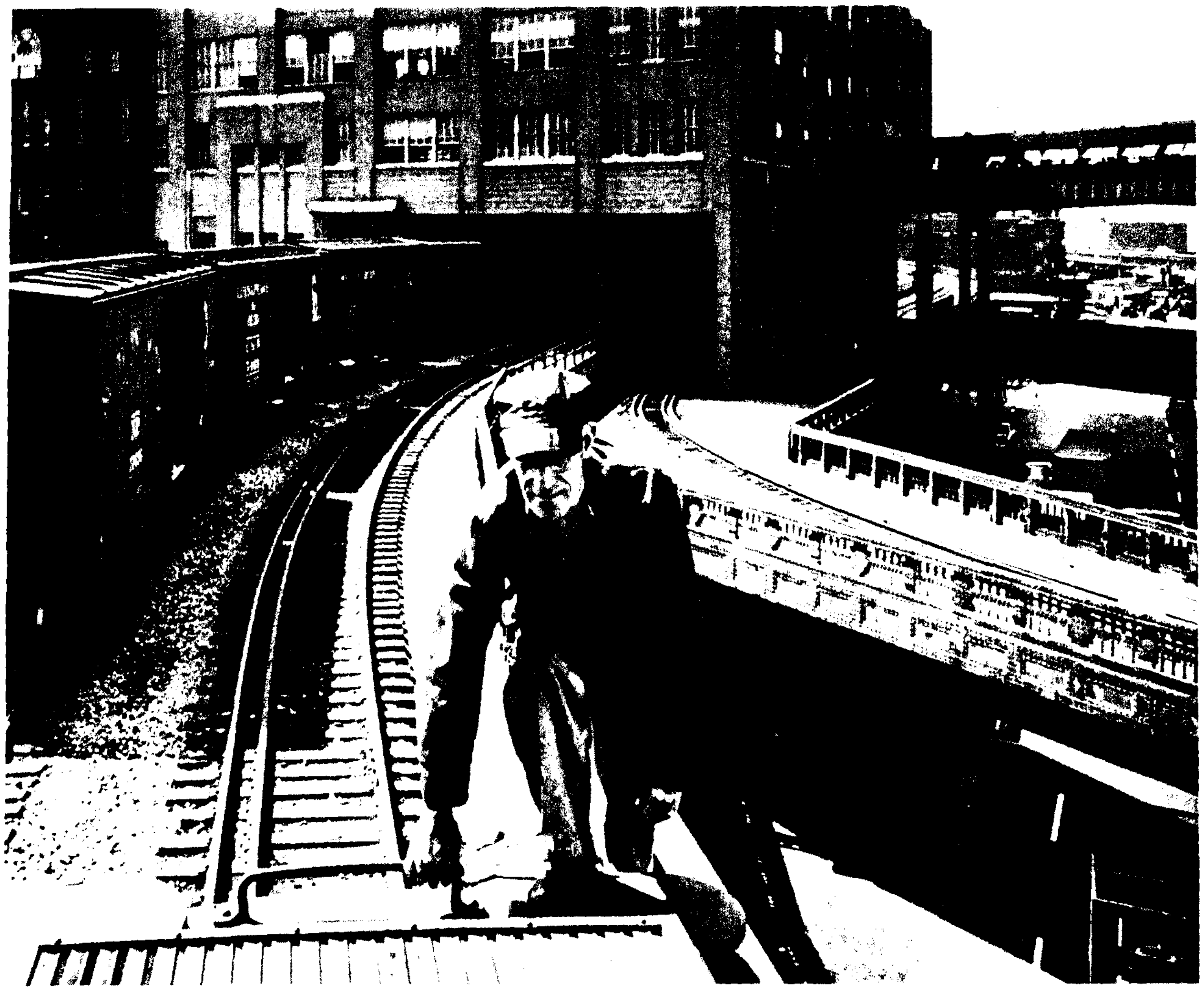


Ten-story ventilating tower for the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel was built in the middle of New York Bay—with construction beginning at the building's mid-section and working down toward foundation



Welfare Island, running under Queensboro Bridge, once was accessible only by ferry. Now you can drive out from Manhattan—and turn left at middle of bridge onto upside-down building, shown above

d nature, they respond by performing minor miracles



Rail lines on lower West Side once ran along streets, blocking traffic. Since no buildings could be moved to make room for tracks off the street, they were simply raised and run through factories

Thumb, thus helping to launch the great U.S. railroad industry. Today's railroads are responsible for still another of New York's wonders. The tallest and most spacious hotel in the world, at Fiftieth Street and Park Avenue, stands two inches off the sidewalk! You can poke a stick under the Waldorf-Astoria at almost any point. Why?

Because trains leaving Grand Central Station in midtown Manhattan travel under Park Avenue for about 50 blocks, finally emerging at 96th Street. When the Waldorf-Astoria gave up its old Fifth Avenue location to make way for the Empire State Building in 1929, engineers realized that the new hotel, like other, smaller, buildings on Park Avenue, could not be built normally: trains were running where the basement should have have been. Vibrations from the trains made it impossible even to tie the building to the sidewalk. So 48 structural steel columns were sunk 80 feet down to bedrock and rested on cushions of pure lead which dampened all vibrations. From these columns the engineers "hung" this 47-story building that can contain more people than the combined populations of Pierre, South Dakota, and Dover, Delaware—and could put up the people of either one.

Since Grand Central Station is so handy, the Waldorf-Astoria does away with the generators and boilers that other hotels have and buys electric power and live steam from the railroad.

On the other side of the city and 20 to 30 blocks south, a somewhat different situation exists. There, instead of running through the basements of buildings, the trains go rolling through the upper floors! That's an unusual situation, and it took a little getting used to, but certainly it's preferable to the situation that existed previously. As late as the middle thirties, West Side commercial traffic was forever being snarled by street-level freight trains—preceded (as required by law) by a man on horseback carrying a lantern. Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues just had to be cleared of this archaic menace without stopping the trains from running altogether.

To the north, the rails were relocated into depressed cuts between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, as they are in other cities. But south of 30th Street, the existing buildings in the new right of way could not be moved. So the tracks were run straight through the buildings—and over the cross streets on bridges supported by these buildings. Today the railroad offers service to plants, from meat packers to electronics labs, which have shipping docks on the second instead of the ground floors.

Buildings over railroads, railroads running through buildings, upside-down structures, other structures built from the middle down—those are some of the wonders of New York. There are many more worth mentioning. Grand Central Station is one: a self-contained city covering 48 acres and having its own movie theater, art gallery, restaurants, shops, adjoining hotel, office building and 67 tracks on two levels. Or the $2,000,000 pedestrian bridge halfway across the East River, built solely to permit the underprivileged youngsters of Manhattan's old Dead End area to walk to a magnificent playground on Ward's Island. Not far away is a highway that hangs out over the river, and farther south near the same highway is an airlines terminal building that overhangs the entrance to the Queens-Midtown Tunnel.

Speaking of airlines, there's La Guardia Airport, a multimillion-dollar installation built on old cans, boxes, bones and other refuse, which was used as sanitary land-fill to convert useless water in Flushing Bay to valuable land.

Each of these engineering accomplishments was built in response to a challenge which called for the powers of an Aladdin. For that reason, they are wonders. But they are also wonderful in another respect: almost without exception, they provide an important public service to millions of people—which puts them one up on the Seven Wonders of the ancient world.

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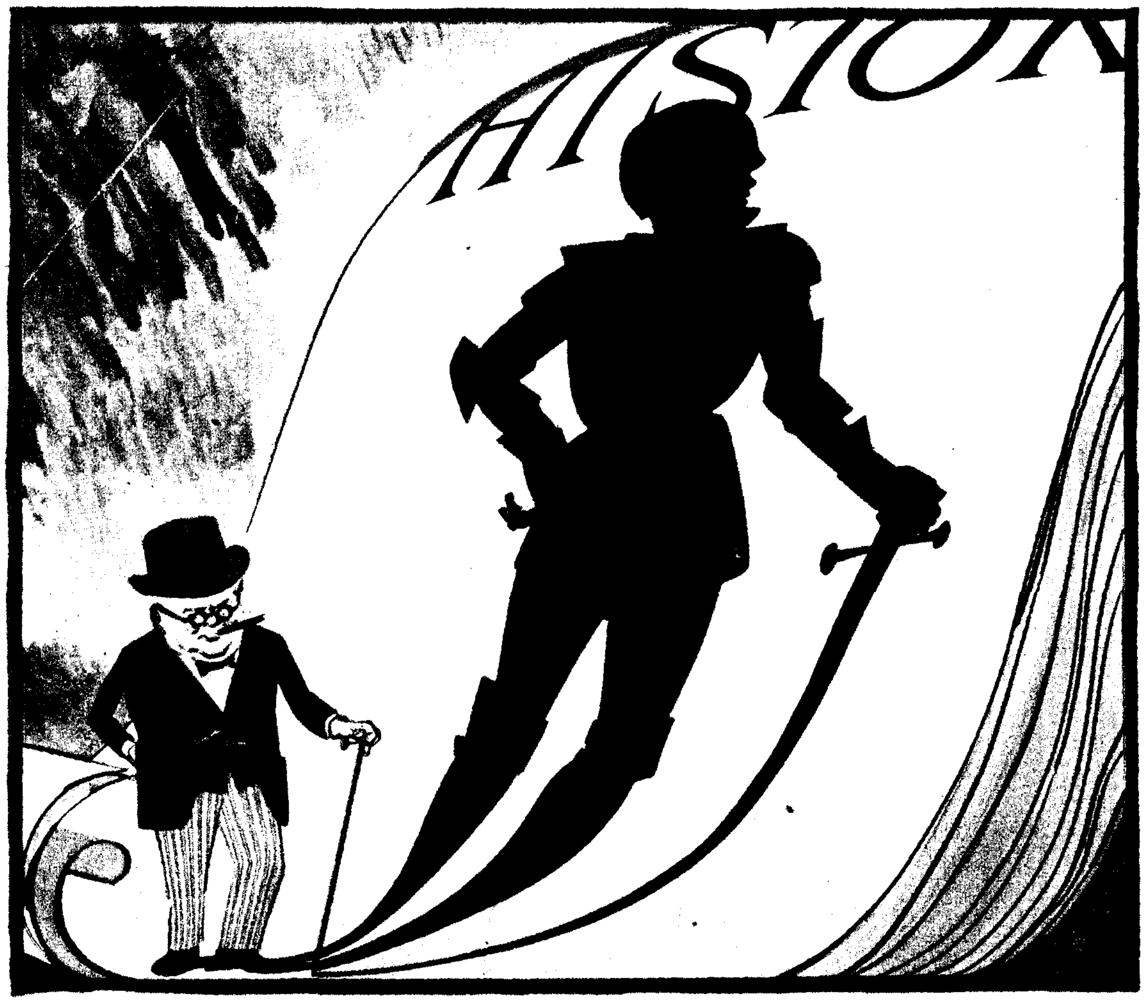

HARRY DEVLIN

The Uncommon Mr. Churchill

HAD THE MASTERS of the great English public school of Harrow been polled 65 years ago on the Boy Least Likely to Succeed—least likely, in fact, ever to rise out of the lowest form—their selection would certainly have been Winston Churchill.

It is too bad that the headmaster, at least, could not have survived to see the world honor Mr. Churchill on his eightieth birthday as one of a handful of towering contemporaries who have shaped history. There is a lesson here for headmasters, and others, who worship at the feet of Conformance and predict bad ends for the heretics. There is also a lesson here for all the world.

Churchill's own early and unvarying appraisal of himself as a man of destiny took the greater part of 80 years for fulfillment. In that span the profound doubts entertained by his father and the masters of Harrow were shared at one time and another by most of Churchill's political colleagues and by nearly every person in England. His father and teachers mistook his revolt against the drudgery of sums and the dull methodology of Latin cases as dim-wittedness. His colleagues mistook his unorthodox shifts of party allegiance as crude political expediency. His people mistook his bold strokes in military affairs and world politics as proof of rashness. No more persistently misunderstood man has marched through the pages of modern history. No man of modern times has so often thrown himself at the feet of a country he longed to serve, and been so often spurned. No other man has three times climbed to the very summit of success, three times been dashed to political oblivion, each time shaken off his rage and bewilderment and charged back to the struggle.

The inner forces that move such a man are worth study, for they are also the forces that move nations.

Winston Churchill is a great human being—sensitive, humorous, loyal, and wise. But none of these fine qualities could have carried him to greatness without another—a magnificent fighting heart.

Life, from the beginning, was something special for Winston Churchill, a wonderful, baffling, exciting, beckoning challenge. For him the point of life was not to make a secure nest and curl up in it, safe from the winter's storm; the point of life was the struggle itself.

Having dedicated his life to a quest for danger and trouble, Churchill found great, rich veins of it. He made mistakes on the grand scale, such as his ruthless attack on labor in the great General Strike; such as his stubborn opposition to independence for India. He writhed under blame for errors which were not of his principal making, as with Gallipoli. He suffered bitterly from rebuffs which worked to the detriment of his people and his nation, such as the reluctance of the military to accept his bold plan for tank warfare in World War I; such as the refusal of the government, the British people and the world to acknowledge the peril of Adolf Hitler as he saw it in the middle 1930s. He knew the deep exhilaration of being called up as the Man of the Hour when his vision was vindicated, and of undertaking the wartime stewardship of Britain with a deep and calm and contagious confidence in his own great abilities. He also knew the soul-jarring hurt and chagrin when, looking confidently for accolades for a job superbly done, he found himself turned out of harness like an old, spent work horse.

Only a man to whom challenge is life's blood could accept recurrent political ruin as a simple error of public judgment, to be speedily rectified; could survive the title of "best-hated man in Parliament" and of "the worst chancellor Britain ever had," and go on to become one of the great Prime Ministers of history. Only a man of this immense, instinctive resiliency could be summarily turned out of office at the very curtain fall of his finest triumph—and return six years later with unfailing vigor and gusto to resume a task which he, almost alone, had known was by no means complete.

Tennyson had a reflective Lancelot declare, "Victor from vanquish'd issues at last, and overthrower from being overthrown." Had he been writing of Sir Winston, instead of Sir Lancelot, he need not have changed a word.

It's Only the Beginning

THE STATESMEN who built the framework of a new and more effective North Atlantic Alliance on the debris of the European Defense Community wasted little time in handshaking. Each turned promptly to his own part in the follow-through. For this, as much as for the highly promising new alliance they drafted, congratulations are due.

Solid statesmanship went into the designing of the new alliance; solid results may come out of it. Anthony Eden linked Britain more closely into the defense of continental Europe than she has ever been in her peacetime history. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles played a strong role in bringing heads together and resolving formidable differences. Chancellor Adenauer showed uncommon courage in modifying German claims in the Saar to win France's agreement to German sovereignty and German rearmament. Premier Mendès-France rose to the challenge of leadership in forging an unprecedented alliance between France and the Germany she has so long, and so understandably, feared and distrusted.

But as each of these statesmen so clearly understands, the worth of the treaties will depend upon the follow-through—not merely the ratification, but the vigor and vigilance with which the terms are executed.

The Kremlin, facing the prospect of this new phalanx with obvious dismay, still holds a handful of aces. It holds Eastern Germany—a high trump that it will surely play with great skill. It holds the stolen resources of the satellite empire. It holds the balance of power in Asia, and is expanding that advantage every day. It holds powerful psychological weapons, such as its recurrent phony "peace offensives," and its pig-in-a-poke disarmament proposals.

The highest testimonials to the worth of the revitalized North Atlantic Alliance are the cries of pain and rage that have come from all parts of the Red domain. But it is worth remembering that the treaties, of themselves, produce no settlement, no peace, no occasion for the free world to sneak a little siesta. They are not an end but a small, if gratifying, step in the development of a free world defense.

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